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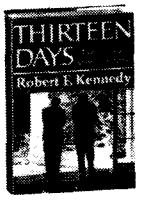

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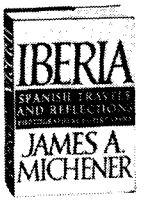

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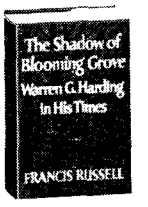

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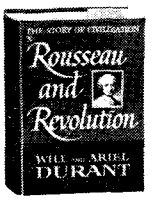

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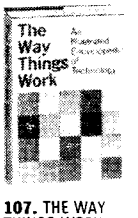

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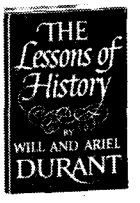

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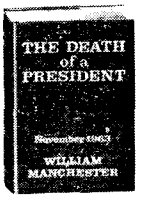

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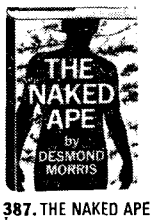

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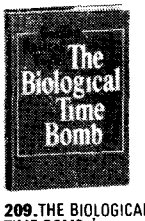

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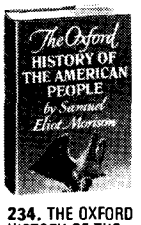

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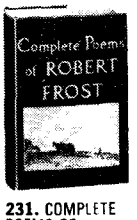

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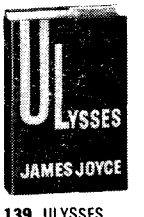

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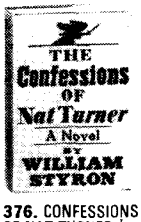

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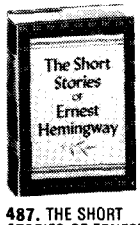

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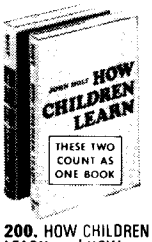

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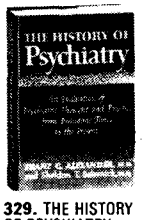

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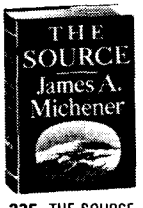

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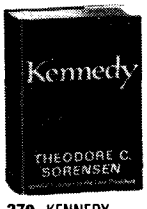

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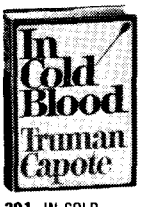

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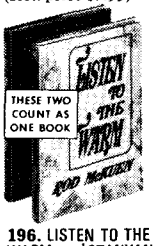

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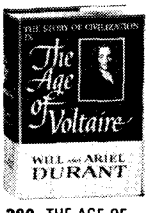

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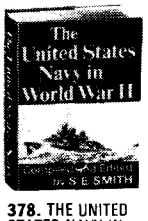

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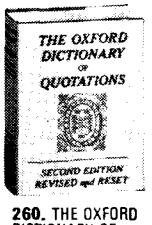

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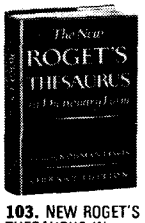

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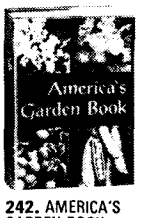

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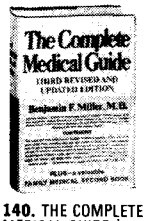

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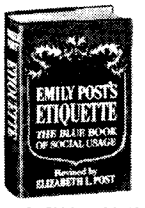

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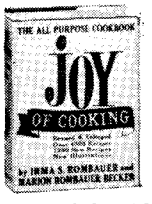

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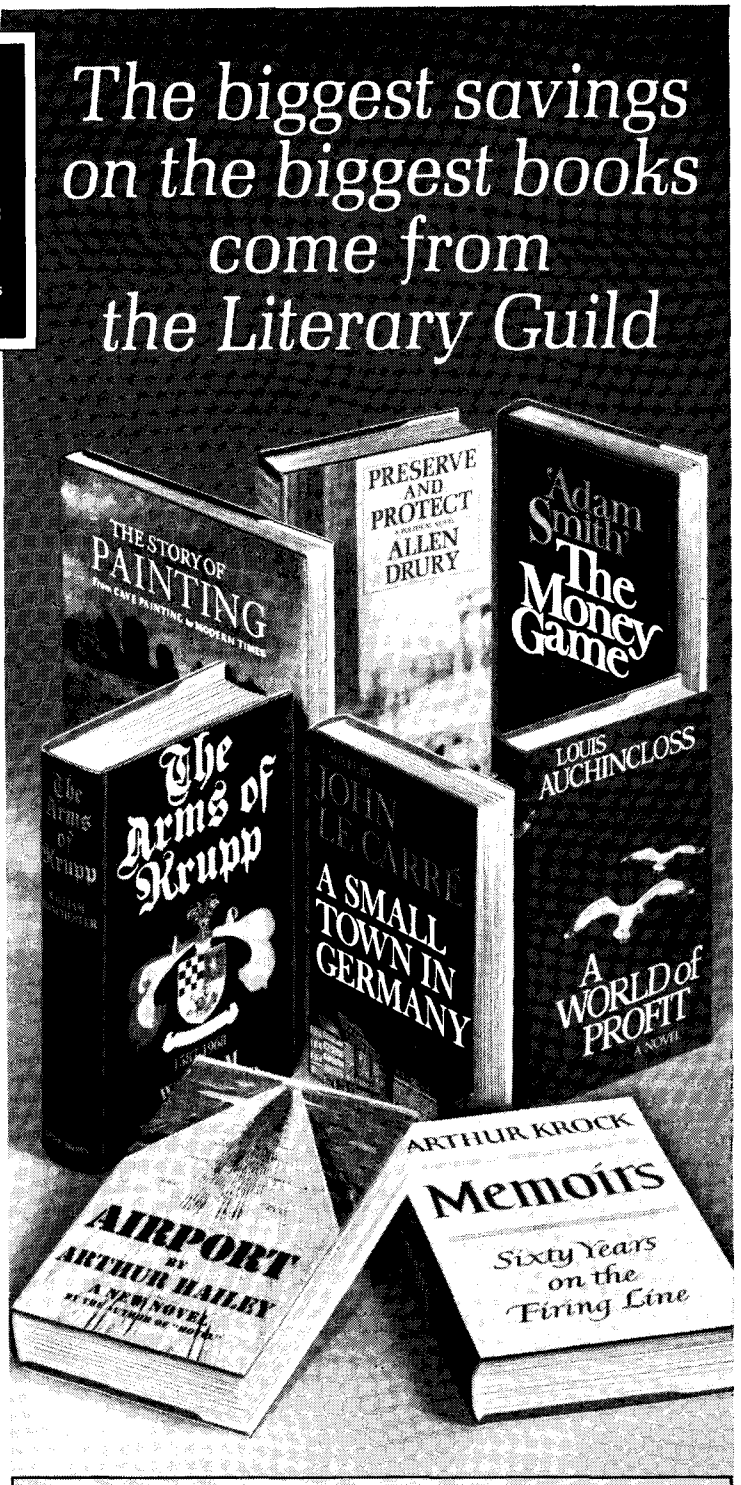

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reports

Cambodia

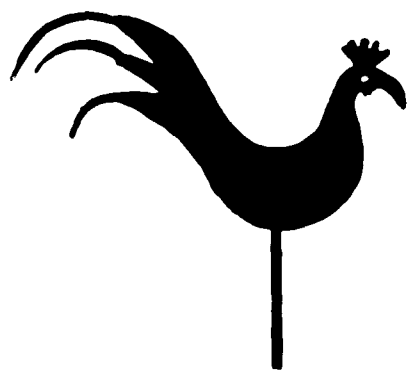
The adjectives Cambodia's Prince Norodom Sihanouk dislikes most are "mercurial" and "unpredictable." They are, of course, the adjectives most frequently applied to him by Western writers. But the Prince, with a wan smile, says he is sadly misunderstood and that his policy never changes. True, his objective remains constant: the preservation of Cambodia's sovereignty and integrity in a troubled and war-ravaged part of Asia. To achieve this objective he has adopted a policy of neutralism, which is supposed to keep everybody at arm's length.

But even within the framework of neutralism there are some bemusing zigs and zags. As the Prince himself said recently: "We do not change our policy. But we do sometimes have to shift from 'central' neutrality to 'leftist' or 'rightist' neutrality, according to external political circumstances."

All smiles

External political circumstances at present seem to dictate some nifty diplomatic maneuvering on Prince Sihanouk's part. Till now he has kept Cambodia an island of relative tranquillity. Pnompenh, with its broad uncluttered boulevards, its gay bougainvillaea trailing down the walls of pastel villas, and the royal elephants padding about the palace grounds, is one of the most charming and relaxed capitals in Asia.

But there is change in the air. The Americans, think many Asians, may be going home from Vietnam. The British are pulling out of Southeast Asia. The Russians, all smiles, trade, and culture, are coming in. When, for instance, the Russians sent a new ambassador to Cambodia, they chose Sergei M. Kudryavtsev. Once named as the probable head of a Soviet spy ring in Canada, Mr. Kudryavtsev was also Soviet ambassador in Cuba during the missile crisis. He is said to be sixth-ranking ambassador in the



Soviet foreign service, and nobody thinks that such a high-powered diplomat has been assigned to Cambodia merely to observe the ruins at Angkor. Meanwhile, what the Chinese Communists will be up to in Southeast Asia after picking up the pieces of their Cultural Revolution, nobody can be sure.

With all this uncertainty, Prince Sihanouk has been obliged to abandon his hopes for the neutralization of the whole of Southeast Asia from big-power interference. Like France's De Gaulle, he still thinks the idea is desirable. But unlike De Gaulle, he recognizes it is no longer practical. So he has turned to what he calls the balance concept. In other words, if the big powers cannot be kept out of Asia, he wants to try to balance them off so that no single one becomes dominant.

When American correspondents were permitted their annual visit to Cambodia in November, Prince Sihanouk made sure they got his new message. "Not gladly, but with realism," he said he would favor a continued American presence in Southeast Asia after the Vietnam War, to balance off the various other forces. He wasn't, he said, going to have American troops in Cambodia, but he didn't mind them conveniently nearby, say in Thailand or the Philippines or even Japan. Sihanouk aides also let it be known that privately the Prince was eager for resumption of diplomatic relations with the United States, broken in 1965. For a man who has consistently berated American "imperialism" in Asia this was an interesting zig indeed.

Sihanouk's footwork

It was a shift compelled by the ominous necessities of the day. For ironically, although the Vietnam War has posed serious problems for Cambodia, its ending may bring the sharpest danger. In part, Cambodia has escaped embroilment in the war because of Sihanouk's fleet-footed diplomacy. But in part it is also because the warring factions have been preoccupied in Vietnam itself, and Cambodia has been of only secondary interest. North Vietnam's and the Viet Cong's interest in Cambodia has been in using the country as a transit route for their troops. The Americans' interest has been in trying to bottle the route up. Neither side has been trying to seize or hold Cambodian territory.

With the end of the war, this situation may change. The Cambodians regard the Vietnamese, whether

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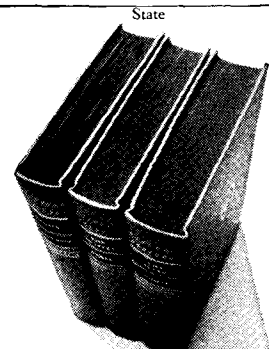

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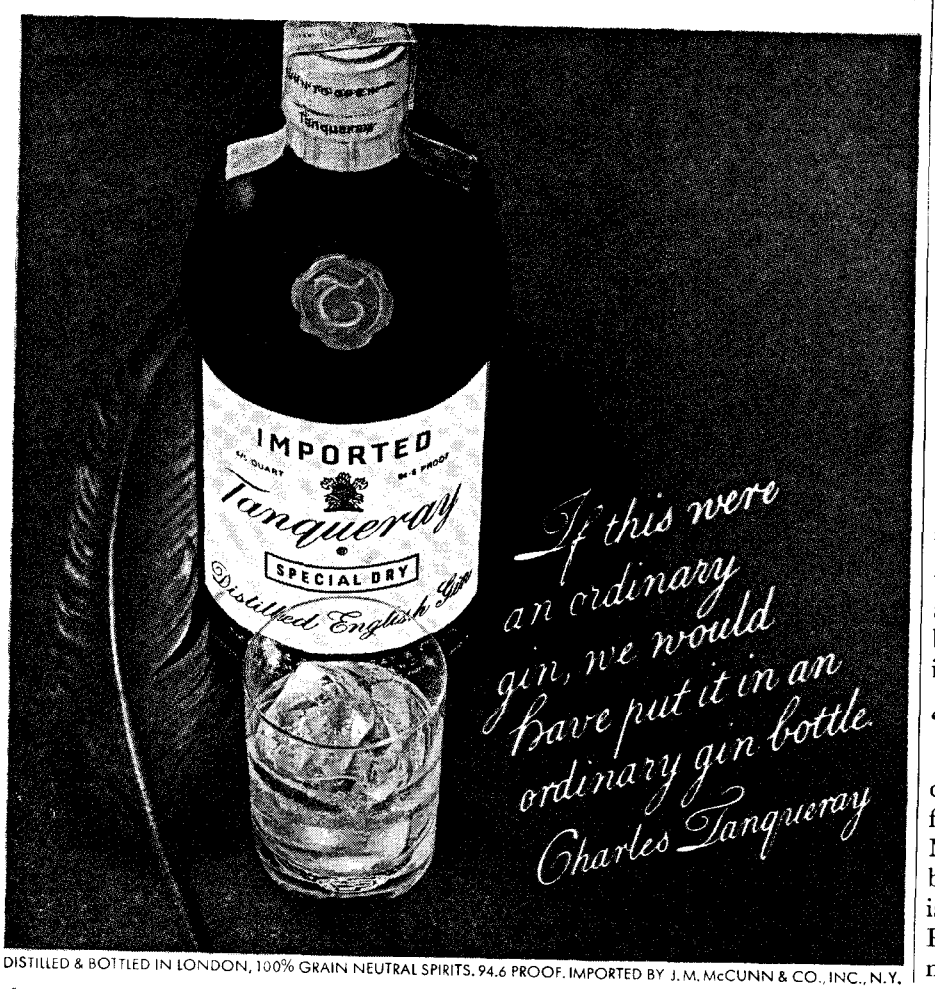

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Cambodia

Communist or non-Communist, as their traditional foes. When peace comes, Prince Sihanouk could be left with thousands of Communist Vietnamese troops on his soil.

Throughout the war, Sihanouk has consistently minimized the extent of Communist troop traffic through his country. But American correspondents visiting Pnompenh in November were intrigued to find diplomats of all hues discussing not whether there was Communist infiltration, but specifically how many North Vietnamese and Viet Cong divisions were bedded down in Cambodia. American military authorities in Saigon set the number of divisions at five. There seemed to be widespread agreement that the North Vietnamese commander, General Vo Nguyen Giap, far from marching all of his troops back north, was holding some of them in Cambodia and Laos, following their apparent withdrawal from South Vietnam.

Both North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front, political arm of the Viet Cong, maintain diplomatic missions in Pnompenh. On the surface, Prince Sihanouk smothers them with charm. But privately, according to his confidants, he is agitated about the mounting number of their troops on his soil. The agitation is warranted. For though the Americans, or certainly most of them, will go home after the Vietnam War, those Vietnamese divisions may just decide to stay on in Cambodia as did many Vietminh after the Indochina war. The Cambodian Army of 34,000 men has little hope of ousting the battle-experienced Vietnamese units. But there is, apparently, new emphasis on controlling them. The Vietnamese do not always do what the Cambodians request, and there are reports of clashes between Cambodian troops and the Communist intruders, with deaths and injuries.

"Ever greater hostility"

There is also more Cambodian outspokenness about Vietnamese infiltration. The Cambodian Defense Ministry recently cited infiltration by "armed Vietnamese." The Ministry listed nine villages in Svay Rieng Province where "armed Vietnamese continued to install them-

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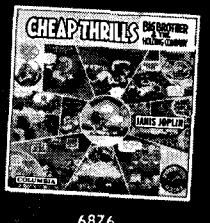

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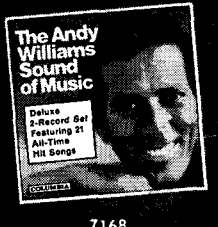

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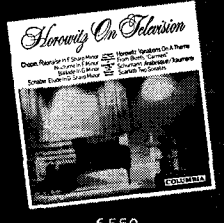

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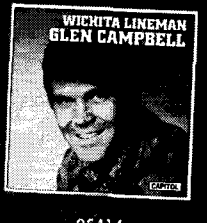

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Cambodia

selves on our territory near the border . . . and are showing ever greater hostility toward provincial and district authorities and toward the village inhabitants." Privately, military officials made it clear the "armed Vietnamese" they referred to were Communists, not South Vietnamese forces. Sihanouk himself has mentioned Communist infiltration in the remote northern border country inhabited by Montagnard tribesmen. "Vietnamese Communists," he said, "who do not recognize our frontiers are occupying part of our territory. They are infiltrating, and we lack the forces to control them in a region covered with dense forest. They are forcing the local Loeu tribesmen to stage ambushes against us and claim that Rattanakiri Province is not Cambodian territory." Accordingly, Sihanouk has given priority to a border-settlement project. Ex-convicts and ex-army men are being encouraged to settle in and develop some of the more remote areas along Cambodia's boundaries.

Heavy weight

Despite their role as former rulers of Cambodia, the French enjoy a cordial relationship with Sihanouk. Yet some of the gloomiest predictions about the country's future come from French veterans of the Indochina war. The French fear the eventual partition of Cambodia after the Vietnamese War is over. They see Communist Vietnamese occupying the eastern part of the country, leaving the rest to a non-Communist Cambodian administration.

Observers of even gloomier frame of mind think the Cambodians will be lucky to get off with that. They say that what the Vietnamese do not take on the one side, Cambodia's other traditional enemies, the Thais, will swallow up on the other. Thus Cambodia as such would simply disappear. Sihanouk apparently has few illusions about these possible threats. He says he welcomes the return of peace to Vietnam. But he knows this "will eventually lead to the reunification of Vietnam." Obviously, a "reunified Vietnam and a Communist Vietnam, as the case will most likely be, would be a somewhat heavy weight for us."

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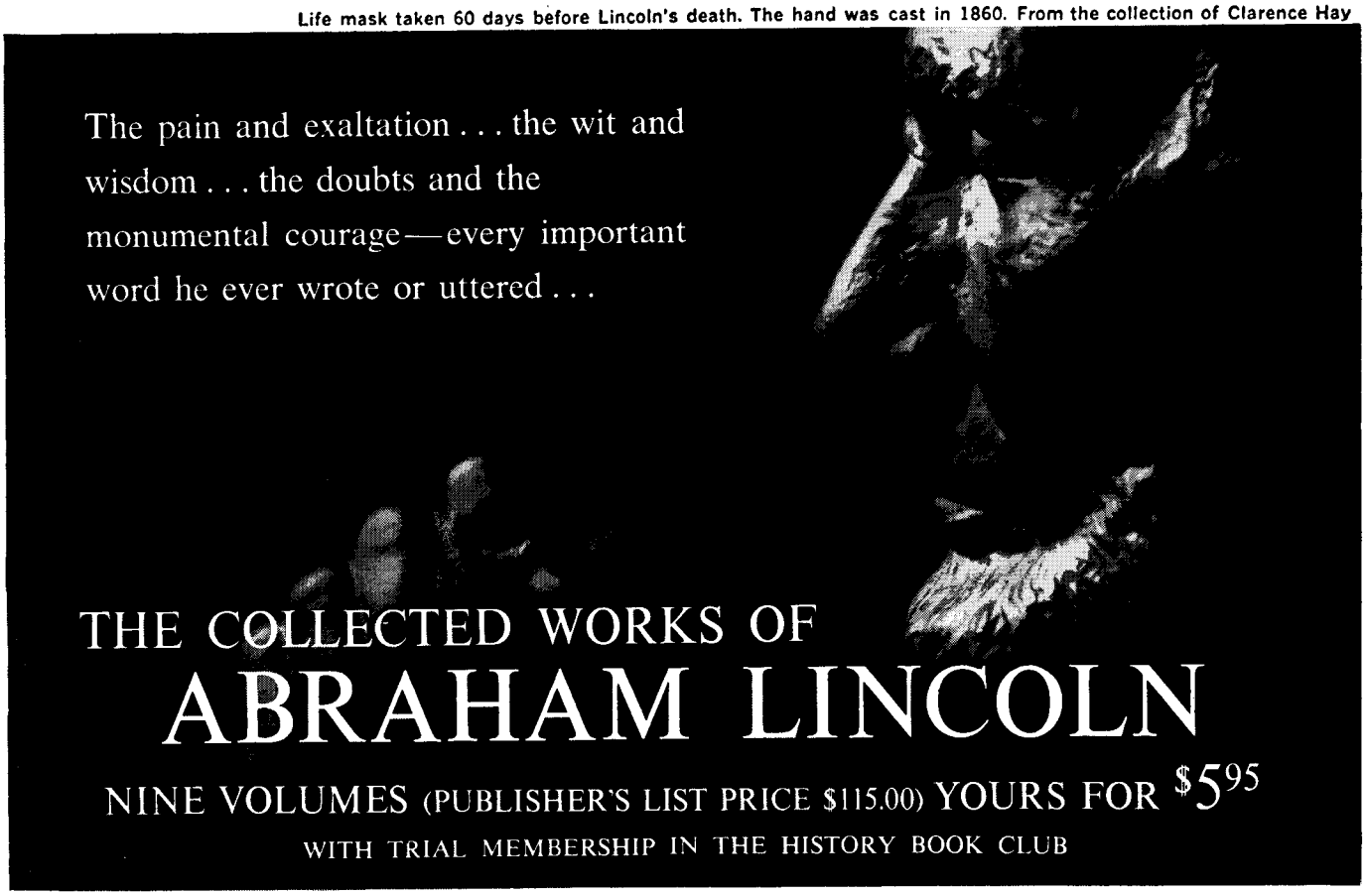
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay



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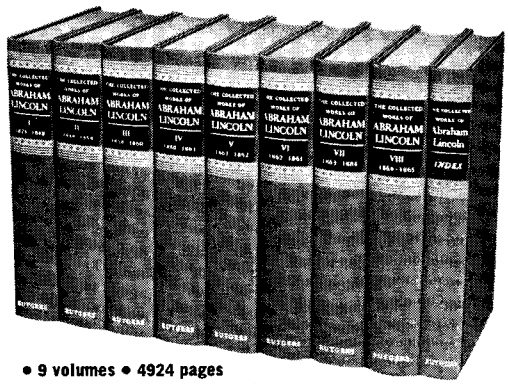

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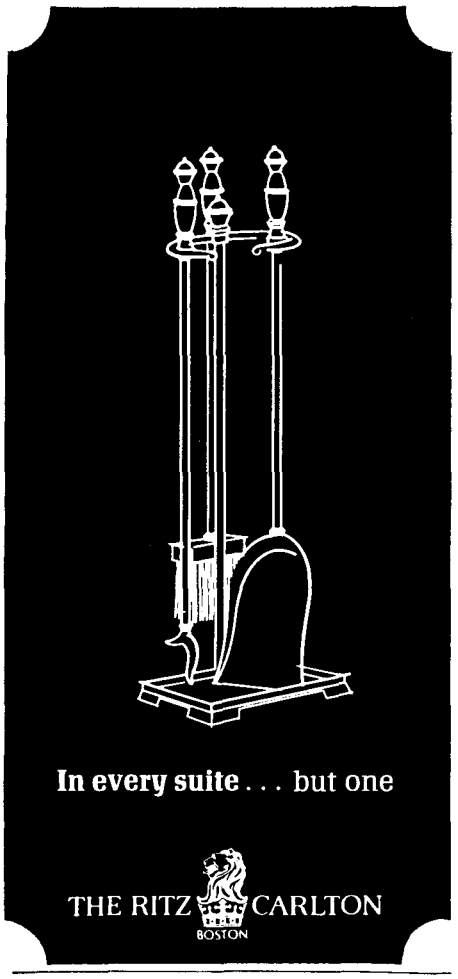

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Cambodia

If his prediction proves incorrect, and a non-Communist administration survives in South Vietnam, Sihanouk hardly expects to live in amity with it. If the Communists triumph, the Prince hopes to avoid receiving the full brunt of their "somewhat heavy weight" by continued diplomatic dodging and maneuver. But his overture to the Americans indicates he is taking out a little insurance in case that tactic fails.

Enemies within

Though Sihanouk is best known as a manipulator on the international scene, he is also confronted by some less publicized but no less worrisome internal problems. Sensing early in his reign the direction of events in Asia, he surrendered his crown to become a popular leader. There is no question that among the majority of Cambodia's 6 million people he is just that. When he travels, the crowds throng about him, and he plunges into their midst, apparently oblivious of any assassination danger.

Nevertheless, the threat to Cambodia's security is not only from beyond its borders. From within there are flurries of revolt and subversion from several quarters. The Montagnard minority in Cambodia is apparently just as independent as are the hill tribes of South Vietnam, Thailand, and Laos, all of them hostile to central authority. The Loeu tribesmen in the northeastern part of his country have been cutting roads, destroying bridges, and even attacking provincial guard posts, according to the official publication *Kambuja*.

Beyond this there is insurrection from underground organizations, both right-wing and leftist. On the right is the Khmer Serei, whose members are opposed to Sihanouk's rule, and who mount nibbling attacks, mainly in the border areas. They are said to cooperate at times with straight bandit outfits. Prince Sihanouk charges that they also have the support of both the Thai government and the American Central Intelligence Agency.

From the left, Sihanouk has been getting trouble from Cambodia's own Communists, the Khmer Rouges. They kicked off a sharp little insurgency in Battambang Province in 1967 and have since been harassing government forces with some audacity. Little is known of the Khmer Rouges leadership, policy, or goals. The organization is not, at this stage, thought to be getting substantial support from abroad. Khmer Rouges terrorists do not seem to have been particularly well armed, and many of their missions have been launched against police posts to seize weapons stored there. Nevertheless, observers say there were upward of a hundred clashes between Khmer Rouges terrorists and government forces in 1968. Government casualties are not publicized, but government publications contain telltale announcements of payments to dependents of government officials who have fallen in the service of their country.

The Khmer Rouges destroy bridges, ambush army officers, and are presumed to be responsible for the mysterious burning in November of the house at Kirirom of Cambodia's defense chief, General Nhiek Tioulong. The organization apparently has support in high places. The director general of one of Cambodia's two state banks, the Inadana Jati Bank, was detained in 1968, on suspicion of supporting the Communists, along with two subordinates. Three left-wing assemblymen, Hou Youn, Khieu Samphan, and Hu Nim, are missing. They are charged by Prince Sihanouk with being ringleaders of a Communist conspiracy. Some say they are fighting with the Khmer Rouges, others that government agents have quietly done away with them.

Prince Sihanouk's domestic anti-Communist policy stands in contrast to the appearance he gives of accommodating foreign Communists. He has ordered the Khmer Rouges insurrection crushed. He is emphatic that it draws its inspiration from Communist Vietminh cells installed in Cambodia between 1947 and 1954, and that it is a straight Communist subversive organization. He is particularly sensitive to any suggestion that the Khmer Rouges movement is supported by peasants, unemployed youths, and intellectuals discontent with his own rule.

Fiscal fitness

Sihanouk clearly faces the same challenge as many another Asian leader in trying to satisfy the ex-

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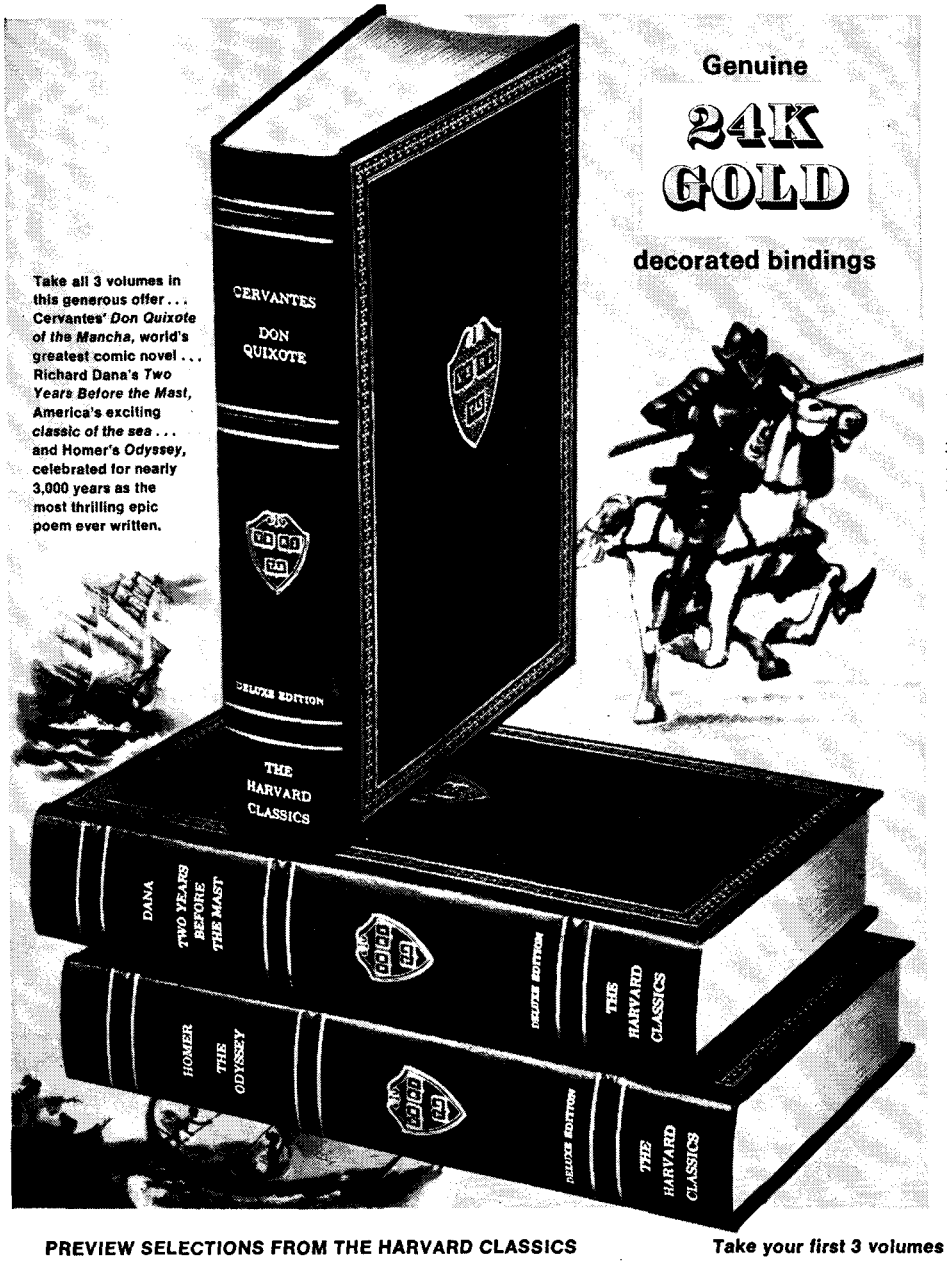

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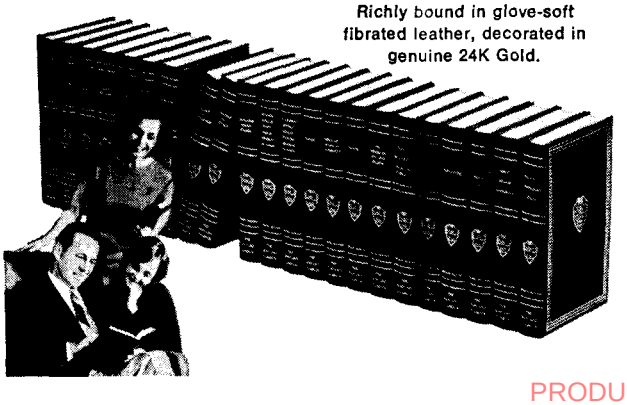

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pectant and increasingly restless young. Cambodian universities turn out about 2500 graduates a year. The country's primarily agricultural economy (rice and rubber) cannot absorb all of them, or at least it cannot provide them with the sophisticated and well-paying jobs for which they feel their education has fitted them.

The Prekhnot dam scheme, part of the overall Mekong development scheme, has been getting under way. It lies about forty miles from Pnompenh on the Bassac River, a tributary of the Mekong. This is a multilateral-aid project under the supervision of the United Nations; principal contributors are Japan, Australia, Canada, Britain, Italy, West Germany, and the Netherlands, with Cambodia itself meeting about a third of the $27 million cost. A dam and hydroelectric complex, Prekhnot will in addition ultimately irrigate more than 150,000 acres of riceland. But the land area benefiting initially is only about 11,000 acres, and clearly it will be years before the full impact of the Prekhnot scheme is felt.

If Cambodia is to build a partway affluent society, it must encourage industrialization. This in turn demands foreign investment. Despite his royal background, Prince Sihanouk has embraced socialism, but he does now seem anxious to attract foreign investors and guarantee them security from nationalization. Investment regulations are being streamlined. At the port of Sihanoukville he has set aside a free-trading zone where foreign manufacturers are being invited to set up factories. There seems new flexibility and pragmatism in Cambodia's fiscal policies. The Prince has decided that Cambodia should join the International Monetary Fund.

Pan American Airways has been dickering with the Cambodian government over landing rights and hotel development. Air France, which already lands in Cambodia, is also going into the hotel business there. But industrialists have yet to be convinced that the politics and the small population of Cambodia offer them better prospects for profit than such fast-growing Southeast Asian countries as Thailand and Malaysia. Also Cambodia would probably have to undergo currency stabilization, the experts' word for devaluation. Thus with new tensions at home and abroad, and economic development still in the planning stages, the tightrope which Prince Sihanouk walks so flamboyantly looks ever more slippery.

— *John Hughes*

Southern Desegregation

When the schools desegregated last fall in Lillington, North Carolina, a small town south of the capital at Raleigh, the police had to order the students of Lillington High into the school auditorium. A white teacher said one of her teenage students accidentally dropped a .22 caliber pistol to the floor in her classroom. The police frisked the

other students and came up with twenty-five knives, most of them penknives. Outside Lillington High, a local Ku Klux Klansman led pickets denouncing desegregation ordered by a federal district court judge.

There were other such incidents last fall, in contrast to the pace of change during the past three years when Deep South public schools opened without noticeable violence. In Robeson County, North Carolina, where the Lumbee Indians once ran the Klan out of town at gunpoint, police enforced a dusk-to-dawn curfew in the tiny town of Red Springs in September. About 150 white and black students, newly desegregated, fought after a Friday night football game. A picket line of white women at Harnett County Court House paraded with signs which read "School Is for Education, Not Mongrelzation [*sic*]," and suggested that the school superintendent was a Communist.

These are the sorts of symptoms arousing concern that the old, ugly forms of hatred the South thought itself rid of are on the way back. Why now? Because desegregation has come late to some parts of the South. Perhaps a factor in the absence of violence in the South up till now has been the slow pace, and in some cases complete stalemate, of desegregation efforts. Pockets of the South last fall were feeling the effects of a May 27 decision by the Supreme Court, which stated that the contemporary Southern laissez-faire "freedom of choice" plans to desegregate schools are worthless unless they do in fact bring rapid desegregation. This the plans have not done. Nearly nine out of ten Southern school districts are using "freedom of choice" plans, and local boards have learned that properly (or improperly) used, they can stall or insulate desegregation. "Freedom of choice" puts the burden of change on the Negro child and parents who are "free" to choose to desegregate in the face of white pressures.

School segregation may be a passé issue in parts of the North, and there are cogent arguments for all-black ghetto schools, operated by black people for black people, but in the South there is hardly enough money to support one good school system, much less two. In a nation with a relatively low tax structure, the South is far below the norm with fewer and lower taxes than the rest of the states.

Breakthrough

If the May 27 Supreme Court decision is applied throughout the South this year, it could be the most significant step toward elimination of Dixie school segregation since the Court's 1954 decision that "separate educational facilities are inherently unequal." It is worth noting what Richard Nixon said on September 12 in a campaign television broadcast aimed at the Carolinas:

> I believe that the Supreme Court decision was a correct decision, Brown versus the Board of Education. But, on the other hand, while that decision dealt with segregation and said that we would not have segregation, when you go beyond that and say that it is the responsibility of the Federal Government and the Federal courts to, in effect, act as local school districts in determining how we carry that out, and then to use the power of

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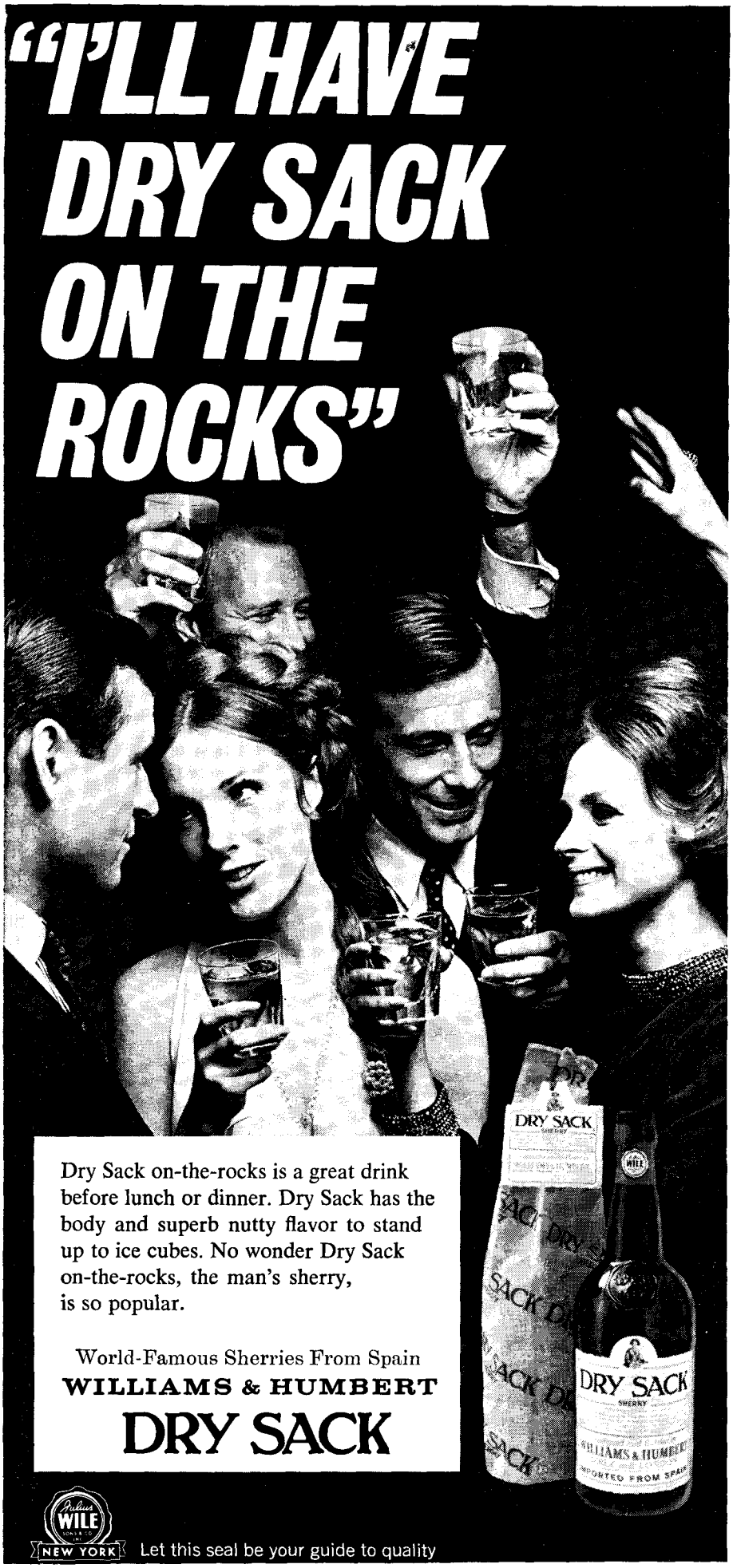

Southern Desegregation

the Federal Treasury to withhold funds or give funds in order to carry it out, then I think we are going too far.

Columbia, South Carolina, and Mobile, Alabama, were two testing grounds for the Supreme Court decision last fall. In one step, these cities were supposed to go from tokenism to total desegregation in most of their elementary schools. There were more provocative affronts to white sensibilities: white children were for the first time cast in the role of desegregating black schools in contrast to the traditional opening-day picture of black children braving taunts and jeers to desegregate white schools. Columbia, risking only the anger of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, went the way of resistance in September. Mobile, right under the eyes of the liberal United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, desegregated.

In the Eau Claire district of northern Columbia, Negroes live mainly in two areas: along the railroad tracks and in a public housing project. Eau Claire is a lower-middle-class neighborhood in economic levels. It is a mixture of the pickup-truck segregation set, the textile worker, and state and federal civil service employees.

The housing project, Roosevelt Homes, sends its children to Roosevelt Elementary School, which is all black. A few blocks from Roosevelt is Gibbes Elementary, with 16 black and 326 white children in 1967. In September, 1968, Roosevelt and Gibbes were paired in an attendance zone drawn by HEW and initially accepted, though grudgingly, by the city school board. Grades one through three were at Gibbes and four through six at Roosevelt, and there was no way out, no transfer allowed. More than one third of the Gibbes students would be black, more than two thirds of the Roosevelt children white. Six other elementary schools in the city, all black in 1967, expected sizable white minorities to come desegregating in 1968. The rest of the city, including higher-income, all-white residential areas, and all junior and senior highs, remained under the "freedom of choice" plan. For the 18,000 black children among the 41,000 children

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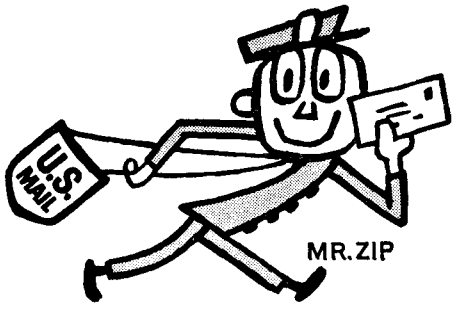

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Southern Desegregation

going to school in Columbia, desegregation last fall was going to put 8500 Negroes in schools with whites, compared with 2500 in 1967.

But a few days before classes were to open in Columbia, the school board changed its mind about the HEW plan. To the surprise of HEW officials in Atlanta, Columbia dropped the pairing of schools and redrew the attendance zones. Most of the 18,000 Negro children continue this school year in segregated schools. Federal District Judge Robert Hemphill, a former South Carolina congressman, dismissed Justice Department arguments, saying he doubted that "HEW can ruin all your plans and shatter your education system in order to get an acceptable plan" of desegregation.

White boycotts brought similar reversals of school desegregation plans in other parts of the South last fall. In Gould, Arkansas, one of the school districts in the Supreme Court's decision last May, classes opened with 536 black and 80 white students. About 200 white children went on boycott. Realtors in Gould say prices on homes have dropped sharply, and white families are moving to nearby towns where desegregation is not so advanced. To combat the moves, Gould businessmen financed a private school in hopes of keeping whites in town. In a score more Southern school districts, white boycotts brought closure of local schools.

Standing down

Mobile, in sharp contrast, desegregated most of its elementary schools, and in the process became the most watched school district in the South. One Mobile newspaper blamed it all on "leftist political quackery," and a suburban police chief running for mayor in Prichard said he could not guarantee the "safety" of white children going to predominantly black schools. But the schools did desegregate.

It was not easy. Mobile's white resistance took a nonviolent form for the most part. STAND (Stand Together And Never Divide) drew 10,000 white parents at its first rally to mobilize support for fighting desegregation. STAND took positive steps to rid itself of Kluxer-types, and adopted a battle plan reminiscent of Virginia's "massive resistance" days.

There were three alternatives for the whites, as outlined by STAND: boycott schools where white children were in the minority and count on politically wary state and local officials not to enforce Alabama's compulsory school attendance law; organize private, all-white schools in the city's extensive church school system; flee to the white suburbs.

None of the three alternatives has materialized in significant size yet. But one or another could. Pierre Pelham, a young Harvard-educated state senator who is STAND's attorney, was waiting last fall for the violence to take hold. "Right now," said Pelham, "those parents don't realize what schools their children will be going to. They won't know until school opens how many Negroes will be sitting in class next to little Mary and Johnny. When they find out, that will cause trouble."

There was trouble, but not at the level of child-beating seen in the past year in places like Grenada, Mississippi. In the rural Mobile County community of Tanner Williams, at an all-white school, nearly thirty whites tried to keep two Negro women from desegregating the fourteen-member faculty by surrounding their cars when the teachers came to work on opening day. One soft-drink bottle smashed through a windshield, and at that point, Mobile County sheriff's deputies sprayed the white segregationists with Mace and made four arrests. Scores of white parents rushed to the school when they heard of the incident, and the comment of one woman may have typified the "white hope" of the South. "They're [the bottle-tossers] the scum of the community. I didn't want integration, but it's here, and we should learn to live with it. I'd rather have a good colored teacher for my children, than a sorry white one." Two days later, the county school board made public the extent of desegregation in the elementary schools.

Numbers game

Classroom integration in Mobile was five times greater in 1968 than in 1967. There were 692 Negroes in predominantly white schools in 1967 in Mobile County, Alabama's largest school system. In 1968, 3484 Negroes were in predominantly white schools and 253 whites in

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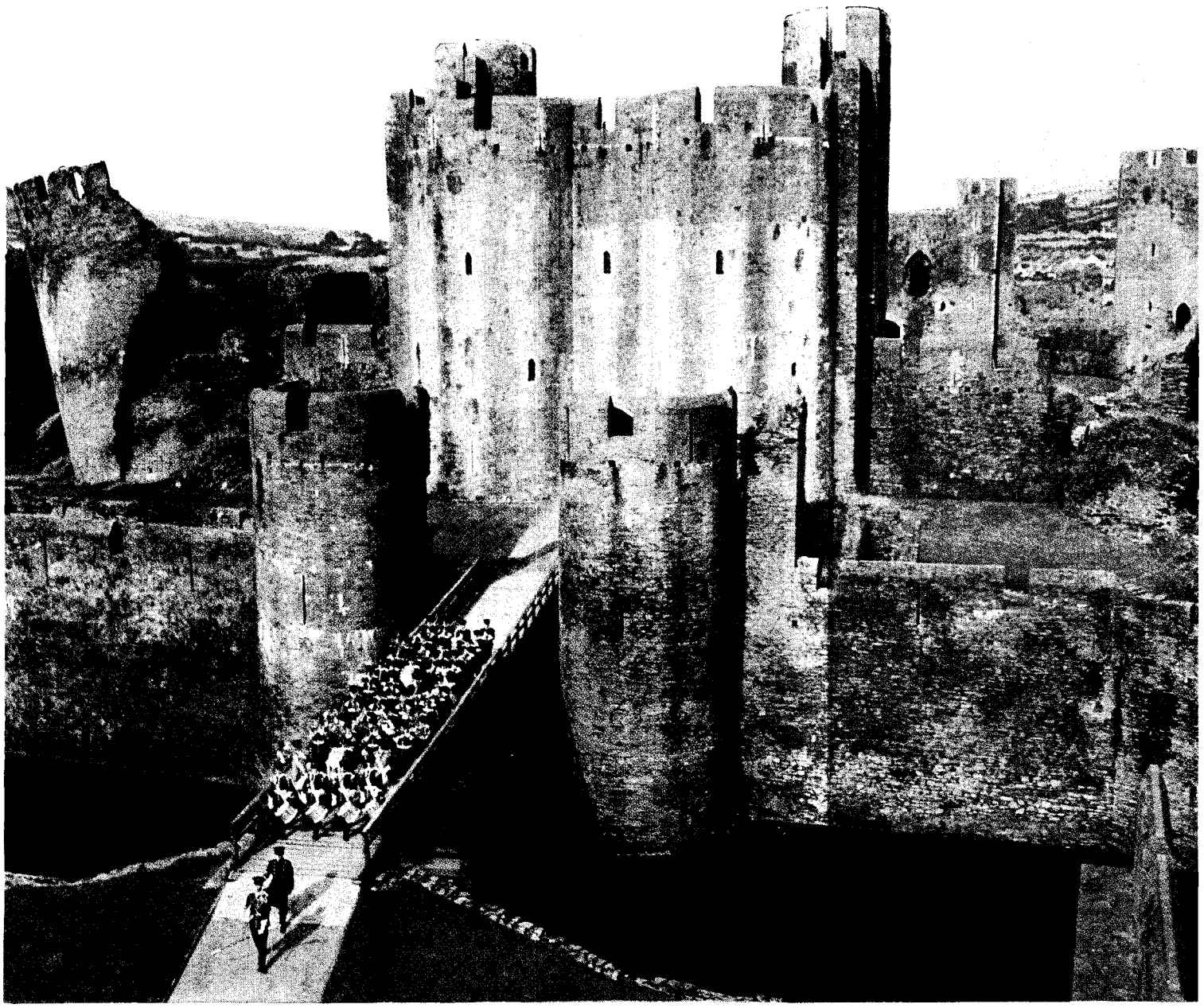

The Band of the 1st Battalion of the Welch Regiment plays outside Caerphilly Castle.

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"Thou most renowned Wales,
thou famous ancient place,
Which still hast been the Nurse
of all the British race."

An English poet, Michael Drayton, wrote these lines during the reign of the first Elizabeth. In July this year, the second Elizabeth gives her son to Wales, when he is invested as Prince of Wales at Caernarvon Castle.

Caernarvon, like Caerphilly, Conway, Beaumaris, Harlech, is one of an incomparable series of medieval fortresses, built in the 13th century. Today, they still guard the green valleys of the Welsh landscape.

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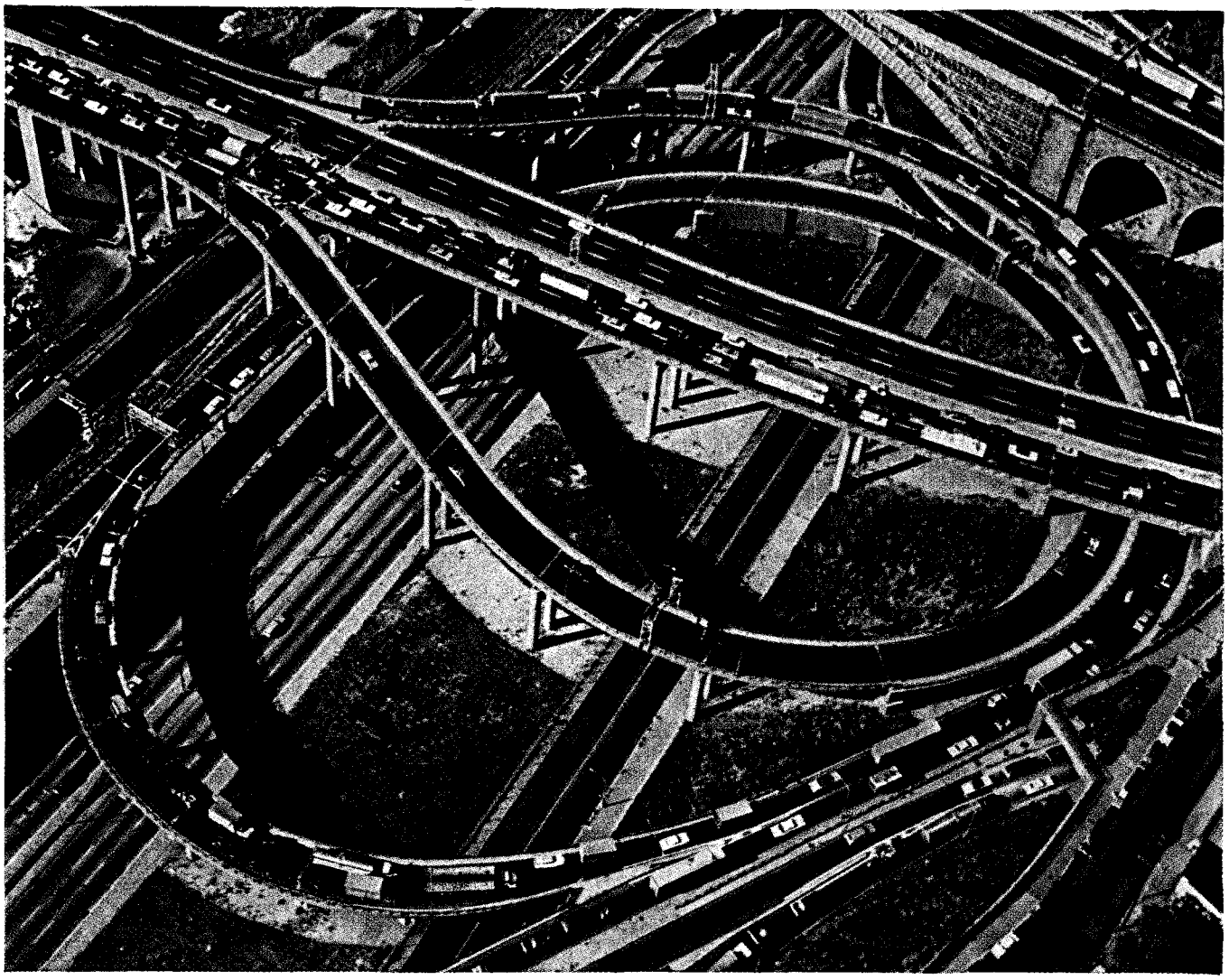

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predominantly Negro schools. Those white children are among the first in the South to desegregate Negro schools.

Widespread as the effects of the May 27 Supreme Court decision may be, they have not brought anything like thorough desegregation to the South's schools. The United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, in a ruling as surprising to Dixie segregationists as Hemphill's Columbia decision was to HEW, held that two Louisiana and one Mississippi school district could wait one more year. The court reasoned that administrative problems applying the decision this fall would disrupt school systems. Most of the South's federal district judges have applied that precedent, meaning continued school segregation for the South this year. How much segregation is unclear.

For there is a growing belief among observers of Deep South schools that no one knows the full extent of segregation. HEW, it is felt, has played a numbers game with desegregation statistics, so that today it is difficult to judge progress or the lack of it. In 1967, HEW numbers defined a desegregated school as one "attended by minority group children in which at least 50 per cent of the students are white." A school with 90 percent white students, or 90 percent black students, could be called desegregated. In 1966, HEW defined a desegregated school as one with "as much as 5 per cent of the student enrollment white." HEW says the two definitions are not comparable, and therefore no comparison of desegregation progress between the two years can be made.

Using HEW's own doubtful ways of estimating school desegregation in the South in 1967, one arrives at these figures for the continued division by color in the black belt states: Louisiana 6.7 percent desegregated; Mississippi 3.9 percent; Alabama 5.4 percent; Georgia 9.5 percent; South Carolina 6.4 percent.

Discreet Southern segregationists scorn pressure and intimidation tactics as practiced by the Klan. They call Kluxers "the nose-picking, truck-driving, pickup set." For the discreet, resistance takes other forms. As in the rest of the nation, moving

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to the all-white suburb is a favorite alternative to desegregation. In Atlanta, where school desegregation has city hall backing and where Mayor Ivan Allen has led the South's most liberal race relations atmosphere, Dr. John W. Letson, city school superintendent, feels helpless about the white exodus.

> Since 1960, the school population here has experienced a decrease of about 7,000 white students and an increase of some 25,000 Negro students. If the present trend continues for the next 10 years, the total school population will be 80 per cent Negro. During the past eight years, some 12 to 15 schools have changed from all-white to desegregated and finally to all-Negro schools. As soon as a Negro family moves into an all-white community, for sale signs go up all over the place. When we desegregate a school, the white parents panic and move. Pretty soon, we have an all-Negro school.

The other form of nonviolent resistance, the all-white, private school, made famous by Prince Edward County, Virginia, is making a comeback in the South. Federal court decisions have ended the hopes of Southern legislatures for financing such schools with state tax money. But State Senator Pelham in Mobile and Governor Albert Brewer of Alabama say private schools may replace public schools in the state this year. What may sound like a pipe dream takes on significance when their strategy is reviewed. What would happen, Pelham asks, if the state of Alabama simply gets out of the public school business altogether? His theory is that with no state or local taxes for schools, the average white parent might be able to afford private white schools. There is no provision in such a plan for Negro children.

In some places in the South, private white schools have already succeeded. When desegregation was ordered by a federal court in Hayneville, Alabama, the private school was its alternative. Hayneville had Alabama's number-one high school football team. But since the private school opened, the trophies have tarnished, and the football coach has become principal of Lowndes Academy, the white school. In South Carolina, there were 99 such private schools, with 34,100 students out of a total 646,907 school enrollment last year. An organizer in the state's all-white South Carolina Independent School Association, Inc., Dr. T. E. Wannamaker of Orangeburg, commented on the future of white resistance: "It's not token integration we're concerned about, but the effects mass integration will have on our schools in the future. We have convictions, and we're going to stay." —*Henry Leifermann*

North African Arms Race

While politicians and observers debate about the arms race between Israel and Egypt, the other four North African nations are quietly building up their own arsenals. They include some of the most sophisticated planes and missiles in the world today. To counteract heavy Soviet investment in Egypt and Algeria, Libya alone will spend $1.135 billion on weapons over the next five years. The Americans have been sending arms to Morocco so it can defend its borders in case fighting with Algeria resumes. Ostensibly for the same purpose, Algeria has asked for and received MIG-21 planes. While a present motivation for the North African arms race is the maintenance of a political balance between Soviet and Western influences within North Africa, it is possible that all these weapons could be combined in the cause of Arab unity in the event of another holy war with Israel.

The political and military reasons for the demand for arms are only equaled in significance by the political economies of the supply of arms. While North African countries may have some real, and some supposed, enemies who threaten their political sovereignty, so also do they have political friends and "trade" partners who are ever so pleased to take — or better, encourage — arms orders. Britain in particular has reaped enormous benefits. When, as a candidate, Richard Nixon proclaimed that he would send Phantom jets to Israel, he pleased not only American Jews who support Israel, but also the arms producers and the U.S. Treasury; for the budgeteers of the Department of Defense, the increased production of F-5's reduces the cost of each plane. Thus the supply of arms is limited only by the ability of a buyer to pay cash or receive easy credit. Demand is fostered by politics and fear.

Algeria

Algeria is the chief actor in the North African drama. Its present defense policies are a response to a war with Morocco, sparked by an old border dispute. In the autumn of 1963, only a year and a half after independence, the Algerian forces, a straggling collection of guerrilla and volunteer troops, mostly remnants of the revolution, suffered a clear defeat at the hands of the far more highly mechanized, integrated, and professional Moroccan forces. The defeat was a rude awakening, particularly for Houari Boumedienne, then chief of staff, who became president when he overthrew Ben Bella a year and a half later. Even before Boumedienne came to power, in the summer of 1965, the Algerian government had committed itself to building up an armed force that could prevent a repeat of the 1963 debacle. The Soviet Union, anxious to increase its influence on the southern shore of the Mediterranean, was more than willing to help. Beginning in 1964, and especially since 1966, the Algerians have been stockpiling Russian MIG's, tanks, and artillery, so that they now have at least a four-to-one equipment advantage over the Moroccans, and they completely outclass the Tunisians. The estimated value of the Soviet equipment is $250 million. In addition, the Algerians are spending 24 percent of their budget (or about $168 million) on defense. Although outside observers believed the Algerians would pause to consolidate and integrate their present forces, the Algerians seem determined to keep the arms flowing in, and the

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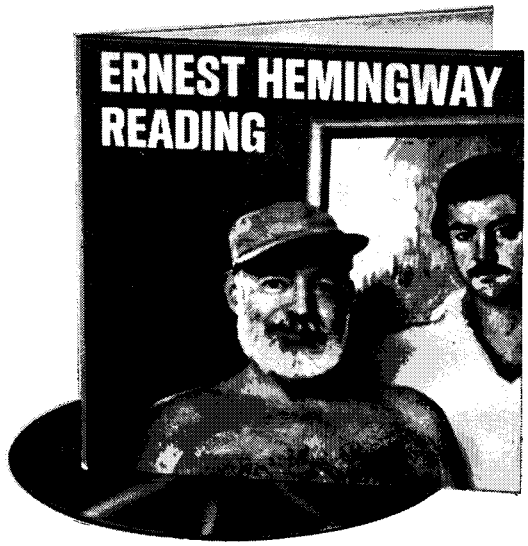

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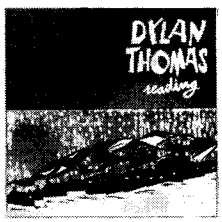

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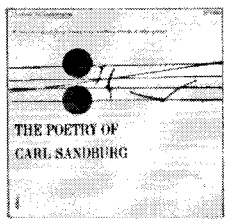

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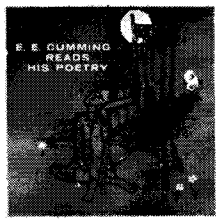
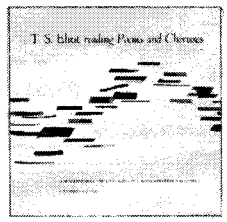


e. e. cummings in selections from his poetry, including *when god decided to invent, Santa claus, i say no world.*



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leveling-off that was expected has not occurred.

For Algerian leaders, a strong and powerful army is an expression of nationalism. Algeria hopes to gain recognition as a major Arab power. Backed by MIG's and missiles, its words at an Arab summit are likely to carry more weight. But an extensive military establishment breeds its own problems. Today's army officers fought for Algeria's independence and do not like their present place on the fringes of political decision-making. Disgruntled, they attempted to overthrow Boumedienne last December. While Boumedienne is still in power, he has learned that to keep the army happy is to keep them supplied.

The Soviets have given the Algerians what the Algerians wanted: not obsolete junk, but high-quality modern equipment. At present, Algeria is overarmed. It has from 125 to 150 MIG's (mostly the high-class MIG-21), but lacks the trained pilots to man many of them. It has patrol boats equipped with the Styx sea-to-sea guided missiles, but needs time to master the technical difficulties of the Styx guidance system. Presumably, the nearly 2000 Soviet military advisers currently in Algeria are helping to remedy these deficiencies, for during the Arab-Israeli war of 1967 it was made clear that the Soviet policy of supplying equipment without the know-how was of little use to the Arabs.

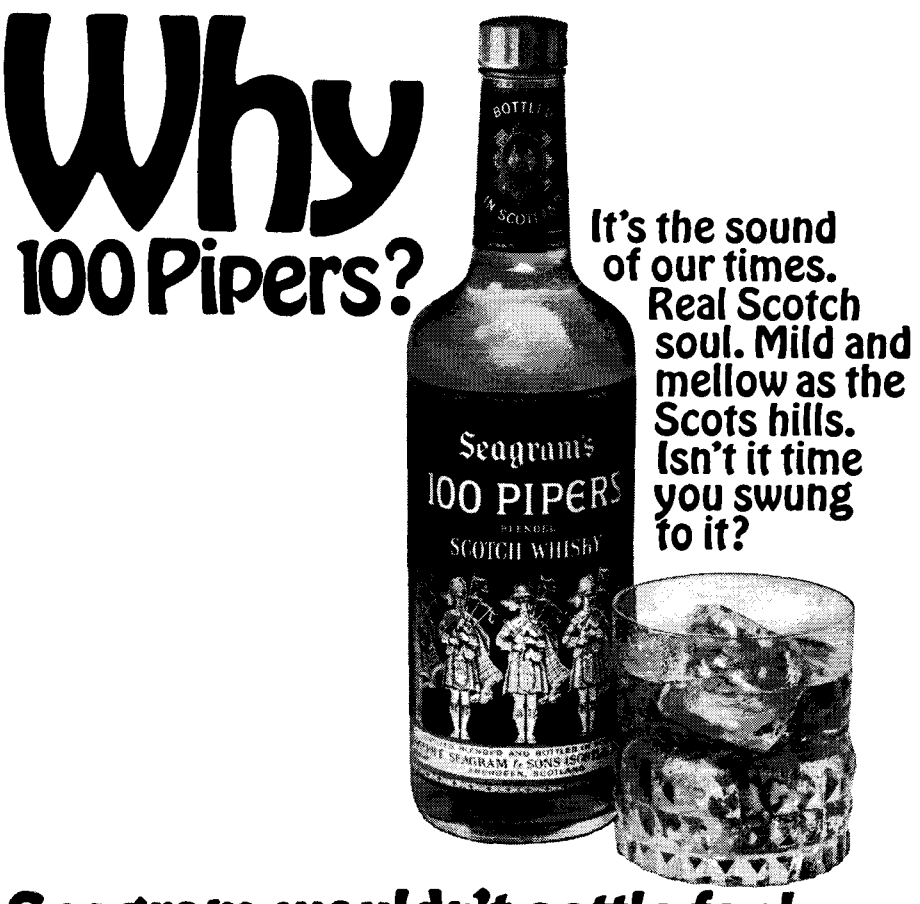
Algeria's short-term goal is clear: defense against possible future attacks from Morocco. At present, Algeria holds all of the land in dispute between the two countries, including the Tindouf region, with its rich iron-ore deposits. The Algerians are afraid that Morocco will someday try to make good its claims on this territory. They regard Morocco as irrevocably backed by the United States, and despite American denials, are convinced that the United States has an agreement with Morocco which guarantees American support in the event of a war with Algeria.

A more distant enemy, as far as the Algerians are concerned, is Israel. It is unlikely that Algeria will provoke a war with Israel, but it will come to the aid of the more militant Arab allies, Egypt and Syria, in case there is another war. In June 1967, Algerian MIG's flew to the front, and its troops marched across Tunisia and Libya, only to arrive when the war was over. Algerian troops are today stationed at the Suez Canal.

Although Algeria has accepted large supplies of Soviet arms during the last four years, it has been careful not to compromise its own national sovereignty. Boumedienne is determined that his country will not become a Soviet puppet. He is renowned for his acute xenophobia, which hampers the Soviets as much as it does the Americans. Soviet officials failed to persuade the Algerians to sign a nonproliferation treaty, and Soviet officials, like the Americans, cannot leave the city of Algiers without special permission. Algerians sent to the Soviet Union for military training are often sent to France afterward for further instruction, to neutralize any residue of Russian ideology. The Soviets understand Boumedienne's position and have cooperated in minimizing their visible influence. They know that the Algerians will continue to receive Soviet equipment. No other country is likely to provide such good equipment on such favorable terms. Although there is talk of a small-arms deal with the French, it will be more of a gesture to show that the Algerians are not totally dependent on the Soviets than a wholesale shifting away from Soviet aid. It is surprising too that teams from American consulting firms are advising the Algerian government on economic planning.

Morocco

Understandably, the arms build-up in Algeria has alarmed Morocco. The Moroccans do not trust the Algerians, and are not pleased that the Soviets have recently been improving the skills of Algerian pilots and technicians. Immediately following their military victory in the border dispute of 1963, the Moroccans paused in the arms race. At that time, Algeria had a long way to go to catch up. But since 1965, the Moroccans have had to respond to Algeria. They are not trying to match Algeria's forces, but merely to diminish the Algerian advantage in military equipment to perhaps two-to-one. Because of



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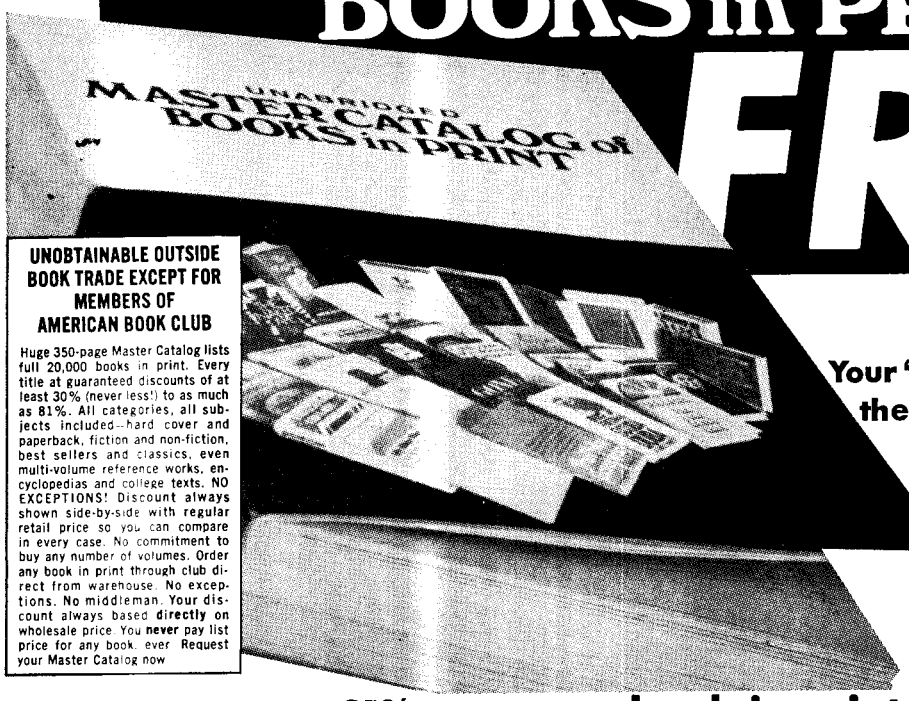

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North African Arms Race

their superior abilities as soldiers, the Moroccans are confident that they do not need massive equipment. Furthermore, they feel that economic development has priority over defense. While Algeria is spending 24 percent of its budget on defense, the Moroccans have allocated only 12 percent, and it is expected that this figure will remain constant for the next few years.

Although the Moroccans received 80 reconditioned T-54 tanks last year from Czechoslovakia in exchange for $16 million worth of primary products, they generally prefer to buy equipment from the West. Ideologically, they feel more at home with the Americans than with the Russians. King Hassan promotes large-scale private investment in the country, and has been soft-spoken even on Vietnam. In return, he receives economic aid from the United States and gets good terms on loans for the purchase of planes and equipment, including to date 12 fully armed jet fighters (mostly F-5A's). Implementation of a further agreement providing for the purchase of $14 million worth of modern antitank and other equipment has been delayed by opposition in Congress stemming from the June, 1967, war. Nevertheless, 85 U.S. military advisers and 400 other military personnel in training capacities are at present in Morocco, and Western influence is strong. The Soviets supply only nonmilitary technical assistance advisers, from 50 to 100 attached for 3 years to each of 3 development projects: a dam, a thermoelectric plant, and lead mines.

While the Moroccans are clearly disturbed by the thought of another border blowup with Algeria, they have not yet taken the logical next step of asking for F-104 Starfighters, an American answer to Algeria's MIG-21's. They are confident that Boumedienne is not about to initiate an attack. They realize, however, that Boumedienne's own position is hardly secure, and they are not comforted by the recent attempted coup in Algeria. As an Arab leader, King Hassan cannot renounce his country's claims in the disrupted border area without arousing more criticism than he can afford. He has, therefore, tried to reach a peaceful agreement with the Algerians, suggesting that the two countries share equally the profits from the iron mines on the condition that Algeria recognize Morocco's sovereignty. These conditions did not begin to satisfy Boumedienne, who is, in the short term, happy with the present de facto border.

It is possible that once the Algerians stop accumulating arms and equipment and begin consolidating their army, a border incident will, with instructions from Algiers, explode into a war. What happens next will depend in part on the wishes of the Kremlin and the White House. The Soviet Union is clearly not pleased with the pro-Western leanings of the present Moroccan government and would be glad to promote its downfall. Even in this day of missiles, the Soviets can hardly be uninterested in the possibility of controlling the southern side of the Strait of Gibraltar, and hence the Western access to the Mediterranean.

Libya

Perhaps the most startling development of the North African arms race is the sudden entry of the Libyans. Immediately following the discovery of oil in the Libyan desert, Libya chose to stay out of the arms race. But in February, 1968, it joined in with a vengeance, signing a contract with Great Britain for a Rapier missile system and pledging to spend $1.135 billion on defense over the next five years. Of this, $500 million will be paid directly to the United Kingdom for the missiles and their installation. Another $500 million will be spent on infrastructure, and another $135 million will be distributed throughout the ministries. To meet these commitments, the Libyans have postponed their five-year plan and estimate a $36 million deficit on this year's development budget.

The Rapier system will include Bloodhounds, Rapiers, Jet Provosts, and 3000 British advisers and technicians. Once the system is installed, the Libyan government plans to keep the British in Libya to operate it. Both the King and the Premier think the British are less likely to panic in a crisis than the Libyans.

Selling the Rapier system to Libya was a coup for the British. Since the Libyans are paying cash (over a five-year period), the contract will have a significant effect on the

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North African Arms Race

British balance-of-payments crisis. American firms had bargained for the contract but withdrew at Washington's request. There will be benefits for the United States nevertheless. Since World War II America has controlled Wheelus Air Force Base. Anti-American riots in June, 1967, forced negotiations for American withdrawal. Now, however, the Libyans are anxious to keep American skills on their soil. Wheelus will definitely remain in operation. Formerly used to train U.S. European-based squadrons, it will now become a joint base for training U.S. and Libyan Air Force units, and will service much of the new British equipment.

To keep the present investments in perspective, it is important to realize that the Libyan buildup starts from scratch. The Libyan Army has 7000 men, the Navy 400, and the Air Force 300. Libya owns 6 C-47's and 3 T-33's. Ten F-5's are on order. The total military force will grow in the next 5 years to as many as 14,000. Although by Egyptian and Algerian standards this is small, the Libyans believe that the days of large land armies are over, and the major increase attendant on the Rapier system will be in fighter aircraft.

The most reasonable explanation for Libya's sudden and vast outlay for arms is that the Libyans want to defend themselves against the Soviet buildup in Egypt and Algeria. In discussing the arms purchase, Libyans mention the danger of potential Israeli aggression, but this seems to be lip service to Arab politics rather than deep-seated conviction on the part of Libyan citizens. They have no time for Arab revolutionaries and trust neither the Algerians nor the Egyptians. Although Libya pays large amounts of *Danegeld* to help Egypt and Jordan, the Libyan press condemns the payments, and frequently criticizes Eastern Arab "blundering." Nasser's photograph no longer graces the shops and offices of Tripoli and Benghazi, and Egyptian teachers, needed because of manpower shortages, are being replaced as quickly as possible with Peace Corps volunteers. While the Libyans do not wish to fight the Egyptians or the Algerians, their new military strength should both help the Libyan delegation at any Arab summit meeting and discourage any revolutionary forces from meddling in Libyan affairs.

Furthermore, the Libyans want to be able to protect their airspace. They were visibly disturbed when Soviet and Belgian planes violated Libyan airspace en route to the Congo, and while it is unlikely that the Rapiers will actually be used to bring down Belgian or Russian planes, it is equally unlikely that the Russians and Belgians will in the future neglect to ask permission before flying within range of a sophisticated missile system.

Rich enough to buy its equipment wherever it pleases, Libya has no need for Russian aid, with its customary conditions. Its main concern is to keep on good terms with its oil markets, primarily Western European nations, and it will probably continue to buy its arms from the West. Strategically, Libya does not offer Russia as much enticement as Morocco, with its access to the Strait of Gibraltar, and the Soviets will probably leave Libya alone.

Libya's present pro-West position, however, is not entirely stable. The government is renowned for both corruption and adherence to tradition. The violent riots that followed the June, 1967, war reflected not only anti-American and anti-British sentiment but also disillusionment with the governing regime. In the autumn of 1967, King Idris appointed a new government, a balance between traditional leaders and young technocrats, and his popularity has increased accordingly. While the military has no political influence at present, the installation of the Rapier system may give it increased prestige. This in turn may lead to louder demands on the part of a jealous internal security force. Such a police force, directed by an ambitious minister, might conceivably stockpile small arms for a coup against which the Rapiers would be irrelevant.

As long as the present government remains in power and keeps the British personnel at the Rapier controls, it can be assumed that Libya's new arsenal will be used with discretion. But in the event of another Arab-Israeli war, it is possible that Libya might ally itself with the very nations whose threatening military buildups seem to have been its motive for arming in the first place:

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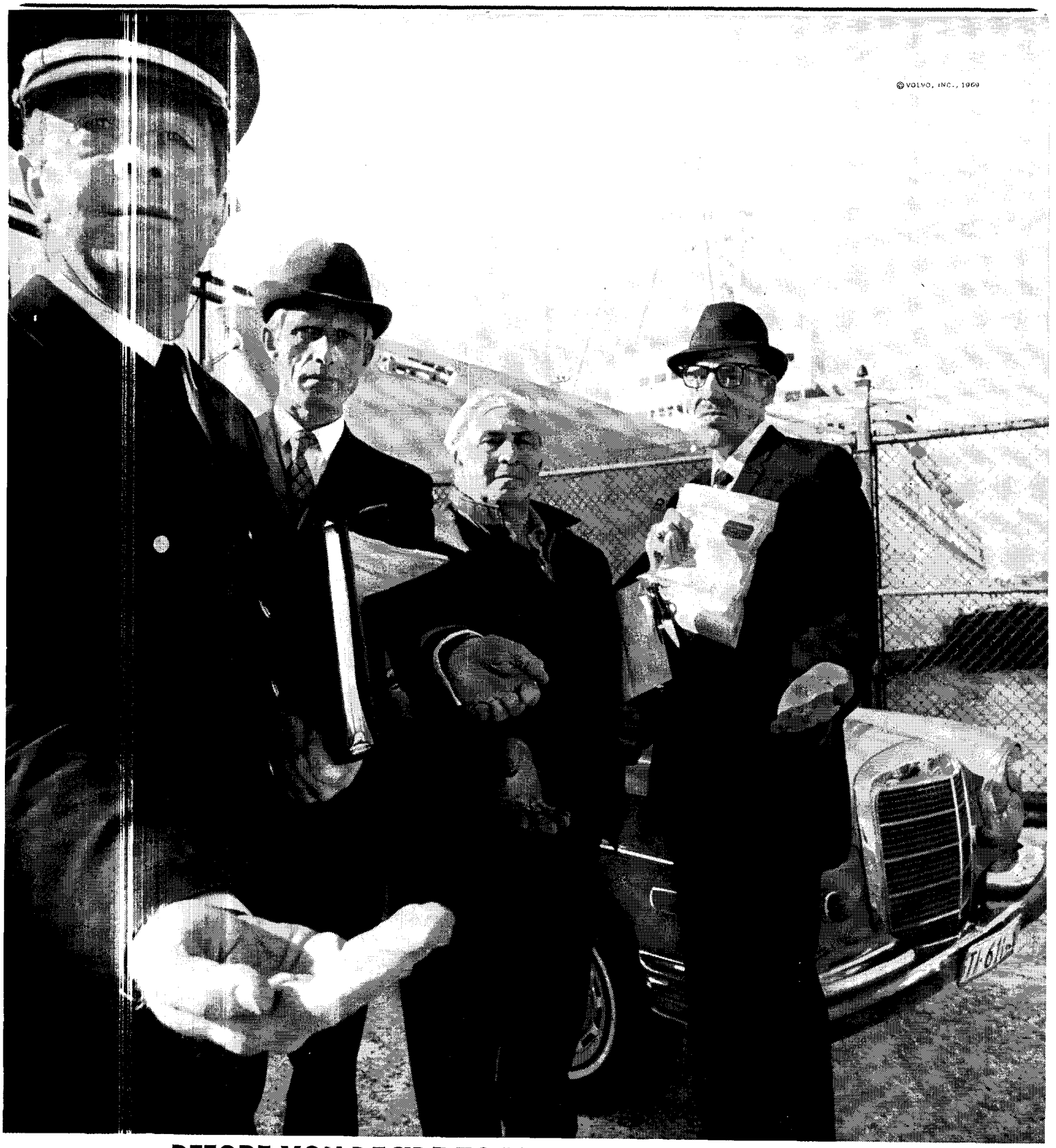

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and the missiles might then be turned against Israel.

Tunisia

Locked between Libya, rich in oil, and Algeria's massive military force, Tunisia can only look in awe as its neighbors arm. President Habib Bourguiba, Tunisia's benevolent dictator, knows he cannot compete with his neighbors' defense investments, nor does he wish to. Tunisia's scarce resources are better spent on economic development. Bourguiba urges his Arab brothers to stop squandering their wealth on weapons and concentrate instead on raising the standard of living.

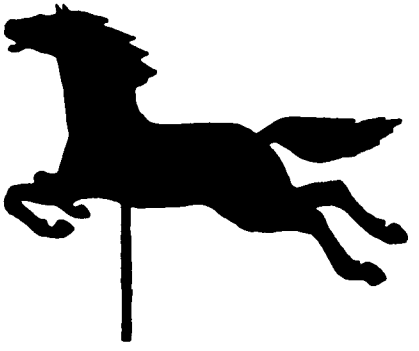
Obviously, however, Bourguiba cannot wholly ignore Tunisia's defense needs in the face of the stockpiles growing on either side of him. Bourguiba's remarks at the recent opening of a new military academy indicated that he wants a small army of trained professionals.

There is a concrete incentive to increased military strength in Tunisia in the threat of Algerian aggression. The Tunisians think themselves superior to the Algerians, having achieved independence without bloodshed and chaos; the Algerians, for the same reason, regard the Tunisians with contempt. There is constant friction between the two over the exact location of the border in the El Borma oil field. Although the possibility of actual fighting on the border is remote (Algeria is not likely to make Tunisia another Yemen in the face of Tunisia's many friends, including Libyans and their new Rapiers), the Tunisians want to be able to hold their own in a small skirmish. Algeria's recent expenditures mean this is no longer a simple task.

Bourguiba has looked west for help. An outspoken critic of Communism, and a bitter rival of Nasser's, he has not condemned American policy in Vietnam, although he has called for peace and a negotiated settlement. He has not squandered scarce resources on military might, and he has tried to calm Arab intransigence toward Israel. He has voiced the proper concern about the Soviet presence in the Mediterranean. Consequently, the Americans have invested heavily in Tunisia, supplying approximately $50 million in development aid per year.

In early 1968, America's assistance to Tunisia took on a new shape. The first of fifteen officers arrived in Tunis to establish a full-fledged military mission there. According to the present military agreement between Tunisia and the United States, the Americans may spend $10 million in Tunisia over the next five years. This will cover the expenses of the mission, the training of Tunisian officers, and defensive equipment consisting of light arms and antiaircraft emplacements. Most of the training will be done at U.S. bases in Germany, but some Tunisians will also be sent to the United States.

Being Tunisia's military supplier is a dubious honor which the Russians are glad to leave to the Americans, who tend to overemphasize Tunisia's importance in the North African balance of power. Given the present mood in Washington, those members of Congress who fear another Middle Eastern war will probably prefer to arm Israel rather than Tunisia. It would take far too much to enable Tunisia to defend its Algerian border with certainty.



For the moment, the North Africans are arming against each other. The need to protect their own borders and defend their national sovereignty has led them to search for arms. For political and economic reasons the Soviets, the Americans, and the British have become the principal suppliers. If the 1965 India-Pakistan war and the 1967 Arab-Israeli war are any indicators, the big powers will not become directly involved in a North African or Middle Eastern war. But the war would be fought with the new weapons, and the arms producers would be the benefactors as destroyed equipment is replaced and the level of preparedness escalated. The arms race would then drain an even higher percentage of the developing countries' national budgets.

— *Adele Smith*

Soviet Technology

The dominant figure in Soviet technology is a gray-haired fifty-five-year-old physicist whose task is to introduce reason and order into a bizarre mélange of superiority, mediocrity, and ordinary deadwood. Vladimir Alekseyevich Kirillin has been described by an associate as "technology commissar." In his spacious office on Gorky Street in mid-Moscow, Kirillin works beneath huge portraits of Marx and Lenin, chain-smoking Kent cigarettes unavailable to the average Russian. As chairman of the State Committee on Science and Technology, he administers an $8.8 billion annual investment, and supervises the efforts of about 2.5 million people. Kirillin wields authority the unprecedented scope of which matches the dimensions of the problem he is ordered to solve.

The Russians are proud of their accomplishments in science and technology, but they are becoming impatient with the pathetically small benefits that accrue to their domestic economy from their technological investment. The contrasts stem directly from the split personality of Soviet technology. There is little flow of superior techniques or talent from military-related fields to the generally backward civilian sectors. Nor is there much traffic in the opposite direction — a flow of daring, original ideas of the kind with which small, flexible American companies prod the slower-footed industrial giants into technological change.

Buying know-how

To maintain military parity with the United States, the Russians, whose gross national product is only about 40 percent as large as ours, have had to neglect important sectors of civilian technology. Thus their supersonic airliner, though the first to be test-flown, relies heavily on British electronics; their color television, still an infant industry, is based on a French system; their biggest automobile plant is being designed around equipment supplied by Fiat, the big Italian concern.

It is Kirillin's job to keep such foreign technology available. One method is a chain of technical "ex-

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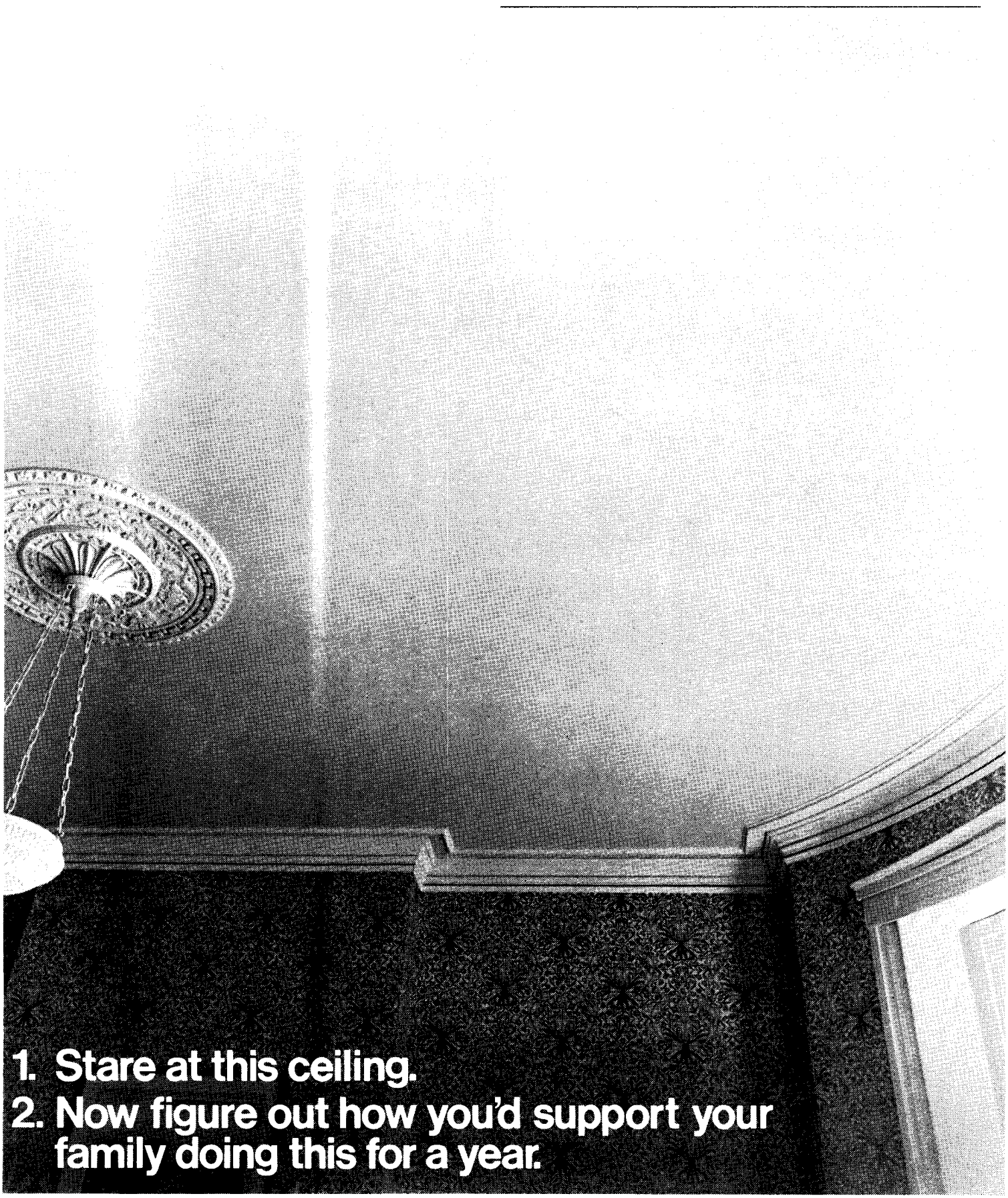

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change" agreements with countries and companies around the world. Usually the exchanges are one-sided As a European participant describes his company's arrangement with the Russians, "We exchange our know-how for Russian money."

Trade patterns support this observation. While achieving notable successes in developing missiles, nuclear explosives, and swing-wing warplanes, the Soviet Union has been pursuing a trade policy typical of underdeveloped countries. It is a net importer of machinery and licenses, and an exporter of raw materials. From Poland and Hungary, two of the less industrialized countries of Eastern Europe, Soviet imports of machinery and equipment exceed exports by more than 2 to 1. The disparity is 4 to 1 with Czechoslovakia and 6 to 1 with East Germany.

The Czech trade pattern, in fact, is probably one reason for Moscow's military intervention in August. Czech industry, while productive enough to supply trucks and heavy industrial machinery to the Russians, cannot sell most of these products competitively in the West. Czech economic reformers seemed determined to modernize their country's industry with Western technology and pay the West with specialized production of consumer articles.

Such a shift away from Soviet trade would deprive the Russians of a source of heavy equipment and would loosen their hold over the Czech economy. Worse, it could lead to even greater Western influence on Czechoslovakia's politics.

With developed capitalist countries, the imbalance in Soviet trade is even more pronounced. Equally revealing is the Russians' failure, despite enormous effort in recent years, to sell technology abroad. Japan, for example, bought 8000 technical licenses abroad from 1945 through 1967, but only half a dozen were obtained from the Soviet Union, despite a flourishing trade between the two countries.

Ball-points and the pill

Although it has no official role in trade, the State Committee on Science and Technology holds tight rein on practically all Soviet transactions involving new foreign processes and equipment. The agency played a crucial role in the 1966 contract under which Fiat is set to supervise the construction and equipping of an $800 million automobile plant on the Volga River.

The Fiat deal may be the most significant ever made by the Soviet government. It represents a massive commitment to the long-deprived consumer sector, and it constitutes a technological revelation to the Russians in that it provides their first large-scale supply of modern Western equipment since World War II. Breaking with tradition, the usually penurious Russians have ordered ample supplies of spare parts — in some instances far more than ample — in all probability for laboratory analysis.

Potential suppliers hope the new Soviet enthusiasm for consumer products will soon spread to staples which are household words in the West but collectors' items in Russia, such as wrinkle-resistant fibers, aerosol containers, food preservatives and coloring, effective inks for ball-point pens, specialized rather than all-purpose detergents, dry-cleaning chemicals in which buttons and delicate fabrics have a fighting chance for survival, and perhaps even a birth-control pill.

Toehold

Foreign firms are well aware that the Russians won't buy what they can copy. Most companies mind such Soviet violations of capitalistic business ethics — but not enough to relinquish tenuous toeholds in the potentially vast Soviet market. A producer of dry-cleaning equipment who has been selling to the Russians for nearly a decade says he recently saw exact copies of his earlier machines displayed prominently at a Soviet trade exhibition. "The only thing they changed was the nameplate," he adds. But he plans to continue making periodic sales trips to the Soviet Union.

Although civilian technology constitutes the major — and officially the only — interest of the State Committee, foreigners who deal with the group generally suppose that it has an important if informal function in the realm of military intelligence. Cynics recall that Oleg Penkovsky, the celebrated double agent, used his job with the committee's prede-

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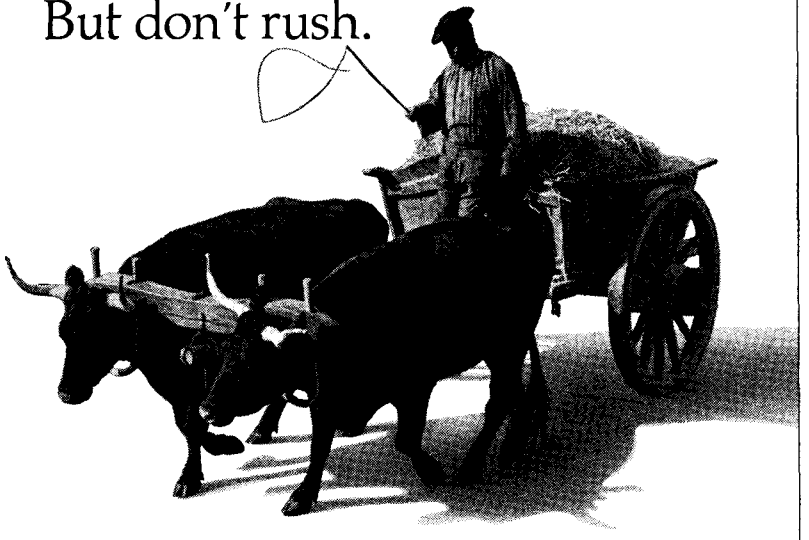

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cessor as a cover for his other activities.

Another source of information about foreign technology is the trade exhibition, which in Russia bears little similarity to Western events of the same name. A Soviet trade show is a way to familiarize Soviet specialists with foreign technology without sending the Russians abroad.

Secure in the knowledge that theirs is an attractive market, the Russians can afford to demand that prospective sellers bring the best and latest equipment for display. Recent exhibitions have been built around packaging, food processing, and municipal services such as laundries and dry-cleaning machinery — sectors of the economy where Soviet expertise is particularly weak. At the fair, one task force of Soviet specialists tries to squeeze every ounce of information and expertise out of the exhibitors while another group systematically makes photographs and sketches of the machinery. At a later stage the Russians send in a fresh team of vigorous negotiators to confront the harried exhibitors; by now the latter are anxious to get away as quickly as possible without having to crate too much merchandise for shipment home. From the Soviet point of view it's a favorable atmosphere for a quick purchase on easy terms.

Besides acquiring foreign expertise, the State Committee supervises the development of Soviet technology and tries to hasten its notoriously slow progress from the laboratory to the production line. Three years ago a group of design engineers won a gold medal for their plans for a taxi called a Minicab; but the vehicle still exists only in prototype.

To reduce such delays, and to discourage too much diversification of technical effort, the committee has isolated 246 "priority problems" that it thinks deserve special attention. The committee's "priority problems" cluster tightly in the fields of new materials, transportation, the generation of energy, and computers. To permit sharper focus on fields deemed most important, Kirillin's committee can create research institutes or veto establishment of an institute anywhere in the country. "But we're scientists too," the

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chairman adds, "and sometimes we lack the willpower to resist new institutes." The committee also apportions funds among existing establishments and lobbies for more money whenever state budgets come up for consideration.

Kirillin is in a powerful lobbying position. His committee is responsible directly to the Council of Ministers, the country's highest executive body, where Kirillin holds the post of deputy to the chairman, Aleksei N. Kosygin. D. M. Gvishiani, Kirillin's top deputy and chief of the committee's international relations, is Kosygin's son-in-law.

Through a network of interlocking directorates, Kirillin maintains alliances with other centers of Soviet scientific power. His committee's sixty-five-member steering group includes chiefs of the Academy of Sciences and the prestigious but autonomous Academy of Medical Sciences, as well as influential figures in such "off-limits" fields as defense, space, and nuclear energy.

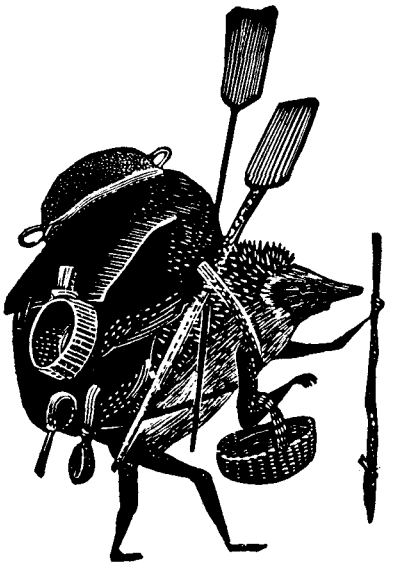
Kirillin avoids friction by emphasizing the "technology" part of his job. "In general," he explains, "our main function is the introduction of new technology and of applied research and development. Our interest in basic research begins only when there are results which can be used in practice."

Oversights

Unused results abound in the Soviet economy, even in such priority areas as computers. Visitors to the renowned Academic Town near Novosibirsk late in 1967 were amazed to encounter the Soviet Union's fastest electronic brain, designated BESM-6, idle and only partially assembled. They learned that the machine, whose name is an acronym for "Rapid Electronic Computing Machine," lacked magnetic disks and that none of these vital components were manufactured in the Soviet Union at that time. The center's director, as cheerfully as possible under the circumstances, described the situation as "a bureaucratic oversight."

Another bureaucratic blunder is blamed for the fact that only one half of the ten BESM-6 computers in existence early in 1968 were fully operative. It seems somebody in Moscow had revamped specifications for peripheral equipment — the means for tapping the computer's store of information — too late to assure delivery on time.

Communist planners insist that such problems stem from human errors rather than from any basic defect in the system of central planning. The system does permit administrators like Kirillin to apportion the country's human and natural resources in what seems to be the most rational manner, they emphasize. How else, they ask, could the Soviet Union have moved from backwardness to world technological leadership in such fields as hydroturbines and nuclear accelerators?



Woodcut by Hermann Greissle

But central planning imposes drags, too. As with any large organization, a decision finally made at the top of the Soviet technology hierarchy is extremely difficult to rescind or modify. Thus, despite rigid control over education and apportionment of specialties in future graduating classes, there are shortages of trained personnel in some no longer new fields of technology. When a machine language for the BESM-6 was being developed in Moscow, only ten trained programmers and analysts were available for the task. There were wistful references to the resources available to IBM for such projects, including the services of thousands of programmers.

Another built-in obstacle in the Soviet technology system is powerful resistance at lower levels to innovations and risk-taking advocated at the top. This problem is dramatized in Moscow's most talked about film, one which provides a rare and apparently realistic glimpse into the corridors of power in the Soviet chemical industry.

Your Contemporary depicts a conscientious executive's losing struggle to halt construction of a huge synthetic-fiber plant which he learns is based on an obsolete process. He is overruled by planners who refuse to admit they wasted precious foreign currency on the project; by industry czars who insist that the facility, however outdated, is necessary to fulfill production norms; and most of all, by a Communist Party official who is concerned with the Party's prestige.

At a high point in the drama the Party boss reminds the troubled executive that thousands of workers pulled up roots and moved to Siberia to build and then man the plant. "Have you thought about the authority of the Party?" he asks, pacing back and forth in front of the seated executive. "It was not you and I, but the Party which called upon them and made promises to them. Just try now to tell them that you woke up one night and realized it was all for nothing, that all their labor was wasted!"

Sure winners

This reluctance to risk capital has long plagued Soviet efforts to update their chemical technology. There is enormous pressure in favor of a sure winner; under what they call a certitude requirement, the Russians demand guaranteed production at a given level at a given time. Even in a field of such rapid technological change as chemistry, they seldom feel able to afford to take a chance on a process that has not yet been fully proven. As a result, some newly acquired technology is obsolete by the time it is put to work in the Soviet Union.

Innovation and technological progress have been most successful in single-customer fields such as defense and space, and in industries where the Soviets started virtually from scratch, such as steel, shipbuilding, and aviation. With little investment in old methods there were few obstacles to adopting modern techniques.

Where national security is less directly involved, and where a nationwide industry already exists, resistance to change runs deep. This is particularly true in consumer in-

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dustries. Two years ago the Russians bought expensive papermaking machinery in Finland, but they still have not developed suitable feedstock as raw material for the quality equipment. Last year they bought conversion plants from a Swedish company for making paper products, but the equipment uses materials which the Russians still cannot make and which are sold only by the Swedish firm.

Rediscovering the consumer

But disregard for the consumer is dwindling. As more resources are diverted to production of household articles, the Soviet buyer is confronted, often for the first time, with the phenomenon of a selection. Occasionally he even has an opportunity to compare a domestic product with a foreign version. One embarrassing result is a mounting backlog of unsold Soviet merchandise.

Since its creation in 1962 in a modest building in suburban Moscow, the Institute of Industrial Design has expanded to include 1150 workers in ten centers across the country. Some of their designs have earned the respect of Western specialists, but few have found their way into the hands of Soviet customers. One obstacle is a shortage of quality production technology in the consumer field. As a step to remedy this, the Russians are beginning to divert some equipment and technical talent from higher-priority industries to the service of the consumer.

This infusion of top talent into the consumer field is bound to broaden Soviet technology where it is narrowest — in adapting new materials and new concepts to a greater variety of products. If the belated attention to the long-suffering Soviet consumer provides the elusive spur to technology, Kirillin and other leaders may wish they had paid more attention to the people long ago.

— Howard Rausch

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

John Hughes is the Christian Science MONITOR'S *Far East correspondent. Henry Leifermann covers the Southern racial beat for UPI. Adele Smith has been a Tunisian-based reporter for the* ECONOMIST. *Howard Rausch writes from Moscow for the McGraw-Hill World News service.*

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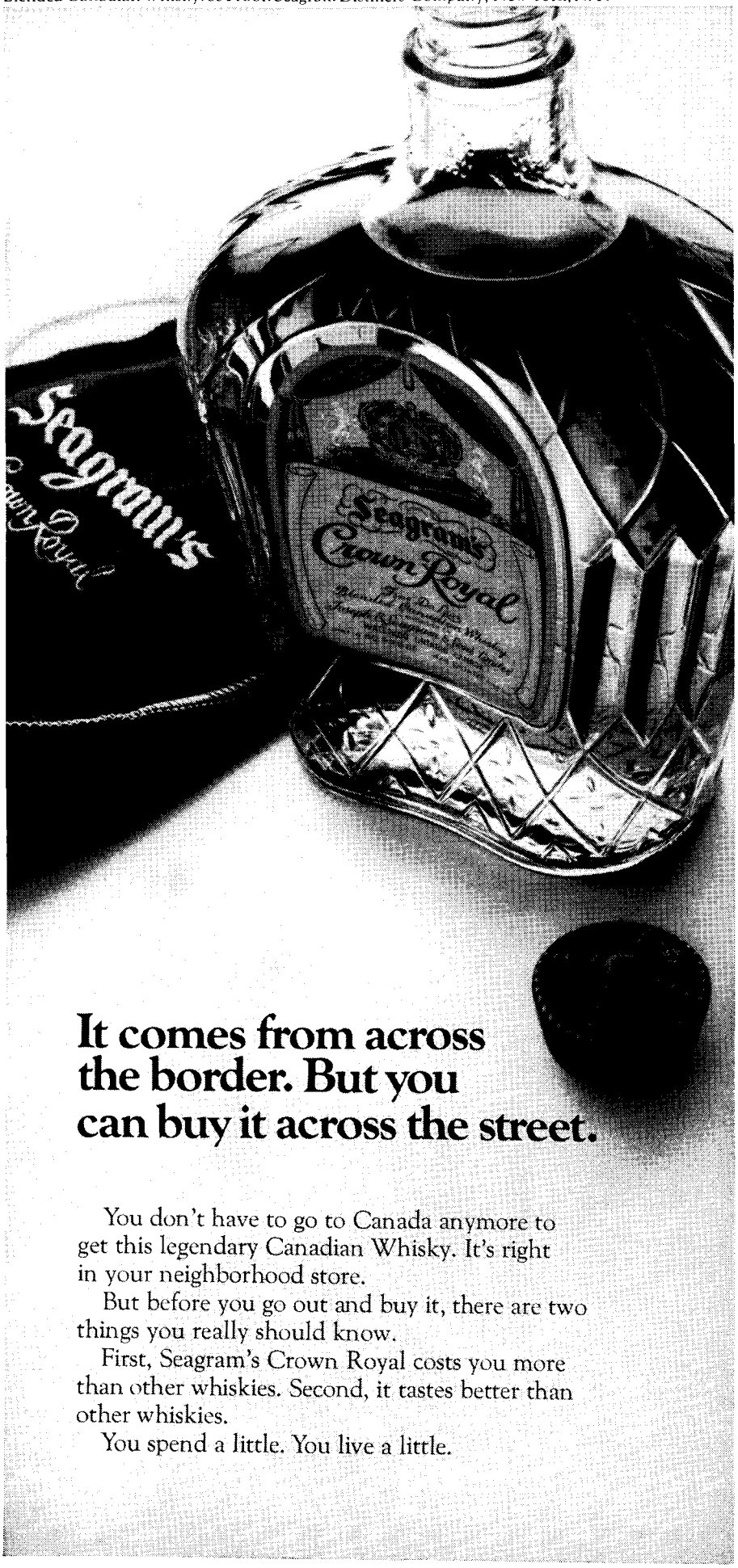

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the mail

On decentralizing schools

SIR: John R. Everett ("The Decentralization Fiasco and Our Ghetto Schools," December *Atlantic*) argues unpersuasively for the proposition that education is so important that it must be left to the educators.

First, Dr. Everett notes that "the Ocean Hill-Brownsville situation makes it clear that, justified or not, the teachers are both frightened and worried." But it has always been true that entrenched groups, be they teachers threatened by social change or craft unionists threatened by technological change, are "frightened and worried" about that change. To surrender the hope of improvement through change to that fear by allowing the frightened to administer the nature and pace of change is, in effect, permanently to endorse the status quo.

Second, Dr. Everett argues feelingly that professionals, immersed in "the mountain of reports, articles, and books" on their special subjects, are best suited to direct the educational fortunes of students in the New York school system. But by his own test — that the students emerge with "a sufficiently common sense of the values of life so that they can live together in peace and with mutual respect" — the centralized educational system has failed miserably. The "professional" has been so divorced (free) from the pressure of community needs that education has lost its "utility," to use Dr. Everett's phrase. The system has certainly not functioned in a manner which enables black citizens to join the nation's work force in meaningful occupations. Obviously, what is required is some balance — a system in which the local communities can express their will but which will at the same time protect teachers from local vigilantism. A system in which district boards engage teachers who must first be qualified and certified by a central administrative body certainly seems to contain sufficient promise for such balance between centralization and community determination as to warrant experimental acceptance.

The overwhelming fact is that the centralized system has not worked, and that any change in that system will threaten not only teacher's security (to the extent that the failure has been a teacher's failure and that security must be threatened if there is to be improvement) but also the entire interrelated structure of construction unions and other groups who fear the economic impact of decentralized decision-making concerning the use of the funds available to the educational system.

IRWIN M. STELZER
New York City

SIR: John R. Everett wants to solve the problems of the ghettos and of New York's "almost immovable bureaucracy of the centralized Board of Education" by using the methods of agricultural "county agents." He states that the American public school system, including New York City's, has succeeded in welding "people of diverse backgrounds into a nation with common goals, common ideals, and common aspirations." Where has he been these last two summers? And how can he turn down the idea of decentralization when he admits that the present system is an "encrusted and archaic bureaucratic administrative structure"?

He says of decentralization and Brooklyn College's offer to take in two hundred *unqualified* (the italics are his) Negro students, "It is almost as though some super-racist is manipulating the American liberal with such ease and grace as to be invisible." And yet he denies Ocean Hill-Brownsville the right to avoid that bureaucracy, denies them the intelligence to know anything about what they need for their children's education. He would rather trust their children's education to the "professionals" who are just as confused as he is by the mass of conflicting literature that he claims is the key to the right approach to these problems.

Black people know in their hearts, or, in the current vernacular, they feel in their gut, that they want their children to be treated like human beings. They want their children to become involved with their education; they want to be involved themselves. The union would be wiser if it would only realize, as it does in some other cities, that this genuine involvement is the healthiest sign in the field of education in this dour decade. If the students, teachers, and parents become involved in the planning, running, and beautifying of the Ocean Hill-Brownsvilles of America, they will create a real climate for learning. Just because the union hasn't yet learned that the advantages of decentralization far outweigh the disadvantages is no reason to relegate the designers of it to bitter criticism, as though only wise "professionals" like Mr. Everett can know what is good for the Negro.

JOHN S. HOLDEN
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: John Everett's analysis of the New York City school situation was a reassuringly rational look at an issue whose essence has long since been buried in a flood of dangerous invective and meaningless rhetoric.

If I may complain a little, however, I'd like to know why Mr. Everett didn't explore more the reasons so many people — particularly the blacks themselves — fervently believe that decentralization is a panacea for the educational problems of the ghetto.

And why indeed, given the irrefutable logic of Mr. Everett's views, does the Ford Foundation continue to press for an even more accelerated program of decentralization and local control of schools?

BARRY TARSHIS
New York City

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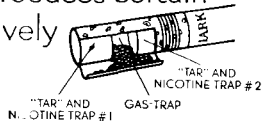

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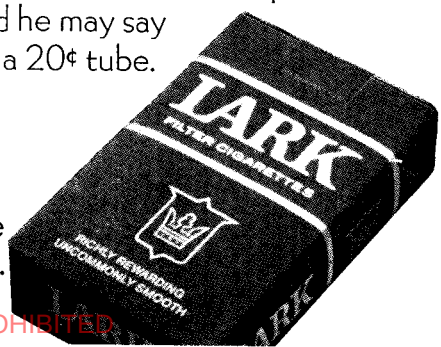

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SIR: May I point out an error in Dr. Everett's article. He is mistaken when he writes that "the liberal Brooklyn College faculty voted to take into its freshmen class two hundred *unqualified* Negro students." The facts are that the members of the faculty are exceedingly unhappy about this, but that political influences have forced them to do so. The number to be admitted is, alas, not two hundred but *five* hundred.

An arrangement of this character is not only an injustice to the white students but an even more grievous injustice to the unqualified colored students, who will be forced to compete against students who are better trained academically.

THEODORE N. LEWIS
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dickey on Seager on Roethke

SIR: I was very interested in the memoir-and-review of the new Allan Seager biography of Theodore Roethke ("The Greatest American Poet") by Jim Dickey in the November issue. My reaction was this: I wish that more truth-telling like Mr. Dickey's would take place more often. I was charmed by the conversational tone of the piece; the diction and motives were all wrapped together in this easy-spoken language, and I really enjoyed reading it. I hope that you will open your magazine to more poets talking about other poets. Not only do I find it fascinating reading, but it really sends me back to the poet's work. In short, I think Jim Dickey was, as always, brilliant. I find the book just marvelous. And I quite objected to the recent bad review by Karl Shapiro of the Seager biography. Truly Dickey hit it squarely in the middle when he described the importance of investigating the true life of a poet in order to illuminate his work. I am grateful to the *Atlantic* for its exciting reading, especially for this marvelous memoir-and-review.

SANDRA HOCHMAN
New York City

SIR: I would like to reply to Beatrice Roethke's comments concerning her interference with Allan Seager's biography of Theodore Roethke, *The Glass House*, and my husband's competence and integrity in writing it.

Allan had been a friend of Roethke's, and shortly after Roethke died, Mrs. Roethke asked him to do the official biography. She made available to him all of Roethke's unpublished papers, and Allan wrote to or spoke with as many people who had known Roethke that he could find. The man who emerged as Theodore Roethke in *The Glass House* is more than Allan's private reminiscence of him.

Mrs. Roethke's appraisal of her husband is obviously going to be different from any outsider's, and was quite different from the one which Allan constructed out of all the disparate facts and opinions of his and other people's memories and Roethke's own written statements about himself. This discrepancy is what Mrs. Roethke alluded to as the "false assumption." Allan commented to his editor that "her [Mrs. Roethke's] agitation seems to spring from two sources: 1) Shock that I have not presented the man she knew, intimately, as her husband. It should be obvious that no biographer can do this. 2) The fact that a biography must be a portrait, not a photograph." Mrs. Roethke insisted that Allan had overemphasized the gangster/liar/buffoon/"tough-guy" mask and asked Allan to show him as a "loving" man. Allan replied that he would if she could furnish him with specific instances to substantiate her assertion.

Mrs. Roethke eventually withdrew her permission to reprint published work or quote from unpublished materials, including the letters in her possession (which were later issued separately). Allan was not only curtailed in his presentation of the man he was writing about but limited even by what he had access to as regards "honest evidence" to support his convictions.

JOAN SEAGER
Goleta, Calif.

Pictures of Malamud

SIR: In view of the almost shattering impact of symbolic allusions achieved in Bernard Malamud's "Pictures of Fidelman" (December *Atlantic*), it seems pathetic that even he must pander to the immature by use of gutter language. Conceivably, his mastery of language is sufficiently effective to enable him to "image" his character's dialogue in phraseology that is revealing without being repulsive.

THE ATLANTIC GRANT

has been awarded by The Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown and Company to

JAMES ALAN McPHERSON

for his forthcoming work of fiction, ***Hue and Cry.*** *Mr. McPherson, whose first published work appeared in the November 1968 Atlantic, is a graduate of the Harvard Law School and a member of the English faculty at the University of Iowa. The two previous Atlantic Grant winners are Jesse Hill Ford (The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones) and Robert Coles (Children of Crisis).*

HUE AND CRY will be published this Spring by Little, Brown and Company in association with The Atlantic Monthly Press.

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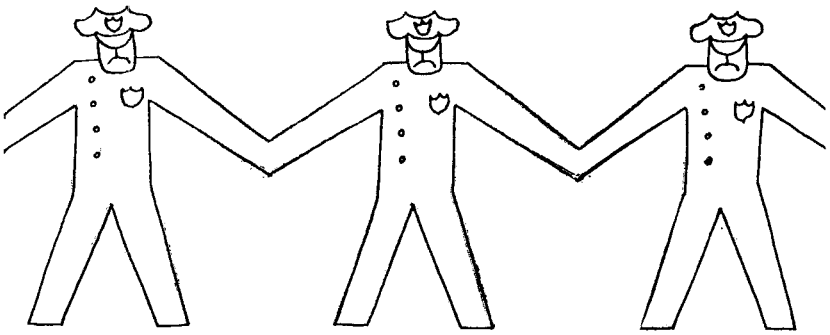

THE POLICE AND THE REST OF US

A Special Section

The police in America are caught in a cross fire of social and political protest and the reaction against it. More and more Americans are drawn into the conflict. Whom are the police for, anyway? And who's for the police? To thousands of citizens — not just clubbed, kicked, gassed demonstrators and newsmen — the police are the avant-garde of a repressive majority rule. To other thousands, the police are the embattled heroes of the defense of the republic against anarchists, looters, rioters, and coddled criminals.

In a Special Section of the March *Atlantic*, a battery of reporters and specialists will deal with many of the crucial aspects of the country's involvement in one of the oldest dilemmas of society: which comes first, order or justice?

Also in a full regular issue:

REVEILLE FOR DEMOCRATS by Bill D. Moyers.

THE SUMMER PEOPLE, a long poem by James Merrill.

MORE ON THE BIOLOGICAL REVOLUTION, in response to Professor Donald Fleming.

New fiction, poetry, and reviews.

Unfortunately, as has been manifested in sociological research, poverty of language among the disadvantaged has resulted in vocabularies limited almost exclusively to natural functions. Although this limitation is deplored by educators and sociologists, it is at times necessary to writers seeking to delineate valid characterizations in realistic context. They must use the language of poverty which is truly poverty of language. But Mr. Malamud's characterization is neither clarified nor enhanced by this usage.

PROFESSOR SYLVIA CUBERT
Rhode Island Junior College
Providence, R. I.

SIR: Malamud is a Huskie, sheep, shetland, Afghan, Pomeranian: White Dogs: Pomeranian Bitch and Puppy-Thomas Gainsborough, Tate Gallery-Borzoi, Basenji is a dog. Malamud dog comprehends Basic Art History, Come, sit, stay, Forget Basic English.

Feh!!!

MRS. ROBERT B. JACOBS
Boulder, Colo.

SIR: Help! Lost head in Fidelman fantasy.

Je ne comprends pas, Mr. Malamud.

Say
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LUCILLE B. MCMAHON
Watertown, Mass.

Advice and consent

SIR: My congratulations to George P. Elliott ("Destroyers, Defilers, and Confusers of Men," December *Atlantic*), who has said what needed to be said; in effect, that writing is a human art, and as such must be directed toward prohuman, not antihuman, ends.

Not that I think it will do much good for him to say so, for I suspect he is wrong in believing that nihilist writing is outmoded — it is very fashionable, and likely to remain so for some time to come in our destructive age. Further, Mr. Elliott has overlooked a major factor in its popularity: anybody can (and does) do it. It is a very democratic nonform. Its elements — confusion; lack of structure; omission of theme or point, of character portrayal, plot; and the overall pre-

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tentiousness of the genre — lend themselves to literary fraud. In another age it might have been obvious that many of these "writers" simply do not know how to write.

LEWIS TURCO
State University College
Potsdam, N. Y.

SIR: In the November issue Daniel Ellsberg ("No More Vietnams?") appeared to conclude that over-reliance on the efficiency of air power was highly instrumental in the Administration's decision to become involved in Vietnam. I question his statement that "there has been in the United States since the Second World War a widespread belief in the efficacy and acceptability of aerial bombing, and in particular, of bombing of a strategic nature, aimed at the will of the opponent via his industrial and population resources." If there is such a widespread belief, it is only because of the repetition of similar statements.

It seems highly doubtful that "the group of men most in favor of an enlarged intervention" had failed to learn from World War II, and from the London blitz in particular, that bombing population centers increases the will of the people to resist. On the other hand, bombing heavily populated areas does have a disruptive effect on the enemy's capacity to make war, as personnel and equipment must be allocated for civilian relief, heartless though that may sound as a tactic to be employed.

Mr. Ellsberg is apparently confused over the concepts of tactical and strategic air power, and it is therefore difficult to accept his belief that the interventionists were staking success on strategic bombing. From the beginning the Air Force's role in Vietnam has been almost entirely a tactical one because (a) there are very few strategic targets in North Vietnam comparable with, say, the ball-bearing factories in Schweinfurt or the Focke-Wulf plant at Marienburg and (b) the few strategic sites available have generally not been targeted precisely because they are located in or near heavily populated areas. The use of B-52's does not belie the tactical stance of the Air Force in Vietnam, but rather is the tactical use of strategic weapons.

It would be erroneous to conclude that since the North Vietnamese have not sued for peace, tactical air power has failed. This assumes a task for tactical air forces that is proving burdensome for this country's combined land, air, and sea power. Tactical air power is being used, as the phrase implies, to support the ground forces and to interdict the enemy's troops and supplies, not to destroy the people's will to resist.

Mr. Ellsberg would be well advised to consult with the survivors of the Afrika Korps or the Colmar Pocket concerning the efficacy of tactical air power (if he can find any).

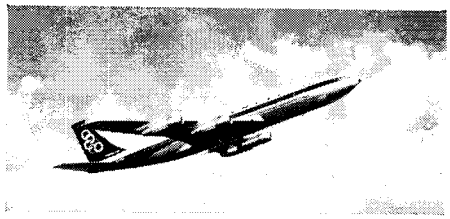
JAMES I. RIDLEY
Tallahassee, Fla.

SIR: Oscar Handlin's sympathetic account ("The Worlds of Arthur Koestler," in your excellent December issue) of Koestler's writings and career is unfortunate in its simplistic treatment. He says: "The fundamental question that occupies Koestler . . . is that distilled from his political works: does man's schizophrenic nature doom him to destruction?" He includes in this sweeping generalization *Ghost in the Machine*, which surely does treat this question as fundamental, and *Act of Creation*, which just as surely does not.

It is a basic disservice to a great, increasingly important book and writer to pigeonhole him neatly for the sake of an essay posture. *Act of Creation* may have some things to say about human madness, as Koestler himself asserts, but it is a large, important, original book on human knowledge. Koestler's arguments are too complex to summarize in a letter, but it is baffling to see them treated so crudely in an essay designed to present them. It is also dismal to see one of the greatest writers of the century virtually written off as a systematic thinker in the name of analysis.

ARTHUR DARACK
Skokie, Ill.

The ATLANTIC welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.



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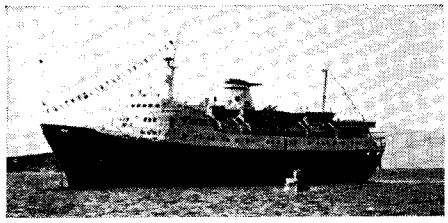

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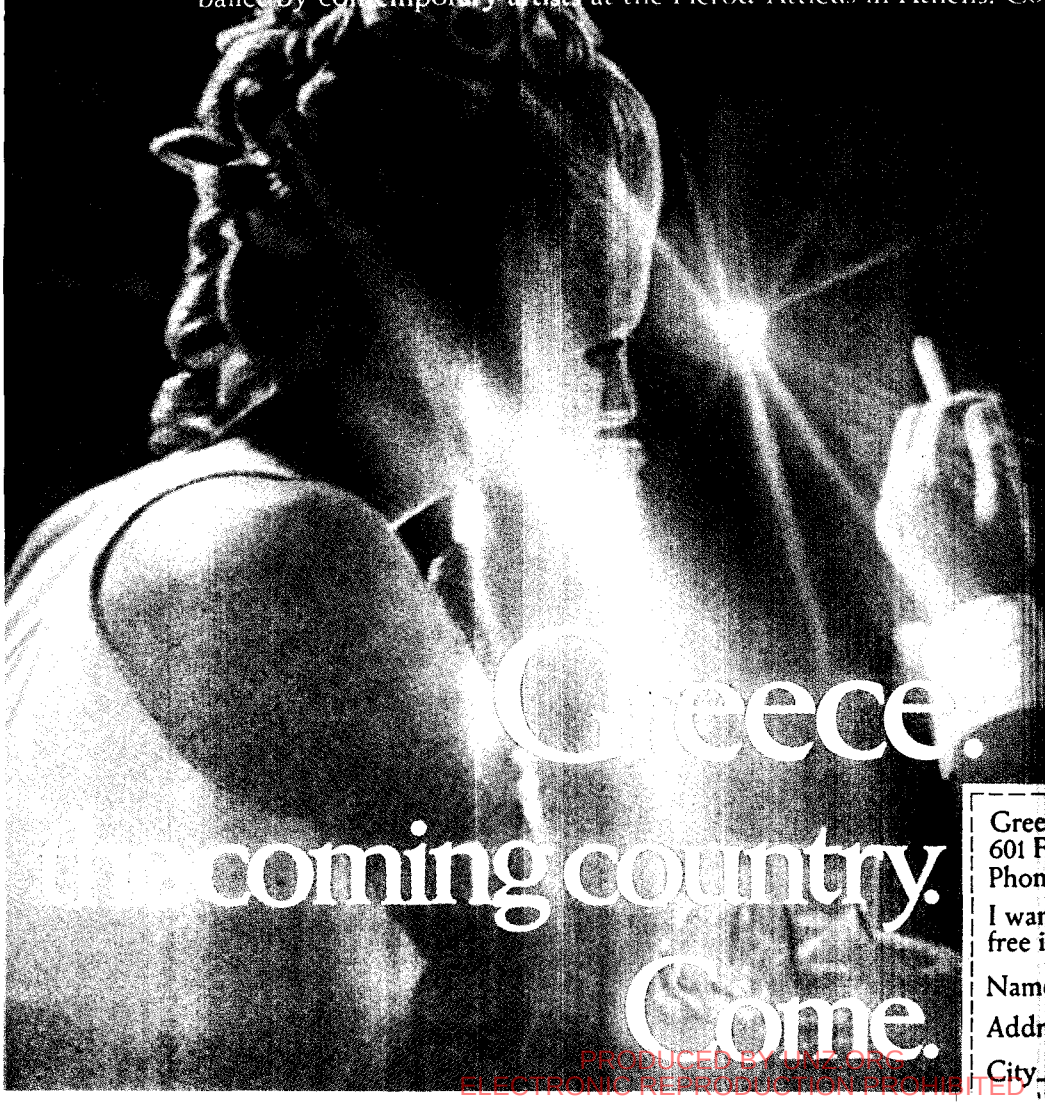

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THE Atlantic
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THE WAR AGAINST THE DEMOCRATIC PROCESS

BY SIDNEY HOOK

This discussion that began in our October issue under the heading "The War Against the Young" continues unabated, a battle fortunately still confined to conventional weapons, ranging from the popgun to the five-syllable howitzer. This forceful counterblast to defenders of student demonstrators, from the pen of the distinguished philosopher, teacher, and civil libertarian Sidney Hook, is given addition relevance by the latest explosions of violence and storm-trooper activities at San Francisco State and Professor Hook's own base, NYU.

In the past we used to believe that we could turn for intellectual guidance to our colleges and universities as relatively disinterested centers of inquiry in matters of law and liberty. But alas! Colleges and universities have themselves become embattled storm centers of controversy not only about the presuppositions of the democratic process but about the nature and goals of the university. A few years ago a movement in educational circles advocated that the study of communism, fascism, and other forms of totalitarianism be incorporated into the curriculum of our colleges, that we teach in a scholarly and objective fashion about the fighting faiths and subversive stratagems of the enemies of a free society. Judging by the behavior of student bodies from one end of the country to the other in refusing to give a hearing to points of view which they do not share, and their resort to direct, often violent, action to impose their demands on the academic community, we have failed for the most part to teach students properly even about the meaning of democracy — its logic, ethics, and discipline.

What I wish to consider is some misconceptions both of the democratic process and of the educational process which have contributed to current confusions, darkened counsel, and lamed effective action. Indeed, there is a real danger that unless they are exposed, they may inflame disorders in both school and society. The disconcerting thing is that these misconceptions are being circulated not by demagogues and rabble-rousers, appealing to the vigilante spirit, but by members of the intellectual establishment, individuals in a position of influence and power both in the academy and judiciary. It was said of Florence Nightingale that she began her great reforms of the hospitals of her day with the maxim that whatever hospitals accomplish, they should at least not become centers for the spread of disease. Similarly, it is not too much to expect that one who professes to live by the word of reason should not encourage propaganda by the deed, that educators not apologize for or extenuate violence on the campus, and members of the judiciary not incite to lawlessness.

It is dismaying, for example, to hear Dr. Harvey Wheeler of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions characterize rioting as "an American way of life" and speak of its "creative uses."

"Direct action," he says in the *Saturday Review* (May 11, 1968), "the sort that now issues in violence too often [no objection is voiced to its often issuing in violence] — must be given fuller Constitutional protection."

What does this talk about "direct action" mean for which constitutional protection is demanded?

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Mr. Wheeler is saying that if students, impatient with the refusal of the faculty and/or administration to grant their demands, seize a building and bar access to classes by other students and teachers, they should have *legal* protection for their action. "Violence" would be the attempt to prevent lawless students from preventing other students from carrying on their legitimate educational business. In Wheeler's view, if the faculty or students invite a speaker of whom some other students disapprove, who bar his access to the campus or physically harass him until he leaves, the disrupters should have legal protection against any disciplinary measures.

"Direct action" clearly goes far beyond the expression of orderly dissent and protest. It may be too much to expect that dissent and protest be reasoned or reasonable. But is it too much to ask that it be orderly and peaceful? If so, it is as obvious as anything can be that this call for the constitutional protection of "direct action" is an invitation to chaos. Suppose one group of students resorted to "direct action" against the "direct action" of another group of students. Since the law must be equitably enforced, it could not prevent any group from preventing those who would prevent others from carrying on. What we would have is a kind of academic Hobbesian war of all against all, with the police standing idly by as those in pursuit of the good, the true, and the beautiful pursue and decimate each other.

In a democratic society in which the legal process has not broken down, to advise citizens to resort to "direct action" to get their way is to employ a calculatedly ambiguous expression. It is a covert appeal to the use of violence. When anyone urges "direct action" on students in a university, in which due process cannot be strictly legal but must be interpreted as the use of rational procedures, he is in effect urging the substitution of mob action for the rule of reason.

After all, what is "direct action" as distinct from "indirect action"? It is action which shortcuts deliberation and consultation in order to produce confrontation. Even when passive, its consequences may be harmful to person and property. Union picketing is a right under the First Amendment only when it is *peaceful*. But direct action is not necessarily peaceful any more than resistance is. That is why it is a clear evasion, and further evidence of confusion, when Mr. Wheeler equates his new constitutional right to direct action with the demand that "we must have a new Constitutional right to civil disobedience." A constitutional right, like any legal right, is a claim made by an individual or group which the state must be ready to enforce. Would the state then protect the "direct action" of Southern racists standing in the doorway of integrated school buildings to prevent Negro children from entering? How then could the law enforce the constitutional rights of these children? The law itself would suffer a breakdown from a new disease — legal schizophrenia.

It is a striking phenomenon that more has been written about civil disobedience in the last few years than in the entire period of American history which preceded it. But the nature of civil disobedience in the political democratic process has been radically misunderstood by many, and when these misunderstandings are applied to the academic world, the results border on the grotesque.

There are two fundamental misapprehensions about civil disobedience in general which have seriously misled many. The first is the assumption that each law in a democratic community posits as a legitimate question to every citizen whether to obey that law or to disobey it.

What is overlooked is the fact that, except on rare occasions, the prior allegiance of the *democrat* is to the legitimacy of the process by which the law is adopted. There is always, to be sure, a moral right to reject the whole democratic process on revolutionary or counterrevolutionary grounds, but we are now speaking of civil disobedience in a *democracy*. The democrat cannot make an issue of obeying or not obeying *every* law without repudiating the principle of majority rule and the democratic process to which that rule is integral. It is only on a matter of the gravest moral importance that he will be civilly disobedient, and the limits of his civil disobedience, *if he wishes to remain a democrat and operate within the democratic system*, will be drawn at that point in which the consequences of civil disobedience threaten to destroy the democratic system. That is why there is a presumption that a good citizen will obey the law which passes by majority vote of his fellow citizens or their representatives, even if he happens to be on the losing side. Why else have a vote? The implicit obligation is that the decision, freely made, after discussion, is *prima facie* binding. It is also clear that despite this *prima facie* obligation, any democrat may find *some* decision so unjust that he publicly refuses to obey it, and confident that he is not destroying the democratic system, he accepts the legal consequences of his refusal. But he cannot make *every* law of which he disapproves, *every* vote which has gone against him, a matter of conscientious brooding, of potential commitment to civil disobedience or defiance.

An analogy may make this clear. In the ethical universe of discourse and behavior, we assume that the truth must be told. But only a fanatic will

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assume that we must tell the truth all the time; and we can all conceive of circumstances in which a moral man will tell a lie. Yet, if anyone therefore inferred that as a moral man he must *always* grapple with the option to speak the truth or not to speak the truth whenever a question is put to him, he would either be the victim of doubting mania or would be disclosing the fact that he was not a moral man, but a confidence man. There is a *prima facie* obligation to speak the truth, even if, in order to save a human life or a woman's honor (to use an old-fashioned phrase), one must sometimes lie.

The trouble with much of the literature on civil disobedience is that in recognizing that it is *sometimes* justifiable, it does not recognize the presumptive validity (not wisdom) to a democrat of laws passed by means of the democratic process. (Whoever, like Thoreau, says that as an individual he will obey society's laws when he can benefit by them but will not accept its laws when they limit his freedom of action or offend his conscience is a free-loader.)

The second misconception of civil disobedience has far more dangerous fruits. The civilly disobedient democrat violates the law and accepts punishment in order to bear witness, to re-educate the majority by provoking them to second thoughts. Having failed to persuade his fellow citizens about the wisdom or justice of some measure by using all the methods open to him through the democratic process, he cannot honestly use civil disobedience as a strategy to prevent the majority of his fellow citizens from achieving their ends. A citizen may refuse to pay a tax which he regards as morally objectionable and go to jail to bring about the repeal of the tax; he has no right to prevent others from paying it. A student may refuse to take a course required of him and may suffer the consequences; he has no right to prevent other students who wish to take it from doing so. He may even strike and urge other students to join him, but he has no right to prevent his fellow students from attending class if they so desire.

What I particularly wish to challenge is the application of the principles of civil disobedience to the university as fundamentally misconceived. The university is not a political community. Its business is not government but primarily the discovery, publication, and teaching of the truth. Its authority is based *not* on numbers or the rule of the majority, but on knowledge. Although it can function in a spirit of democracy, it cannot be organized on the principle of one man, one vote, or, if it takes its educational mission seriously, of equal vote for student and faculty in the affairs of the mind or even with respect to organizational and curricular continuity. The fact that a society is politically organized as a democracy does not entail that all its other institutions be so organized — its families, its orchestras, museums, theaters, churches, and professional guilds.

I think that we may expect that all the institutions in a political democracy function in a *democratic spirit*, and by that I mean that all participants of any institution should be regarded as persons, should be heard, listened to, consulted with. But the responsibility for *decision* cannot be shared equally without equating inexperience with experience, ignorance with expertness, childishness with maturity. The assumption of a political democracy is that there are no experts in wisdom, that each citizen's vote is as good as any other's. If we make the same assumption about universities, and define a citizen of that community as anyone who functions in any capacity on the campus, we may as well shut up educational shop.

All this is denied, directly or indirectly, by the president since 1966 of the State University of New York New College at Old Westbury, Mr. Harris Wofford, Jr., who in a recent address to the American Bar Association maintained that our chief danger in college and country is not civil disobedience, but "undue obedience to law."

Why does Mr. Wofford believe that our students suffer from undue obedience and that they should be encouraged to accept "the theory and practice of civil disobedience"? He admits that "speech, lawful assembly or peaceful petition for the redress of grievances . . . [is] permitted in most of our colleges and universities." He asserts that "the right of students or faculties or visitors to advocate anything on our campuses — Nazism, Communism, sexual freedom, the legalization of marijuana, black supremacy, the war in Viet Nam, the victory of the Viet Cong . . . is generally accepted by academic administrators."

Surely this takes in a lot of ground. Why isn't this enough? Why, if students have the right to speech — which, in effect, means they can talk to faculty and administration about anything — and can make a reasonable case, do they need to be encouraged to resort to direct action? Speech means the possibility of communication. Reasonable speech means the likelihood that procedures can be established in which grievances can be heard and settled. What academic rules exist, and where, comparable with the Nazi laws against Jews and Alabama laws against Negroes, which, as Mr. Wofford claims, an "increasing number of our students feel a basic need to destroy"? Certainly not at Berkeley or Columbia.

Mr. Wofford fails to cite any. But with respect to both the community and the academy, he does

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say, "We need to develop a different and stronger dialectic than mere words and periodic elections." What can this mean except, when a thorny issue arises, a resort to direct action that corrupts words by making them merely "mere" and by defeating the popular will? What can this mean except a resort to violence in order to get one's way after mere words have proved unavailing? Mr. Wofford wants "to encourage civil disobedience and discourage violence." But having justified civil disobedience as a method of resisting or *preventing* the occurrence of what is regarded as evil, rather than as a self-sacrificial educational act of *teaching* what is evil, he is in effect countenancing student violence, although he claims he is not.

There are some ritualistic liberals, Mr. Wofford among them, who make a sharp distinction between human rights and property rights, and profess relative unconcern about illegal interference with property rights, especially the lawless occupation of public premises. In some contexts this distinction may be illuminating, particularly in legislative decisions where the public interest sometimes conflicts with large vested interests in corporate property. But in the educational context it is misleading and specious. Is the right to learn a human right or a property right? When a handful of students seize buildings at Berkeley or Columbia and prevent the great mass of other students from learning, is a property right or a human right being violated? When a teacher's or administrator's office is being occupied and vandalized, is not this a grave violation of his human right to exercise his profession, an arrogant abridgment of his freedom of movement? When his files are rifled and his letters are destroyed or published, is not this the gravest violation of the personal right of privacy?

The democratic spirit in institutions of higher education has its locus not in any specific mechanisms of voicing ideas, opinions, judgments, or requests on any relevant matter of educational concern, but in the realities of participation. I know of few institutions in which participation of students in the discussion of issues is not welcomed — and where it is not, it seems to me to be elementary educational wisdom as well as discretion on the part of the faculty to see that the situation is remedied as soon as possible. But once it is present, there is no place for the violence and lawlessness which paralyzed Columbia University last spring and which are currently being prepared for other universities.

We have noted an understandable uneasiness about the presence of violence on university campuses on the part of Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Wofford, betrayed by their ambiguous and inconsistent remarks about direct action. We must, however, consider finally a more forthright defense of violence in the academy, recently presented by, of all people, a leading figure in the federal judiciary, Judge Charles Wyzanski, Jr., apropos of his discussion of the Columbia imbroglio in the *Saturday Review* (July 20, 1968). Judge Wyzanski begins his discussion by expressing agreement with Harold Howe II, former U.S. Commissioner of Education, that "the colleges were to blame, not the students, for what has been going on at Ohio State, Columbia, Boston University, in Paris and Italy." This is not an auspicious beginning, for to couple such disparate events and to imply that colleges at home and abroad are equally to blame, or are blameworthy in the same way, is to overlook the fact that European students revolted against conditions of squalor and material scarcities not found anywhere in the United States except perhaps in small denominational colleges in the South. On no important American college campus that has spawned violence have students suffered the material deprivations and the rigid authoritarian rules of the French and Italian university systems.

Justice Wyzanski in his specific reference to Columbia University asserts that the students were right in resenting the proposed gymnasium in Harlem. Let us grant *arguendo* that students were justified in feeling resentment, although no poll was taken at the time to determine whether they wanted a new gymnasium; nor was a poll of Harlem residents taken to determine whether they preferred the existence of the stone outcropping in its barren uselessness to the presence of the gymnasium with its impressive, even if limited, facilities. The pertinent question is not whether the students were justified in feeling resentment, but whether they were justified in expressing their resentment as they did. To mention just a few things, were they justified in (1) invading and seizing five university buildings, (2) holding an assistant dean captive and threatening him with violence, (3) pillaging the personal files of the president, (4) committing acts of arson, (5) carrying out widespread vandalism costing in the neighborhood of $350,000, (6) destroying records as well as valuable research papers, (7) publicly denouncing the dean of Columbia College before the assembled students with some of the choicest gutter obscenities, and (8) to cite only one action symbolic of the practices of the gutter as well as its languages, spitting in the face of Vice President David Truman, who, as dean of the college the previous year, had received a standing ovation from both students and faculty for opening up new lines of communication between the administration and the student body?

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Suppose for a moment that Judge Wyzanski were to make an important legal decision that some citizens of the community resented. This is not an unusual occurrence. What would we normally say if they expressed their resentment at Judge Wyzanski's decision in a manner comparable with the behavior of the resentful students toward the Columbia administrators? Would we content ourselves in saying that these citizens were justified in feeling resentment — as well they may! — and remain silent, as Judge Wyzanski has, about the horrendous method of expressing it? Grant that the dignity of the academic process cannot be compared with the awful majesty of the judicial process. But in either case, is not the basic or paramount issue not the fact of the resentment, however justified, but the violent disruption of the educational or legal process? Whatever the alleged grievances of the small group of students at Columbia, did they warrant the flagrant violence and other forms of lawlessness of which Judge Wyzanski seemingly approved? This is the issue of transcendent educational, political, and moral importance. It is disregarded when he asks about violence not whether it was morally justified or historically necessary but merely whether it was futile or successful. The student violence was obviously successful at Columbia. Is this all we need to know to judge it?

One final word about responsibility. There are those who dismiss the entire concept of responsibility as meaningless on the ground that all causation is ultimately reducible to the influence of objective conditions on human behavior. I know of no one who can consistently exclude reference to responsibility from his talk and thought. At the time of Little Rock, Arkansas, had someone blamed the riotous behavior of the white racists against Negro women and children on the conditions in which they were nurtured, we would have dismissed such an explanation as evasive apologetics. Not all brought up under the same conditions rioted. Sometimes conditions reduce men to a state of being which makes moral judgment on human behavior irrelevant. But whoever would explain away the assaults against academic due process as the result not of deliberate action, but merely of the state of the world or the nation, of the Vietnam War or the draft, has barred his own way to understanding the problems we face in attempting to extend human freedom under law both in schools and in society. Whatever the conditions are, so long as we are recognizably human we are all responsible for our actions; and sometimes for the conditions under which we act, too, but, of course, not in the same way, and not to the same degree.

One sign of responsibility is the making of an intelligent response not only to events that have occurred but to the possibilities of what might occur. The faculties and student bodies of this country can measure up to their responsibilities only by addressing themselves now, separately and cooperatively, not so much to the conquest of power in the academy or general community but primarily to the problems of achieving the best liberal education possible under the imperfect conditions of American society.

FACE TO FACE

BY BARRY COLE

It's a relief to be able to speak
To you like this. I had not thought when first
I heard of your tough selfishness, your weak
Will, arrogance, and insatiable thirst

For praise that opposites like us could meet.
And now I find I'm wrong and cannot move
Without hurting you. If I substantiate
These disturbing accusations I prove

Only that someone sees you not as me
But as another, whom only mirrors
Satisfy as truth. Which is to say we
See ourselves better than others see us.

So you are not selfish, weak-willed, or in
Need of praise but a careful synthesis.
It's a relief to talk, not lose, but win,
And find myself as I am, face to face.

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Notes from the Journal of A GENTLE REVOLUTIONARY

by James S. Kunen

James Kunen is a twenty-year-old Columbia University junior, a participant in the insurrection there last spring and an admitted sympathizer with the radical aims of his generation. These passages from his journal show him to be more humanist than revolutionary, more democrat than anarchist, a hint to despairing elders that our world may be in better hands than they think. This excerpt is taken from his book, THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT, *due from Random House in March.*

Sunday, July 14 — Relating events becomes difficult when there are no events to relate.

Monday, July 15 — I went downtown to try to get my tape recorder repaired, trying not to get a parking ticket while I was at it. I failed in both endeavors.

"This is a pretty old machine," said the man in the service department.

The thing's six years old. If it were a kid it'd be in the first grade. But you're not supposed to have bought a tape recorder that long ago, and if you did, you're not supposed to have kept it.

So the man couldn't fix the microphone, but he sold me a plug for $1.50. *One dollar and fifty cents.* I would have been able to go to the movies six times for that when I was a kid.

July 15, 1972 — The young man walks into a restaurant. "I'll have a cheeseburger," he says.

"How much?"

Says the counterman: "That's $8.00 and $1.60 tax makes $9.60."

"How do you sell them so cheap?"

"Volume."

"Well, here's a 500-dollar bill and let's see if I have the 60 cents. Nope, all my change rusted again."

Back at the apartment I read a mimeographed paper by Tony Papert called *The Mass Strike.* It began:

"The coincidence of Columbia and Paris should dispel the dominant illusion of the left in this country — that our radicalism is derived mainly from the particular issues of the Vietnam War and racism. In fact, our Vietnam and racism issues are only particular manifestations of far deeper forces simultaneously energizing mass actions in diverse parts of the advanced capitalist sector."

That may not be terribly surprising, but it hit me kind of hard. Like it dispelled my dominant illusion.

(We youths say "like" all the time because we mistrust reality. It takes a certain commitment to say something is. Inserting "like" gives you a bit more running room.)

I've never been much of a political comprehension man. I'm more of an issue man. I don't know much about the capitalist sector, but I know what I like, and I don't like the Nam War or racism. Papers like *The Mass Strike* just don't speak to me right now.

But I thought that Papert might, so I went to see him in the evening. We went to a bar and talked over the bourgeois blare of a Jerry Lewis movie on the decadent color TV on the wall.

Papert is head of the S.D.S. Labor Committee, sometimes referred to as the thought faction, as opposed to the action faction, of S.D.S. I thought I might pick up a few thoughts.

I asked him, with some embarrassment over the incredible simplicity of my political consciousness, what difference it makes who the Trustees are.

He said it's not important who they are; it's what they do. What they do is use the university to

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shape, train, and funnel manpower for the needs of the American capitalist empire.

I asked him if he thought we'd made any mistakes in the strike.

He thought we'd taken a political step backward by organizing on a constituency basis. Students should play an important role in the revolutionary process, yet we have students concentrating on student gripes, letting blacks worry about blacks, women take care of women, laborers labor, and so on.

Essentially what he said was that everybody's got to be together in a big thing. Local organizing around parochial issues is not the way. The first proper step is to educate everybody to the fact that what's putting them down is the capitalist system. The Labor Committee was currently leafletting garment workers.

I asked him whom he wanted to be the next President of the country. I wanted to know if it was possible for me to be a decent radical and still root for Clean.

He said liberals like McCarthy are concerned with co-opting militants, especially black nationalists. That's what local control is about: the classic fascist method of destroying a movement by isolating little groups to deal with the top. That way you give them the traffic light or the textbook they want, but never freedom. Therefore, it would be better for the movement if "one of the flunkies," Tricky or the Humper, were elected. Then there wouldn't be any co-opting sops thrown to the people, and the revolution could go on developing.

It seemed to me that he was essentially saying that people should be kept unhappy so that they will know they're unhappy. They mustn't be fooled by improvement of things. I agree that Clean tries to co-opt people with little things, but if they're a little happier for it, I'm for it. Let the liberals do their little reforms and if they're really meaningless sops, the people will decide that and keep pushing.

I asked Tony if he would do *anything* to build the Revolution, and he said that he would.

Then we talked about gun-control laws.

He, like all the real radicals, was against gun-control legislation. He pointed out, correctly, that with the new laws, 80 percent of blacks would not be able to get guns. Also leftists couldn't get them, whereas all the flaming Birchers and suburban reactionaries would be armed to the teeth. He said the Constitution guaranteed the right to bear arms in order to counterpose an armed populace to the armed state. That's true. And he said real gun control isn't possible until you disarm the police. I agree, but the police aren't about to be disarmed, certainly not while other people have guns. He said the real point of the legislation is to prevent the blacks from defending themselves against the cops who shoot them every day. I wonder, if that's true, why Southern senators are against gun control? Anyway, if the blacks get armed, the police will just use it as an excuse for more shooting, and in shoot-outs the state always wins. They'll bomb out blocks in Harlem if they want to.

I just don't like guns. I don't want anybody to have them. People who talk about this or that group being better armed than another are talking as if they were playing some sort of game where you move gun pieces around to best advantage. They couldn't realize that in real life you don't draw a card that says "dead," you feel bullets tearing into you and breaking your bones and leaving holes that all your blood runs out of as you lie in the gutter dying. I don't want that to happen to any person, including persons who for good or bad or no reason are cops. There must be better ways to fight guns than with guns, and if there aren't we ought to think up some. If we get guns we're just like them and have no right or reason to fight them and everybody would be better off without us.

July 17 — I was reading the Manhattan phone book this morning. Sometimes I read the phone book when I get tired of listening to the correct-time tape going through its ticks and tones routine. Reading the directory is more interesting, but listening to the recording is easier. They're both pretty good diversions.

Anyway, on page 1200 is an ad for New York Karate Academy. Kung-fu, Karate, Jiu-Jitsu, Judo, Boxing, "a must for city living."

I'm living in the city. I don't know karate. It remains to be seen if it's really "a must."

A girl I knew used to assure her mother that I'd be all right walking through the city at night because I was a crew jock. I don't know what good that was supposed to do me. Maybe I was supposed to hit muggers over the head with an oar or row away from them or something.

This afternoon I fled the city for home to try to get some work done on the Book. Fifty miles from home I calculated that I had to buy 50 cents' worth of gas to make it. Counting my change, I had precisely 50 cents, not counting the gray penny. Counting my change, I dropped a quarter on the car floor and never saw it again. If they want to get you, you're going to get got. No use fighting it.

I told the gas man my story and he gave me 50 cents' worth. Not everyone from Samaria is bad.

July 18 — Coming into my home, I saw a red ant and a black ant struggling on the walk. I thought

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I might arbitrate the issue by stepping on both of them. That would be an object lesson for them in the uselessness of fighting, but then, it wouldn't do them any good because they'd both be dead. My front walk is the constant theater of such meaningless little wars. It's a lot like the world, huh?

In the evening I went to the airport to see Short off on his flight to Paris. I went to the observation deck and watched in amazement as people waved and shouted good-bye to various screams and flashes in the sky. I thought that was a pretty good example of twentieth-century depersonalization, but I found a much better one when I tried to return to my car in the airport garage. I found it in thirty-five minutes flat.

July 19 — Reading over the Book, I fear I'm giving the impression that I'm hanging pretty loose and bemused and don't overly care about anything. Well, how's this:

Leave me and my friends alone, bastards. Get somebody else to fight your _____ wars. You're up against something here because we're young and won't bend and we're against you. Think twice before you build your next huge _____ _____ turnpike and try to throw people out of their homes because we won't let you. Think twice before you pour your stinking bloody money into more weapons because people are hungry and we won't let you. We need good schools and houses for people to live in and it could be done and we're going to make this country do it. We've had it up to here with you and you don't have much time left, man. We don't even know who you are but we're going to find out. You're playing with fire and fire burns baby. I mean this. I mean it well. Hear me: you're going to get human or your stinking bodies are going up against the wall. I don't get mad easily but I'm mad now and I'm going to stay mad until things change. You change them, or we change them. I don't care. But the choice isn't going to be yours much longer.

Sorry about that. I'm not apologizing; I mean I'm sorry that that's the way things are. Anger and hatred is a place I go to sometimes. Don't make me live there.

July 23 — In the evening Laura and her friend and I went to picket Humper downtown. Old Tri-H (I saw a sign "Hypocrit Honkie Humphrey") was addressing some Biggees at the Waldorf. Another sign pretty well expressed the theme of the rally: "Keep America Hump-free." Now I know, I know, old Hubie was quite the civil rights trailblazer and all. He's ten years ahead of his time. Unfortunately, his time was 1948. I have lots of rational political disagreements with the man, but basically, he makes me sick.

The red-helmeted looney who was impugning our virility that time in the Low Library had somehow landed the position of MC at their rally. Introducing Jerry Rubin, he said ". . . we care more about his [cop] broken disc than about all the broken bones, dead or alive, in Robert Kennedy." I was amazed. The police were appalled. The crowd was absolutely silent. If someone had cheered, I would either have punched him or thrown up on him.

Rubin, nonplussed, got up to speak. Waving near him was a very graphic-artsy black and red Resistance flag and an American Revolution '76 flag. Which reminds me. In this city, at least, you see tons of cars, myriad autos, more and more every day, with American flag decals on the windows. The squad cars all have them. And everytime I see one I think, God there goes another war freak, another support-our-boys-on-their-way-to-the-grave nut, and I go down inside. I think it's too bad that I should be in a position where I demand that cops remove flags from their cars because cops aren't supposed to be political. It's a real down when you get bad vibrations from your own flag. I don't want orgasmic joy from Old Gory, either. I just want it to wave up there and I'll live around down here, content to have it above us. So what I would suggest — and this is the only concrete suggestion in the Book — is that all the leftists put flags on their cars too, to defactionalize the flag, thus depriving the right of one symbol, and also assert our potential for patriotism, our desire to have a country to be patriotic about.

So there's Rubin, standing behind these flags, and he says, "There is more freedom for a Cuban in one day than most Americans find in a lifetime." Rubin has been to Cuba and you and I haven't, so let's not pass that off too lightly. He went on to say, "Americans find happiness in other people's unhappiness," and I think that's true.

There were about fifty-sixty McCarthy people picketing Humper on their own, and Rubin said for them that Clean's role is to put us in the system, cool the rebellion in the streets.

It seems to me that unless rebellion in the streets is an end in itself, and *if* Clean can make the system work, then we shouldn't mind coming in off the streets. The thing is, though, that Clean can't make the system work, and if he could, he probably wouldn't unless the rebellion was pushing him. I really don't know.

"Open the jails," he said, "let everybody out, and then put the pigs in jail."

I figure there are, no doubt, many pigs who should be in jail, but not all of them. I hate to hear anybody talk about all or anybody that way. Perhaps if every pig precinct had a different color uniform — pink, pastel blue, white — then people

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wouldn't lump them altogether in the same pen. I'm no cop lover, but saying pigs are all this or pigs are all that reminds me of sentiments like "The only good Indian is a dead Indian," a phrase which produced far too many "good Indians."

"America the great power is over," he said, looking very tiny against the skyscrapers.

"The $500-a-plate dinners are over," he said as he stood outside one. "Come out with your hands up!"

"Up against the wall!" said the crowd.

"Up against the wall!" said the crowd.

"Up against the wall!" said the crowd.

The next speaker was one of your standard strikers from Columbia. (Saw fifteen Columbia kids I knew.) He said there's going to be a revolution, and it's going to be armed. "Ask the Panthers if that ain't true. Dig it babies." He said "ain't" quite frequently and spoke with what I presume he thought was a workingman's accent.

"Victory is not around the corner. It's gonna be twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years. It's gonna be our lives. That's what it's gotta be.

"The ballot or the bullet . . . We know which way we've got to go. There is no democracy in America, not for black people or white people either." But can you institute a free society with guns? Means and ends. Do means shape ends?

Then the black teacher Poynter spoke: "We're going to do unto others as they've been doing unto us. We're going to even things out a little, start taking care of business in the proper way."

Then the official permitted rally ended, and the leader said we should all go home now, but that there are various ways to go home, which is code for now we're going to march in the streets but we're not going to say so because we don't want to get busted for inciting to riot.

Laura and I marched, but her friend went home because she said the whole thing made her sick, all the hatred, which was a very honest thing to say as, if you want to make it with the activists, hatred is supposed to be all right with you.

Hatred isn't all right with me, but I've seen things such that a little ranting against pigs and Biggees doesn't upset me too much. As a matter of principle, though, I don't think we should return hatred for hatred — people have been doing that too long. I think we should shower the pigs and the candidates and the Biggees with gifts. We should love them for hating us: we should thank them for caring.

We marched all over the place, screwing up traffic some, and me all the time wondering how this was going to end any wars or feed anybody.

Someone suggested, "It's a Jewish race riot," which you can add to the list of the many unfunny things I've laughed at.

Then the time came as it always does when the cops decide they've had enough and bust people and beat some. I was amazed at how scared I was of the cops. At Columbia I had no fear. Now I had to be brave because all kinds of fright chemicals were coursing around inside me.

Laura and I stood on the corner and watched very calmly as the cops grabbed people and twisted their arms behind them and slugged them in the stomach and hit them on the head and also took the flags and tore them and walked on them for some reason. People all around us were getting it, but we made as if we were strolling or something. You can fade into the woodwork that way.

Then we went home. Nothing like a little danger to cement a relationship.

Wednesday, July 24 — I was outside this morning and it was pouring water all over the place and I couldn't help remarking my absolute inability to make it stop.

I ducked into a restaurant, and as I was ordering a cheeseburger, a young woman beside me turned and started talking to me. She must have known you're not supposed to do that, but she didn't seem to care.

She asked me what month I was born, September. She wanted to know what day. I said the twenty-third. "That's Libra," I said, if that was what she was thinking about.

"You're a cusp," she said.

"A what?" (Teeth?)

"A cusp. Do you know what that is? It means you were born on the day the sign changes."

"What does that make me?"

"You're both."

She asked me if I went to school. I told her Columbia, and she asked me how I felt about the demonstrations. I told her I was in them. She asked me if I saw one side or two sides. I said I saw two sides. In fact, I said, that's why I can't be too close with the radicals sometimes. I just don't feel as sure of myself as they seem to.

Then she asked me if I thought progress was fast or slow. I said scientific progress is fast, because it builds on itself. The curve goes like this, I said, tracing a hyperbole in the air. Acceleration of history. Social progress is slow. It's practically nonexistent. We're about where we were 10,000 years ago. But you have to try to make it go fast so that it will go slow, if at all.

Do you think evolution is going on? she asked next. I said, sure, evolution is always going on. Civilization hasn't stopped evolution. But she meant evolution of minds. Oh, I said, yes. Because today incomparably greater than ever before numbers of people don't have to worry about food or clothing or shelter, so they're free to think. Also, a

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vastly greater number of kids are in college now. What's important is not so much what they learn, but just that they're all together in a community to develop their ideas, instead of being all spread around. So I do expect changes.

She agreed but wanted to know what I thought the year 2030 would be like. I said I'd be dead then. You don't give yourself much time, she said — about seventy-five years — oh, that's from statistics. No, from what I feel like. I wouldn't want to live too long as a vegetable. But wouldn't I be curious to see what happens. I said that's irrelevant because no matter how long you live, you're not going to live to the year after that and you can't really see anything, because the vast preponderance of time will transpire after you've died.

Well, what did I think it would be like.

It would be very different from now. Just by 2000 people will be working a six-hour week. Also they'll shop by dialing computer, and not have to move around, and wear plastic shoes. We're the last generation to share in the human heritage. We have to work and move. We're closer to the people of 100 A.D. than to those of 2030.

"The Last of the Mohegans," she said. I thought that was a good way of putting it.

We're the bridge generation, I continued. We're the product of all the past, and we'll determine all the future.

Depressing or what?

No, it's exciting. It's a challenge. It's up to us to keep future people human, assuming that's desirable.

Is it?

I don't know. I mean in *Brave New World* the people were all always happy. They were dehumanized and low, but the fact remains they were happy. It was repugnant to the observers, but they couldn't step outside their system to see. They were just happy. That seems all right.

Do people ever step back from their systems and look? No, I don't think so. Not most of them. If they did, they wouldn't do what they do.

Are you enjoying your life?

Am I enjoying my life? (Nobody ever asked me that before. I'm not sure, what it means.) Yeah, I'd say so. I wasn't last fall. I was completely uninterested in anything. I went around smashing things all the time.

What made you change?

I changed all my courses. The new courses weren't important, it was the changing them. I could start all over. Also, it stopped being winter eventually and the days got longer. Now things are kind of exciting. My star seems to have risen, I said, knowing she'd be pleased by the use of astrological metaphor.

But sometimes I wish I didn't have to write the Book (I told her about the Book), because I don't know anything.

"I know," she said, and I believe she did know.

I look up in my head and there's this great emptiness, a void, there's nothing there, I don't know anything.

"I know."

"And I was reading Erich Fromm, and I thought it was good, but it made me despair of ever knowing anything, because he knows so much. He knows everything, I swear."

"Erich Fromm," she said, "tells how. He describes how. But he doesn't tell why."

I asked her how she happened to start talking to me. Does she always talk to whoever is sitting beside her?

No. She saw something in my eyes. A certain look.

Oh, I said.

"You've been chewed up and spit out," she said. "A couple of times."

"I know that," I said. I've been through some of the big chomping machines.

"That's why," she said.

"That's why?" I asked.

"That's why." she explained.

I went home and looked in the mirror at my eyes.

I'LL SAY NOTHING

BY T. S. MATTHEWS

I'll say nothing about it:
What could I add
To the morticed, polyhedral definitions
Of life good, life bad?

Nevertheless, some longing to be heard
Will not lie folded on the shelf.
Therefore from time to time
I'll talk to myself.

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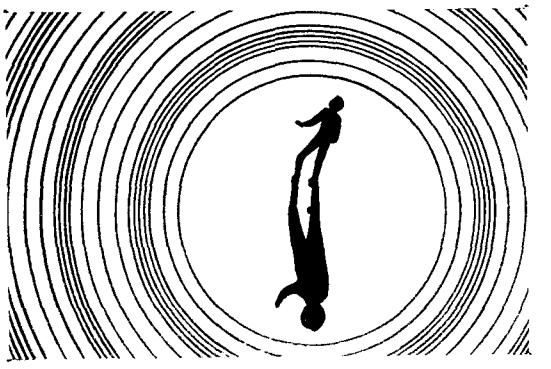
A MATTER OF VOCABULARY

A Story by James Alan McPherson



THOMAS BROWN stopped going to church at thirteen after one Sunday morning when he had been caught playing behind the minister's pulpit by several deacons who had come up into the room early to count the money they had collected in the Sunday School downstairs. Thomas had seen them putting some of the change in their pockets, and they had seen him trying to hide behind the big worn brown pulpit with the several black Bibles and the pitcher of iced water and the glass used by the minister in the more passionate parts of his sermons. It was a Southern Baptist Church.

"Come on down off of that, little Brother Brown," one of the fat black-suited deacons had told him. "We see you tryin' to hide. Ain't no use tryin' to hide in God's House."

Thomas had stood up and looked at them; all three of them, big-bellied, severe, and religiously righteous. "I wasn't tryin' to hide," he said in a low voice.

"Then what was you doin' behind Reverend Stone's pulpit?"

"I was praying," Thomas had said.

After that he did not like to go to church. Still, his mother would make him go every Sunday morning; and being only thirteen and very obedient, he could find no excuse not to leave the house. But after leaving the house with his brother, Edward, he would not go all the way to church. He would make Edward, who was a year younger, leave him at a certain corner a few blocks away from the church where Saturday-night drunks were sleeping or waiting for the bars to open on Monday morning. His own father had been that way, and Thomas knew that the waiting was very hard. He felt good toward the men, being almost one of them, and liked to listen to them curse and threaten each other lazily in the hot Georgia sun. He liked to look into their faces and wonder what was in them that made them not care about anything except the bars opening on Monday morning. He liked to try to distinguish the different shades of black in their hands and arms and faces. And he liked the smell of them. But most of all he liked it when they talked to him and gave him an excuse for not walking down the street two blocks to the Baptist Church.

"Don't you ever get married, boy," Arthur, one of the meaner drunks with a missing eye, told him on several occasions.

The first time he had said it the boy had asked: "Why not?"

" 'Cause a bitch ain't shit, man. You mind you don' get married now, hear? A bitch'll take all yo money and then throw you out *in the street!*"

"Damn straight!" Leroy, another drunk much darker than Arthur and a longshoreman, said. "That's all they fit for, takin' a man's money and runnin' around."

Thomas would sit on the stoop of an old deserted house with the men lying on the ground below him, too lazy to brush away the flies that came at them from the urine-soaked dirt on the hot Sunday mornings, and he would look and listen and consider. And after a few weeks of this he found himself very afraid of girls.

Things about life had always come to him by listening and being quiet. He remembered how he had learned about being black, and about how some other people were not. And the difference it made. He felt at home sitting with the waiting drunks because they were black, and he knew that

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they liked him because for months before he had stopped going to church, he had spoken to them while passing, and they had returned his greeting. His mother had always taught him to speak to people in the streets because Southern blacks do not know how to live without neighbors who exchange greetings. He had noted, however, when he was seven or eight, that certain people did not return his greetings. At first he had thought that their silence was due to his own low voice: he had gone to a Catholic school for four years where the black-caped nuns put an academic premium on silence. He had learned that in complete silence lay his safety from being slapped or hit on the flat of the hand with a wooden ruler. And he had been a model student. But even when he raised his voice, intentionally, to certain people in the street they still did not respond. Then he had noticed that while they had different faces, like the nuns, whom he never thought of as real people, these nonspeakers were completely different in dress and color from the people he knew. But still, he wondered why they would not speak.

He never asked his mother or anyone else about it; ever since those four years with the nuns he did not like to talk much. And he began to consider certain things about his own person as possible reasons for these slights. He began to consider why it was necessary for one to go to the bathroom. He began to consider whether only people like him had to go to the toilet and whether or not this thing was the cause of his complexion; and whether the other people could know about the bathroom merely by looking at his skin and did not speak because they knew he did it. This bothered him a lot, but he never asked anyone about it. Not even his brother, Edward, with whom he shared a bed and with whom, in the night and dark closeness of the bed, there should have been no secret thoughts. Nor did he speak of it to Leroy, the most talkative drunk, who wet the dirt behind the old house where they sat with no shame in his face, and always shook himself in the direction of the Baptist Church, two blocks down the street.

"You better go to church," his mother told him when he was finally discovered. "If you don' go, you going to hell for sure."

"I don' think I wanna go back," he said.

"You'll be a Sinner if you don' go," she said, pointing her finger at him with great gravity. "You'll go to hell, sure enough."

Thomas felt doomed already. He had told the worst lie in the world in the worst place in the world, and he knew that going back to church would not save him now. He knew that there was a hell because the nuns had told him about it, and he knew that he would end up in one of the little rooms in that place. But he still hoped for some time in purgatory, with a chance to move into a better room later, if he could be very good for a while before he died. He wanted to be very good, and he tried very hard all the time not to have to go to the bathroom. But when his mother talked about hell, he thought again that perhaps he would have to spend all his time, after death, in that great fiery-hot burning room she talked about. She had been raised in the Southern Baptist Church, and had gone to church, to the same minister, all her life, up until the time she had to start working on Sundays. But she still maintained her faith and never talked, in her conception of hell and how it would be for Sinners, about the separate rooms for certain people. Listening to his mother in the kitchen talk about hell while she cooked supper and sweated, Thomas thought that perhaps she knew more than the nuns because there were so many people who believed like her, including the bald Reverend Stone in their church, in that one great burning room and the Judgment Day.

"The hour's gonna come when the Horn will blow," his mother told him while he cowered in the corner behind the stove, feeling the heat from it on his face. "The Horn's gonna blow all through the world on that Great Morning, and all them in the graves will hear it and be raised up," she would continue.

"Even Daddy?"

His mother paused, and let the spoon stand still in the pot on the stove. "Everybody," she said, "both the Quick and the Dead and everybody that's alive. Then the stars are gonna fall, and all the Sinners will be cryin' and tryin' to hide in the corners and under houses. But it won't do no good to hide. You can't hide from God. Then they gonna call the roll with everybody's name on it, and the sheeps are gonna be divided from the goats, the Good on the Right and the Bad on the Left. And then the ground's gonna open up, and all them on the Left are gonna fall right into a burnin' pool of fire and brimstone, and they're gonna be cryin' and screamin' for mercy, but there won't be none because it will be too late. Especially for those who don't repent and go to church."

Now his mother stood over him, her eyes almost red with emotion, her face wet from the stove and shining black, and very close to tears.

Thomas felt the heat from the stove where he sat in the corner next to the broom. He was scared. He thought about being on the Left

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Mr. McPherson's story "Gold Coast," in the November ATLANTIC, *won the top prize among the Atlantic "Firsts" for 1968. A book of his stories,* HUE AND CRY, *will soon be published by Atlantic–Little, Brown.*

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with Leroy and Arthur, and all the men who sat on the corner two blocks away from the Baptist Church. He did not think it was at all fair.

"Won't there be rooms for different people?" he asked her.

"What kind of rooms?" his mother said.

"Rooms for people who ain't done too much wrong."

"There ain't gonna be no separate rooms for any Sinners on the *Left!* Everybody on the Left is gonna fall right into the same fiery pit, and the ones on the Right will be raised up into glory. Where do you want to be, Tommy?"

He could think of nothing to say.

"You want to be on the Right or on the Left?"

"I don't know."

"What do you mean?" she said. "You still got time, son."

"I don't know if I can ever get over on the Right," Thomas said.

His mother looked down at him. She was a very warm person, and sometimes she hugged him or touched him on the face when he least expected it. But sometimes she was severe.

"You can still get on the Right side, Tommy, if you go to church."

"I don't see how I can," he said again.

"Go on back to church, son," his mother said.

"I'll go," Tommy said. But he was not sure whether he could ever go back again after what he had done right behind the pulpit. But to please her, and to make her know that he was really sorry and that he would really try to go back to church, and to make certain in her mind that he genuinely wanted to have a place on the Right on Judgment Day, he helped her cook dinner and then washed the dishes afterward.

They lived on the top floor of a gray wooden house next to a funeral parlor. Thomas and his brother could look out the kitchen window and down into the rear door of the funeral parlor, which was always open, and watch George Herbs, the mortician, working on the bodies. Sometimes George Herbs would come to the back door of the embalming room in his white coat and look up at them, and laugh, and wave for them to come down. They never went down. And after a few minutes of getting fresh air, George Herbs would look at them again and go back to his work.

Down the street, almost at the corner, was a police station. There were always fat, white-faced, red-nosed, blue-suited policemen who never seemed to go anywhere sitting in the small room. Also, these two men had never spoken to Thomas except on one occasion when he had been doing some hard thinking about getting on the Right Side on Judgment Day.

He had been on his way home from school in the afternoon. It was fall, and he was kicking leaves. His eyes fell upon a green five-dollar bill on the black-sand sidewalk, just a few steps away from the station. At first he did not know what to do; he had never found money before. But finding money on the ground was a good feeling. He had picked up the bill and carried it home, to a house that needed it, to his mother. It was not a great amount of money to lose, but theirs was a very poor street; and his mother had directed him, without any hesitation, to turn in the lost five dollars at the police station. And he had done this, going to the station himself and telling the men, in a scared voice, how he had found the money, where he had found it, and how his mother had directed him to bring it to the station in case the loser should come in looking for it. The men had listened and then had spoken to him for the first time. They even eventually smiled at him and then at each other, and a man with a long red nose with gray spots on it had assured him, still smiling, that if the owner did not call for the five dollars in a week, they would bring the money to his house and it would be his. But the money never came to his house, and when he saw the red-nosed policeman coming out of the station much more than a week later, the man did not even look at him, and Thomas had known that he should not ask what had happened to the money. Instead, in his mind, he credited it against that Judgment Time when, perhaps, there would be some uncertainty about whether he should stand on the Right Side, or whether he should cry with Leroy and Arthur and the other sinners on the Left.

There was another interesting place on that street. It was across from his house, next to the Michelob Bar on the corner. It was an old brown house, and an old woman, Mrs. Quick, lived there. Every morning on his way to school, Thomas would see her washing her porch with potash and water in a steel tub and a little stiff broom. The boards on her porch were very white from so much washing, and he could see no reason why she should have to wash it every morning. She never had any visitors to track it except the Crab Lady, who, even though she stopped to talk with Mrs. Quick every morning on her route, never went up on the porch. Sometimes the Crab Lady's call would waken Thomas and his brother in the big bed they shared. "*Crabs! Buy my crabs!*" she would sing, like a big, loud bird because the words all ran together in her song, and it sounded to them

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like "*Crabbonnieee crabs!*" They both would race to the window in their underwear and watch her walking on the other side of the street, an old wicker basket balanced on her head and covered with a bright red cloth that moved up and down with the bouncing of the crabs under it as she walked. She was a big, dull-black woman and wore a checkered apron over her dress, and she always held one hand up to the basket on her head as she swayed down the black-dirt sidewalk. She did not sell many crabs on that street; they were too plentiful in the town. But still she came, every morning, with her song: "*Crabbonniee crabs!*"

"Wonder why she comes every morning," Thomas said to his brother once. "She oughta come at night when the guys are over at Michelob."

"Maybe she just comes by to talk to Mrs. Quick," Edward said.

And that was true enough. For every morning the Crab Lady would stop and talk to Mrs. Quick while Mrs. Quick washed down her porch. She would never set the basket on the ground while she talked, but stood all the time with one hand on her wide hip and the other balancing the basket on her head, talking. And Mrs. Quick would continue to scrub her porch. Both Thomas and his brother would watch them until their mother came in to make them wash and dress for school. Leaving the window, Thomas would try to get a last look at Mrs. Quick, her head covered by a white bandanna, her old back bent in scrubbing, still talking to the Crab Lady. He would wonder what they talked about every morning. Not knowing this bothered him, and he began to imagine their morning conversations. Mrs. Quick was West Indian and knew all about roots and voodoo, and Thomas was afraid of her. He suspected that they talked about voodoo and who in the neighborhood had been fixed. Roots were like voodoo, and knowing about them made Mrs. Quick something to be feared. Thomas thought that she must know everything about him and everyone in the world because once he and Edward and Luke, a fat boy who worked in the fish market around the corner, had put some salt and pepper and brown sand in a small tobacco pouch, and had thrown it on her white-wood porch, next to the screen door. They had done it as a joke and had run away afterward, into an alley between his house and the funeral parlor across the street, and waited for her to come out and discover the pouch. They had waited for almost fifteen minutes, and still she did not come out; and after all that time waiting it was not such a good joke anymore, and so they had gone off to the graveyard to gather green berries for their slingshots. But the next morning, on his way to school, Mrs. Quick had looked up from scrubbing her porch and called him over, across the dirt street. "You better watch yourself, boy," she had said. "You hear me?"

"Why?" Thomas had asked, frightened and eager to be running away to join his brother.

Mrs. Quick had looked at him, very intensely. Her face was black and wrinkled, and her hair was white where it was not covered by the white bandanna. Her mouth was small and tight and deliberate, and her eyes were dark and red where they should have been white. "You left-handed, ain't you?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Then watch yourself. Watch yourself good, less you get fixed."

"I ain't done nothin' " he said. But he knew that she was aware that he was lying.

"You left-handed, ain't you?"

He nodded.

"Then you owe the Devil a day's work, and you better keep watch on yourself less you get fixed." Upon the last word in this pronouncement she had locked her eyes on his and seemed to look right into his soul. It was as if she knew that he was doomed to stand on the Left Side on that Day, no matter what good he still might do in life. He looked away, and far up the street he could see the Crab Lady swaying along in the dirt. Then he had run.

Late in the night there was another sound Thomas could hear in his bed, next to his brother. This sound did not come every night, but it was a steady sound, and it made him shiver when it did come. He would be lying close and warm against his brother's back, and the sound would bring him away from sleep.

"*Mr. Jones! I love you, Mr. Jones!*"

This was the horrible night sound of the Barefoot Lady, who came whenever she was drunk to rummage through the neighborhood garbage cans for scraps of food, and to stand before the locked door of the Herbert A. Jones Funeral Parlor and wake the neighborhood with her cry: "*Mr. Jones! I love you, Mr. Jones!*"

"Eddie, wake up!" He would push his brother's back. "It's the Barefoot Lady again."

Fully awake, they would listen to her pitiful moans, like a lonely dog at midnight or the faraway low whistle of a night train pushing along the edge of the town, heading north.

"She scares me," he would say to his brother.

"Yeah, Tommy," his brother would say.

There were certain creaking sounds about the old house that were only audible on the nights when she screamed.

"Why does she love Mr. Jones? He's a undertaker," he would ask his brother. But there would

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be no answer because his brother was younger than him and still knew how to be very quiet when he was afraid.

"*Mr. Jones! I love you, Mr. Jones!*"

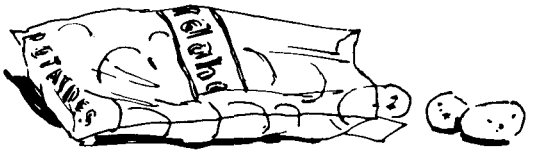
"It's nighttime," Thomas would go on, talking to himself. "She ought to be scared by all the bodies he keeps in the back room. But maybe it ain't the bodies. Maybe Mr. Jones buried somebody for her a long time ago for free, and she likes him for it. Maybe she never gets no chance to see him in the daytime so she comes at night. I bet she remembers that person Mr. Jones buried for her for free and gets drunk and comes in the night to thank him."

"Shut up, Tommy, please," Eddie said in the dark. "I'm scared." Eddie moved closer to him in the bed and then lay very quiet. But he still made the covers move with his trembling.

"*Mr. Jones! I love you, Mr. Jones!*"

Thomas thought about the back room of the Herbert A. Jones Funeral Parlor and the blue-and-white neon sign above its door and the Barefoot Lady, with feet caked with dirt and layers of skin and long yellow-and-black toenails, standing under that neon light. He had only seen her once in the day, but that once had been enough. She wore rags and an old black hat, and her nose and lips were huge and pink, and her hair was long and thick and hanging far below her shoulders, and she had been drooling at the mouth. He had come across her one morning digging into their garbage can for scraps. He had felt sorry for her because he and his brother and his mother threw out very few scraps, and had gone back up the stairs to ask his mother for something to give her. His mother had sent down some fresh biscuits and fried bacon, and watching her eat with her dirty hands with their long black fingernails had made him sick. Now, in his bed, he could still see her eating the biscuits, flakes of the dough sticking to the bacon grease around her mouth. It was a bad picture to see above his bed in the shadows on the ceiling. And it did not help to close his eyes, because then he could see her more vividly, with all the horrible dirty colors of her rags and face and feet made sharper in his mind. He could see her the way he could see the bad men and monsters from *The Shadow* and *Suspense* and *Gangbusters* and *The Six Shooter* every night after his mother had made him turn off the big brown radio in the living room. He could see these figures, men with long faces and humps in their backs, and old women with streaming hair dressed all in black, and cats with yellow eyes, and huge rats, on the walls in the living room when it was dark there; and when he got into bed and closed his eyes, they really came alive and frightened him, the way the present picture in his mind of the Barefoot Lady, her long toenails scratching on the thirty-two stairs as she came up to make him give her more biscuits and bacon, was frightening him. He did not know what to do, and so he moved closer to his brother, who was asleep now. And downstairs, from below the blue-and-white neon sign above the locked door to the funeral parlor, he heard her scream again; a painful sound, lonely, desperate, threatening, impatient, angry, hungry, he had no word to place it.

"*Mr. Jones! I love you, Mr. Jones!*"



Both Thomas and his brother worked at the F & F Supermarket, owned by Milton and Sarah Feinburg. Between the two of them they made a good third of a man's salary. Thomas had worked himself up from carry-out boy and was now in the Produce Department, while his brother, who was still new, remained a carry-out boy. Thomas enjoyed the status he had over the other boys. He enjoyed not having to be put outside on the street like the boys up front whenever business was slow and Milton Feinburg wanted to save money. He enjoyed being able to work all week after school while the boys up front had to wait for weekends when there would be sales and a lot of shoppers. He especially liked becoming a regular boy because then he had to help mop and wax the floors of the store every Sunday morning and could not go to church. He knew that his mother was not pleased when he had been taken into the mopping crew because now he had an excuse not to attend church. But being on the crew meant making an extra three dollars, and he knew that she was pleased with the money. Still, she made him pray at night, and especially on Sunday.

His job was bagging potatoes. Every day after school and all day Saturday he would come into the air-conditioned produce room, put on a blue smock, take a fifty-pound sack of potatoes off a huge stack of sacks, slit open the sack and let the potatoes fall into a shopping cart next to a scale, and proceed to put them into five- and ten-pound plastic bags. It was very simple; he could do it in his sleep. Then he would spend the rest of the day bagging potatoes and looking out the big window, which separated the produce room from the rest of the store, at the customers. They were mostly white, and after almost a year of this type of work, he began to realize why they did not speak to him in the street. And then he did not mind going to the bathroom, knowing, when he did go, that all of them had to go, just as he did, in the secret places

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they called home. Some of them had been speaking to him for a long time now, on this business level, and he had formed some small friendships grounded in this.

He knew Richard Burke, the vet who had a war injury in his back and who walked funny. Richard Burke was the butcher's helper, who made hamburger from scraps of fat and useless meat cuttings and red powder in the back of the produce room, where the customers could not see. He liked to laugh when he mixed the red powder into the ground white substance, holding gobs of the soft stuff up over the big tub and letting it drip, and then dunking his hands down into the tub again. Sometimes he threw some of it at Thomas, in fun, and Thomas had to duck. But it was all in fun, and he did not mind it except when the red-and-white meat splattered the window and Thomas had to clean it off so that his view of the customers, as he bagged potatoes, would not be obstructed.

He thought of the window as a one-way mirror which allowed him to examine the people who frequented the store without being noticed himself. His line of vision covered the entire produce aisle, and he could see everyone who entered the store making their way down that aisle, pushing their carts and stopping, selectively, first at the produce racks, then at the meat counter, then off to the side, beyond his view, to the canned goods and frozen foods and toilet items to the unseen right of him. He began to invent names for certain of the regular customers, the ones who came at a special time each week. One man, a gross fat person with a huge belly and the rough red neck and face of a farmer, who wheeled one shopping cart before him while he pulled another behind, Thomas called Big Funk because, he thought, no one could be that fat and wear the same faded dungaree suit each week without smelling bad. Another face he called the Rich Old Lady, because she was old and pushed her cart along slowly, with a dignity shown by none of the other shoppers. She always bought parsley, and once, when Thomas was wheeling a big cart of bagged potatoes out to the racks, he passed her and for just an instant smelled a perfume that was light and very fine to smell. It did not linger in the air like most other perfumes he had smelled. And it seemed to him that she must have had it made just for her and that it was so expensive that it stayed with her body and would never linger behind her when she had passed a place. He liked that about her. Also, he had heard from the boys up front that she would never carry her own groceries to her house, no more than half a block from the store, and that no matter how small her purchases were, she would require a boy to carry them for her and would always tip a quarter. Thomas knew that there was always a general fight among the carry-out boys whenever she checked out. Such a fight seemed worthy of her. And after a while of watching her, he would make a special point of wheeling a cart of newly bagged potatoes out to the racks when he saw her come in the store, just to smell the perfume. But she never noticed him either.

"You make sure you don't go over on them scales now," Miss Hester, the Produce manager, would remind him whenever she saw him looking for too long a time out the window. "Mr. Milton would git mad if you went over ten pounds."

Thomas always knew when she was watching him and just when she would speak. He had developed an instinct for this from being around her. He knew, even at that age, that he was brighter than she was; and he thought that she must know it too because he could sense her getting uncomfortable when she stood in back of him in her blue smock, watching him lift the potatoes to the plastic bag until it was almost full, and then the plastic bag up to the gray metal scale, and then watching the red arrow fly across to ten. Somehow it almost always stopped wavering at exactly ten pounds. Filling the bags was automatic with him, a conditioned reflex, and he could do it quite easily, without breaking his concentration on things beyond the window. And he knew that this bothered her a great deal; so much so, in fact, that she continually asked him questions, standing by the counter or the sink behind him, to make him aware that she was in the room. She was always nervous when he did not say anything for a long time, and he knew this too, and was sometimes silent, even when he had something to say, so that she could hear the thud and swish of the potatoes going into the bag, rhythmically, and the sound of the bags coming down on the scale, and after a second, the sound, sputtering and silken, of the tops of the bags being twisted and sealed in the tape machine. Thomas liked to produce these sounds for her because he knew she wanted something more.

Miss Hester had toes like the Barefoot Lady, except that her nails were shorter and cleaner, and she was white. She always wore sandals, was hefty like a man, and had hair under her arms. Whenever she smiled he could not think of her face or smile as that of a woman. It was too tight. And her laugh was too loud and came from too far away inside her. And the huge crates of lettuce or cantaloupes or celery she could lift very easily made her even less a woman. She had short red-

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brown hair, and whenever he got very close to her it smelled funny, unlike the Rich Old Lady's smell.

"What you daydreamin' about so much all the time?" she asked him once.

"I was just thinking," he had said.

"What about?"

"School and things."

He could sense her standing behind him at the sink, letting her hands pause on the knife and the celery she was trimming.

"You gonna finish high school?"

"I guess so."

"You must be pretty smart, huh, Tommy?"

"No. I ain't so smart," he said.

"But you sure do think a lot."

"Maybe I just daydream," Thomas told her.

Her knife had started cutting into the celery branches again. He kept up his bagging.

"Well, anyway, you a good worker. You a good boy, Tommy."

Thomas did not say anything.

"Your brother, he's a good worker too. But he ain't like you though."

"I know," he said.

"He talks a lot up front. All the cashiers like him."

"Eddie likes to talk," Thomas said.

"Yeah," said Miss Hester. "Maybe he talks too much. Mr. Milton and Miss Sarah are watchin' him."

"What for?"

She stopped cutting the celery again. "I dunno," she said. "I reckon it's just that he talks a lot."

On Saturday nights Thomas and his brother would buy the family groceries in the F & F Supermarket. Checking the list made out by his mother gave Thomas a feeling of responsibility that he liked. He was free to buy things not even on the list, and he liked this too. They paid for the groceries out of their own money, and doing this, with some of the employees watching, made an especially good feeling for Thomas. Sometimes they bought ice cream or a pie or something special for their mother. This made them exceptional. The other black employees, the carry-out boys, the stock clerks, the bag boys, would have no immediate purpose in mind for their money beyond eating a big meal on Saturday nights or buying whiskey from a bootlegger because they were minors, or buying a new pair of brightly colored pants or pointed shoes to wear into the store on their days off, as if to make all the other employees see that they were above being, at least on this one day, what they were all the rest of the week.

Thomas and Edward did not have days off; they worked straight through the week, after school, and they worked all day on Saturdays. But Edward did not mop on Sunday mornings, and he still went to church. Thomas felt relieved that his brother was almost certain to be on the Right Side on That Day because he had stayed in the church and would never be exposed to all the stealing the mopping crew did when they were alone in the store on Sunday mornings with Lloyd Bailey, the manager, who looked the other way when they took packages of meat and soda and cartons of cigarettes. Thomas suspected that Mr. Bailey was stealing bigger things himself, and that Milton Feinburg, a big-boned Jew who wore custom-made shoes and smoked very expensive, bad-smelling green cigars, knew just what everyone was stealing and was only waiting for a convenient time to catch certain people. Thomas could see it in the way he smiled and rolled the cigar around in his mouth whenever he talked to certain of the bigger stealers; and seeing this, Thomas never stole. At first he thought it was because he was afraid of Milton Feinburg, who had green eyes that could look as deep as Mrs. Quick's; and then he thought that he could not do it because the opportunity only came on Sunday mornings when, if he had never told that first lie, he should have been in church.

Both Milton and Sarah Feinburg liked him. He could tell it by the way Sarah Feinburg always called him up to her office to clean. There were always rolls of coins on her desk, and scattered small change on the floor when he swept. But he never touched any of it. Instead, he would gather what was on the floor and stack the coins very neatly on her desk. And when she came back into the office after he had swept and mopped and waxed and dusted and emptied her wastebaskets, Miss Sarah Feinburg would smile at Thomas and say: "You're a good boy, Tommy."

He could tell that Milton Feinburg liked him because whenever he went to the bank for money he would always ask Thomas to come out to the car to help him bring the heavy white sacks into the store, and sometimes up to his office. On one occasion, he had picked Thomas up on the street, after school, when Thomas was running in order to get to work on time. Milton Feinburg had driven him to the store.

"I like you," Milton Feinburg told Thomas. "You're a good worker."

Thomas could think of nothing to say.

"When you quit school, there'll be a place in the store for you."

"I ain't gonna quit school," Thomas had said.

Milton Feinburg smiled and chewed on his green cigar. "Well, when you finish high school, you can come on to work full time. Miss Hester says you're a good worker."

"Bagging potatoes is easy," said Thomas.

Milton Feinburg smiled again as he drove the

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car. "Well, we can get you in the stock room, if you can handle it. Think you can handle it?"

"Sure," said Thomas. But he was not thinking of the stock room and unloading trucks and stacking cases of canned goods and soap in the big, musty, upstairs storeroom. He was thinking of how far away he was from finishing high school and how little that long time seemed to matter to Milton Feinburg.

THOMAS was examining a very ugly man from behind his window one afternoon when Miss Hester came into the produce room from the front of the store. As usual, she stood behind him. And Thomas went on with his work and watching the very ugly man. This man was bald and had a long thin red nose that twisted down unnaturally, almost to the level of his lower lip. The man had no chin, only three layers of skin that lapped down onto his neck like a red-cloth necklace. Barney Benns, one of the stock clerks who occasionally passed through the produce room to steal an apple or a banana, had christened the very ugly man "Do-funny," just as he had christened Thomas "Little Brother" soon after he had come to the job. Looking at Do-funny made Thomas sad; he wondered how the man had lost his chin. Perhaps, he thought, Do had lost it in the war, or perhaps in a car accident. He was trying to picture just how Do-funny would look after the accident when he realized that his chin was gone forever, when Miss Hester spoke from behind him.

"Your brother's in a lotta trouble up front," she said.

Thomas turned to look at her. "What's the matter?"

Miss Hester smiled at him in that way she had, like a man. "He put a order in the wrong car."

"Did the people bring it back?"

"Yeah," she said. "But some folks is still missin' their groceries. They're out there now mad as hell."

"Was it Eddie lost them?"

"Yeah. Miss Sarah is mad as hell. Everybody's standin' round up there."

He looked through the glass window and up the produce aisle and saw his brother coming toward him from the front of the store. His brother was untying the knot in his blue smock when he came in the swinging door of the air-conditioned produce room. His brother did not speak to him but walked directly over to the sink next to Miss Hester and began to suck water from the black hose. He looked very hot, but only his nose was sweating. Thomas turned completely away from the window and stood facing his brother.

"What's the matter up front, Eddie?" he said.

"Nothing," his brother replied, his jaws tight.

"I heard you put a order in the wrong car and the folks cain't git it back," said Miss Hester.

"Yeah," said Eddie.

"Why you tryin' to hide back here?" she said.

"I ain't tryin' to hide," said Eddie.

Thomas watched them and said nothing.

"You best go on back up front there," Miss Hester said.

At that moment Miss Sarah Feinburg pushed through the door. She had her hands in the pockets of her blue sweater and she walked to the middle of the small, cool room and glared at Edward Brown. "Why are you back here?" Miss Sarah Feinburg asked Edward.

"I come back for some water."

"You know you lost twenty-seven dollars' worth of groceries up there?"

"It wasn't my fault," said Eddie.

"If you kept your mind on what you're supposed to do this wouldn't have happened. But no. You're always talking, always smiling around, always running your mouth with everybody."

"The people who got the wrong bags might bring them back," Eddie said. His nose was still sweating in the cool room. "Evidently somebody took my cart by mistake."

"*Evidently! Evidently!*" said Sarah Feinburg. "Miss Hester, you should please listen to *that! Evidently*. You let them go to school, and they think they know everything. *Evidently*, you say?"

"Yeah," said Eddie. Thomas saw that he was about to cry.

Miss Hester was still smiling like a man.

Sarah Feinburg stood with her hands in her sweater pockets and braced on her hips, looking Eddie in the face. Eddie did not hold his eyes down, and Thomas felt really good but sad that he did not.

"You get back up front," said Sarah Feinburg. And she shoved her way through the door again and out of the cool produce room.

"Evidently, evidently, that sure was funny," said Miss Hester when the fat woman was halfway down the produce aisle. "Lord, was she mad. I ain't never seen her git so mad."

Neither Thomas nor Eddie said anything.

Then Miss Hester stopped smiling. "You best git on back up front, Eddie."

"No," said Eddie. "I'm goin' home."

"You ain't quittin'?" said Miss Hester.

"Yeah."

"What for?"

"I dunno. I just gotta go home."

"But don't your folk need the money?"

"No," Eddie said.

He took off his blue smock and laid it on the big pile of fifty-pound potato sacks. "I'm goin' home,"

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he said again. He did not look at his brother. He walked through the door, and slowly down the produce aisle and then out the front door, without looking at anything at all.

Then Thomas went over to the stack of unbagged potatoes and pushed the blue smock off the top sack and into a basket on the floor next to the stack. He picked up a fifty-pound sack and lugged it over to the cart and tore it open with his fingers, spilling its contents of big and small dirty brown potatoes into the cart. He could feel Miss Hester's eyes on him, on his arms and shoulders and hands as they moved. He worked very quickly and looked out the window into the store. Big Funk was supposed to come this afternoon. He had finished seven five-pound bags before Miss Hester moved from where she had been standing behind him, and he knew she was about to speak.

"You going to quit too, Tommy?"

"No," he said.

"I guess your folk *do* need the money now, huh?"

"No," he said. "We don't need the money."

She did not say anything else. Thomas was thinking about Big Funk and what could be done with the time if he did not come. He did not want to think about his brother or his mother or the money, or even the good feeling he got when Milton Feinburg saw them buying the Saturday-night groceries. If Big Funk did not come, then perhaps he could catch another glimpse of Do-funny before he left the store. The Rich Old Lady would not come again until next week. He decided that it would be necessary to record the faces and bodies of new people as they wandered, selectively, with their shopping carts beyond the big window glass. He liked it very much now that none of them ever looked up and saw him watching. That way he did not have to feel embarrassed or guilty. That way he would never have to feel compelled to nod his head or move his mouth or eyes, or make any indication of a greeting to them. That way he would never have to feel bad when they did not speak back.

In his bed that night, lying very close to his brother's back, Thomas thought again very seriously about the Judgment Day and the Left Side. Now, there were certain people he would like to have with him on the Left Side on That Day. He thought about church and how he could never go back because of the place where the deacons had made him tell his first great lie. He wondered whether it was because he did not want to have to go back to church on Sunday mornings that he had not quit. He wondered if it was because of the money or going to church or because of the window that he had not walked out of the store with his brother. That would have been good: the two of them walking out together. But he had not done it, and now he could not make himself know why. Suddenly, in the night, he heard the Barefoot Lady under the blue-and-white Herbert A. Jones neon light, screaming.

"*Mr. Jones! I love you, Mr. Jones!*"

But the sound did not frighten him now. He pushed against his brother's back.

"Eddie? *Eddie.*"

"Yeah?"

"Wonder why she does it?"

"I dunno."

"I wonder why," he said again.

Eddie did not answer. But after the sound of the woman came again, his brother turned over in the bed and said to Thomas:

"You gonna quit?"

"No."

"Why not? We could always carry papers."

"I dunno. I just ain't gonna quit. Not now."

"Well *I* ain't goin' back. I'll go back in there one day when I'm rich. I'm gonna go in and buy everything but hamburger."

"Yeah," said Thomas. But he was not listening to his brother.

"*Mr. Jones! I love you, Mr. Jones!*"

"And I'm gonna learn all the big words in the world too," his brother went on. "When I go back in there I'm gonna be talking so big that fat old Miss Sarah won't even be able to understand me."

"That'll be good," said Thomas. But he was thinking to himself now.

"You'll see," said Eddie. "I'll do it too."

But Thomas did not answer him. He was waiting for the sound to come again.

"*Mr. Jones! I love you, Mr. Jones!*"

And then he knew why the Barefoot Lady came to that place almost every night to cry when there was no one alive in the building to hear or care about her sound. He felt what she must feel. And he knew now why the causes of the sound had bothered him and would always bother him. There was a word in his mind now, a big word, that made good sense of her sound and the burning, feeling thing he felt inside himself. It was all very clear, and now he understood that the Barefoot Lady came in the night, not because she really loved Mr. Jones, or because he had once buried someone for her for free, or even because she liked the blue-and-white neon light. She came in the night to scream because she, like himself, was in misery, and did not know what else to do.

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ON LIVING IN A BIOLOGICAL REVOLUTION

Harvard historian DONALD FLEMING takes a controversial look at the hazards and the sociological problems that are being spawned by the new discoveries in biology. They constitute a revolution, he believes, likely to be as decisive in the history of the next 150 years as the Industrial Revolution has been since 1750.

Here are a dozen things that we have discovered in the last fifteen years.

1. **We have discovered** the structure of the genetic substance DNA — the double helix of Watson and Crick — the general nature of the process by which the chromosomal strands are replicated.

2. **We have discovered** in viruses how to achieve the perfect replication of DNA molecules that are biologically effective.

3. **We have discovered** the code by which DNA specifies the insertion of amino acids in proteins.

4. **We have discovered** how to produce hybrid cells between the most diverse vertebrate species, including hybrids between man and mouse; and some of these hybrids have gone on multiplying for several (cellular) generations.

5. **We have discovered** the power of viruses to invade bacterial and other cells and to insert the genes of the virus into the genome of the host; and we have good reason to conjecture, though not yet to affirm, that this phenomenon is involved in cancer.

6. **We have discovered** hormonal contraceptives and grasped in principle the strategy for devising a contraceptive pill for *both* sexes, by knocking out certain hormones of the hypothalamus, the master sexual gland of the body.

7. **We have discovered** on a large scale in the livestock industry that deep-frozen mammalian sperm, suitably mixed with glycerol, can be banked indefinitely and drawn upon as desired to produce viable offspring.

8. **We have discovered** in human females how to produce superovulation, the release of several eggs into the oviduct at the same time instead of the customary one, with the possibility on the horizon of withdrawing substantial numbers of human eggs for storage, culture in test tubes, or surgical manipulation, without destroying their viability.

9. **We have discovered** in rabbits how to regulate the sex of offspring by removing fertilized ova from the female before they become implanted in the wall of the uterus, "sexing" the embryos by a technique entailing the deletion of some 200 to 300 cells, flushing embryos of the "wrong" sex down the drain, and then in a substantial minority of cases, successfully reinserting in the uterus embryos of the desired sex that proceed to develop normally.

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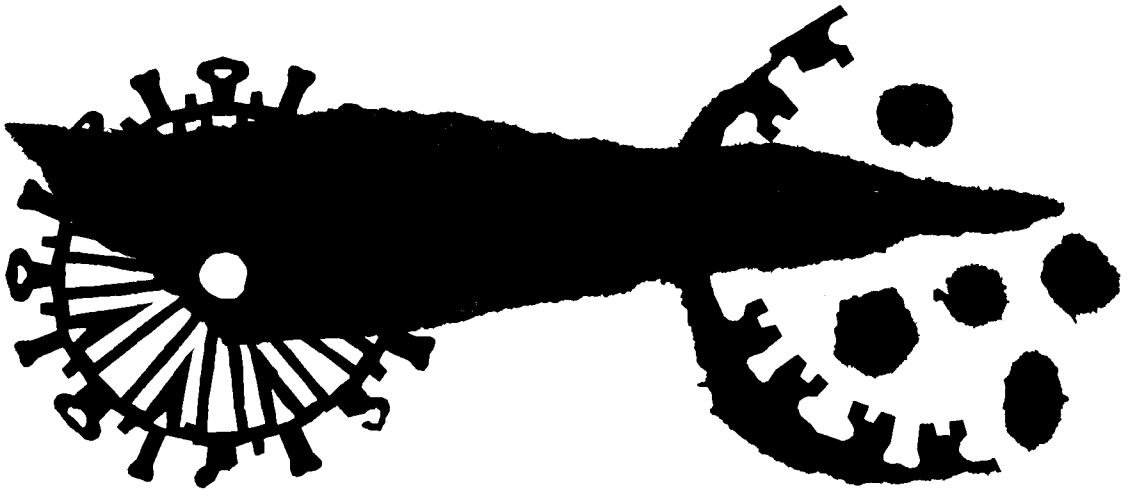

10. We have discovered drugs, above all the hallucinogens, that simulate psychotic states of mind; and have thereby rendered it plausible that the latter are the product of "inborn errors of metabolism" and as such remediable by the administration of drugs.

11. We have discovered in principle, and to a certain extent in practice, how to repress the immunological "defenses" of the body.

12. We have discovered a combination of immunological and surgical techniques by which the kidney, liver, or heart can be transplanted with fair prospects of the recipient's survival for months or even years — the first constructive proposal for turning our death wish on the highways to some advantage.

Each of these is a major discovery or complex of discoveries in itself, but they add up to far more than the sum of their parts. They constitute a veritable Biological Revolution likely to be as decisive for the history of the next 150 years as the Industrial Revolution has been for the period since 1750.

Definitions of what constitutes a revolution are legion. An undoctrinaire formulation would be that every full-scale revolution has three main components: a distinctive attitude toward the world; a program for utterly transforming it; and an unshakable, not to say fanatical, confidence that this program can be enacted — a world view, a program, and a faith.

In this sense, Darwinism did not usher in a full-scale biological revolution. Darwinism was a profoundly innovating world view, but one that prescribed no steps to be taken, no victories over nature to be celebrated, no program of triumphs to be successively gained. Indeed, one of the most plausible constructions to be put upon it was that nothing much *could* be done except to submit patiently to the winnowing processes of nature.

This defect was not lost upon Darwin's own cousin Sir Francis Galton, who tried to construct an applied science of eugenics for deliberately selecting out the best human stocks. But Galtonian eugenics was sadly lacking in any authentic biological foundation. Once the science of Mendelian genetics came to general notice about 1900, a more promising form of eugenics began to commend itself, the effort to induce artificial mutation of genes in desirable directions.

This was long the animating faith of one of the most extraordinary Americans of the twentieth century, the geneticist Herman J. Muller. He was the actual discoverer, in 1927, of artificial mutation through X rays. But this great achievement, for which he got the Nobel Prize, was a tremendous disappointment to Muller the revolutionary. There was no telling which genes would mutate in which direction, and he came to suspect that the vast majority of mutations were actually harmful in the present situation of the human race.

Muller at the end of his life — he died in 1967 — was thrown back upon essentially Galtonian eugenics. He did bring this up to date by his proposal

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for sperm banks in which the sperm of exceptionally intelligent and socially useful men could be stored for decades and used for artificial insemination. He also envisioned, in the not too distant future, ova banks for storing superior human eggs. But none of these modern touches, these innovations in technique, could conceal the fact that this was still the old eugenics newly garbed, but equally subjective and imprecise.

BIOLOGICAL ENGINEERING

The Biological Revolution that Muller failed to bring off was already in progress when he died, but on very different terms from his own. There is a new eugenics in prospect, not the marriage agency kind, but a form of "biological engineering." When this actually comes to pass, chromosomes, segments of chromosomes, and even individual genes will be inserted at will into the genome. Alternatively, germ cells cultured in laboratories will be enucleated and entire tailor-made DNA molecules substituted. Alternatively still, superior genes will be brought into play by hybridization of cells.

The detailed variants upon these general strategies are almost innumerable. They all have in common the fact that they cannot be accomplished at present except in viruses and bacteria or in cell cultures. But it would be a bold man who would dogmatically affirm that none of these possibilities could be brought to bear upon human genetics by the year 2000.

That is a long way off for the firebrands of the Biological Revolution. The Nobel Prize winner Joshua Lederberg in particular has been pushing the claims of a speedier remedy, christened by him "euphenics," and defined as "the engineering of human development." The part of human development that fascinates Lederberg the most is embryology, seen by him as the process of initially translating the instructions coded in the DNA into "the living, breathing organism." Embryology, he says, is "very much in the situation of atomic physics in 1900; having had an honorable and successful tradition it is about to begin!" He thinks it will not take long to mature — "from 5 to no more than 20 years." He adds that most predictions of research progress in recent times have proved to be "far too conservative."

The progress that Lederberg has in mind is the application of new embryological techniques to human affairs. He is at once maddened and obsessed by the nine-months phase in which the human organism has been exempted from experimental and therapeutic intervention — such a waste of time before the scientists can get at us. But the embryo's turn is coming. It would be incredible, he says, "if we did not soon have the basis of developmental engineering technique to regulate, for example, the size of the human brain by prenatal or early postnatal intervention."

SEX CONTROL

Nothing as sensational as this has yet been attempted, but the new phase in embryology that Lederberg heralded is undoubtedly getting under way. The most conspicuous figure at present is Robert Edwards of the physiology laboratory at Cambridge University. In 1966 Edwards reported the culture of immature egg cells from the human ovary up to the point of ripeness for fertilization. He made tentative claims to have actually achieved fertilization in test tubes. The incipient hullabaloo in the newspapers about the specter of "test tube babies" led Edwards to clamp a tight lid of security over his researches in progress.

In the spring of this year, however, he and Richard Gardner announced their success in "sexing" fertilized rabbit eggs before implantation in the wall of the uterus and then inducing 20 percent of the reinserted eggs to produce normal full-term infants. The aspect of these findings that attracted general attention, the prospect of regulating the sex of mammalian offspring, is not likely to be of permanent interest. For this purpose, Edwards and Gardner's technique is obviously a clumsy expedient by comparison with predetermining the "sex" of spermatozoa — presently impossible but certainly not inconceivable within the next generation.

The real importance of Edwards and Gardner's work lies elsewhere. They have opened up the possibility of subjecting the early embryo to microsurgery, with the deletion and "inoculation" of cells at the will of the investigator, *and* the production of viable offspring from the results. The manufacture of "chimeras" in the modern biological sense — that is, with genetically distinct cells in the same organism — is clearly in prospect.

Work in this vein has just begun. The only branch of euphenics that has already become something more than a promising growth stock in science is the suppression of immunological reactions against foreign tissues and the accompanying, highly limited, successes in the transplantation of organs.

BIOLOGICAL REVOLUTIONARIES

The technical details and immediate prospects in eugenics and euphenics, however fascinating, are less important than the underlying revolutionary temper in biology. The most conspicuous representatives of this temper are Lederberg him-

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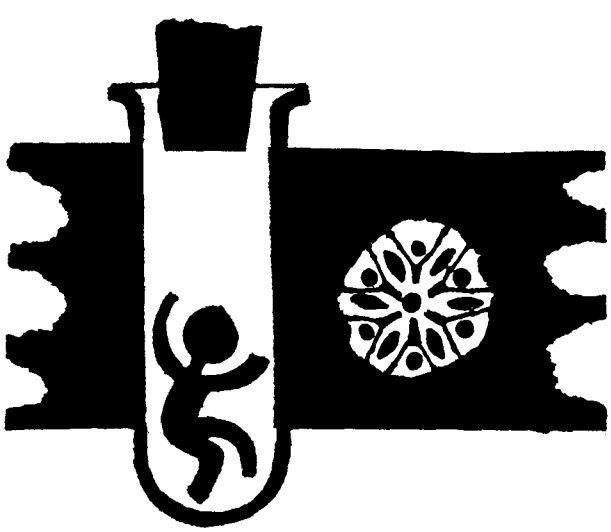
self, the biochemical geneticist Edward L. Tatum, and Francis Crick of the model — all of them Nobel Prize winners, with the corresponding leverage upon public opinion. Robert Edwards, though slightly singed by the blast of publicity about test tube babies, is clearly in training for the revolutionary cadre.

One of the stigmata of revolutionaries in any field is their resolute determination to break with traditional culture. For a scientist, the most relevant definition of culture is his own field of research. All of these men would angrily resent being bracketed with biologists in general. Biology has always been a rather loose confederation of naturalists and experimentalists, overlapping in both categories with medical researchers. Today even the pretense that these men somehow constitute a community has been frayed to the breaking point.

At Harvard, for example, the revolutionaries have virtually seceded from the old Biology Department and formed a new department of their own, Biochemistry and Molecular Biology. The younger molecular biologists hardly bother to conceal their contempt for the naturalists, whom they see as old fogies obsequiously attentive to the world as it is rather than bent upon turning it upside down.

In one respect, the molecular biologists do overlap with the contemporary naturalists and indeed with most creative scientists in general — in their total detachment from religion. In a way, this is a point that could have been made at any time in the last seventy-five years, but with one significant difference. Herman Muller, for example, born in 1890, had no truck with religion. But he was self-consciously antireligious.

The biological revolutionaries of today are not antireligious but simply unreligious. They give the impression not of defending themselves against religion but of subsisting in a world where that has never been a felt pressure upon them. They would agree with many devout theologians that we are living in a post-Christian world, to such an extent that some of the most doctrinaire biological revolutionaries are able to recognize without embarrassment, and even with a certain gracious condescension, that Christianity did play a useful role in defining the values of the Western world.



The operative word here is in the past tense. Francis Crick says that the facts of science are producing and must produce values that owe nothing to Christianity. "Take," he says, "the suggestion of making a child whose head is twice as big as normal. There is going to be no agreement between Christians and any humanists who lack their particular prejudice about the sanctity of the individual, and who simply want to try it scientifically."

This sense of consciously taking up where religion left off is illuminating in another sense for the revolutionary character of contemporary biology. The parallel is very marked between the original Christian Revolution against the values of the classical world and the Biological Revolution against religious values.

All the great revolutionaries, whether early Christians or molecular biologists, are men of good hope. The future may or may not belong to those who believe in it, but cannot belong to those who don't. Yet at certain points in history, most conspicuously perhaps at intervals between the close of the Thirty Years' War in 1648 and the coming of the Great Depression in 1929, the horizons seem to be wide open, and the varieties of good hope contending for allegiance are numerous. But the tidings of good hope don't become revolutionary except when the horizons begin to close in and the plausible versions of good hope have dwindled almost to the vanishing point.

For the kind of good hope that has the maximum historical impact is the one that capitalizes upon a prevalent despair at the corruption of the existing world, and then carries conviction in pointing to itself as the only possible exit from despair. Above everything else, revolutionaries are the men who keep their spirits up when everybody else's are sagging. In this sense, the greatest revolutionaries of the Western world to date have been precisely the early Christians who dared to affirm in the darkest days of the classical world that something far better was in process and could be salvaged from the ruins.

Both of these points are exemplified in the Biological Revolution that has now begun — despair at our present condition, but infinite hope for the future if the biologists' prescription is taken. Anybody looking for jeremiads on our present state could not do better than to consult the new biologists. "The facts of human reproduction," says

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Joshua Lederberg, "are all gloomy — the stratification of fecundity by economic status, the new environmental insults to our genes, the sheltering by humanitarian medicine of once-lethal genes."

More generally, the biologists deplore the aggressive instincts of the human animal, now armed with nuclear weapons, his lamentably low average intelligence for coping with increasingly complicated problems, and his terrible prolificity, no longer mitigated by a high enough death rate. It is precisely an aspect of the closing down of horizons and depletion of comfortable hopes in the second half of the twentieth century that conventional medicine is now seen by the biological revolutionaries as one of the greatest threats to the human race.

Yet mere prophets of gloom can never make a revolution. In fact, the new biologists are almost the only group among our contemporaries with a reasoned hopefulness about the long future — if the right path is taken. There are of course many individuals of a naturally cheerful or feckless temperament, today as always, but groups of men with an articulated hope for the future of the entire race are much rarer. The theologians no longer qualify, many Communists have lost their hold upon the future even by their own lights, and the only other serious contenders are the space scientists and astronauts. But just to get off the earth is a rather vague prescription for our ills. Few people even in the space program would make ambitious claims on this score. In a long historical retrospect, they may turn out to have been too modest.

This is not a charge that is likely ever to be leveled against the new biologists. It is well known by now that J. D. Watson begins his account of his double-helix double by saying that he had never seen Francis Crick in a modest mood. But after all, modesty is not the salient quality to be looked for in the new breed of biologists. If the world will only listen, they *know* how to put us on the high road to salvation.

CUSTOM-MADE PEOPLE

What exactly does their brand of salvation entail? Perhaps the most illuminating way to put the matter is that their ideal is the manufacture of man. In a manufacturing process, the number of units to be produced is a matter of rational calculation beforehand and of tight control thereafter. Within certain tolerances, specifications are laid down for a satisfactory product. Quality-control is maintained by checking the output and replacing defective parts. After the product has been put to use, spare parts can normally be supplied to replace those that have worn out.

This is the program of the new biologists — control of numbers by foolproof contraception; gene manipulation and substitution; surgical and biochemical intervention in the embryonic and neonatal phases; organ transplants or replacements at will.

Of these, only contraception is technically feasible at present. Routine organ transplants will probably be achieved for a wide range of suitable organs in less than five years. The grafting of mechanical organs, prosthetic devices inserted in the body, will probably take longer. Joshua Lederberg thinks that embryonic and neonatal intervention may be in flood tide by, say, 1984. As for gene manipulation and substitution in human beings, that is the remotest prospect of all — maybe by the year 2000. But we must not forget Lederberg's well-founded conviction that most predictions in these matters are likely to be too conservative. We are already five to ten years ahead of what most informed people expected to be the schedule for organ transplants in human beings.

The great question becomes, what is it going to be like to be living in a world where such things are coming true? How will the Biological Revolution affect our scheme of values? Nobody could possibly take in all the implications in advance, but some reasonable conjectures are in order.

It is virtually certain that the moral sanctions of birth control are going to be transformed. Down to the present time, the battle for birth control has been fought largely in terms of the individual couple's right to have the number of babies that they want at the desired intervals. But it is built into the quantity-controls envisioned by the Biological Revolution, the control of the biological inventory, that this is or ought to be a question of social policy rather than individual indulgence.

Many factors are converging upon many people to foster this general attitude, but the issue is particularly urgent from the point of view of the biological revolutionaries. In the measure that they succeed in making the human race healthier, first by transplants and later on by genetic tailoring, they will be inexorably swamped by their own successes unless world population is promptly brought under control. The irrepressible Malthus is springing from his lightly covered grave to threaten them with catastrophic victories.

LICENSED BABIES

The only hope is birth control. The biologists can contribute the techniques, but the will to employ them on the requisite scale is another matter. The most startling proposal to date for actually enforcing birth control does not come from a biologist but from the Nobel-Prize-winning physicist W. B. Shockley, one of the inventors of the transistor. Shockley's plan is to render all

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women of childbearing age reversibly sterile by implanting a contraceptive capsule beneath the skin, to be removed by a physician only on the presentation of a government license to have a child. The mind boggles at the prospect of bootleg babies. This particular proposal is not likely to be enacted in the near future, even in India.

What we may reasonably expect is a continually rising chorus by the biologists, moralists, and social philosophers of the next generation to the effect that nobody has a right to have children, and still less the right to determine on personal grounds how

many. There are many reasons why a couple may not want to be prolific anyhow, so that there might be a happy coincidence between contraception seen by them as a right and by statesmen and biologists as a duty. But the suspicion is that even when people moderate their appetite in the matter of babies, they may still want to have larger families than the earth can comfortably support. The possibility of predetermining sex would undoubtedly be helpful in this respect, but might not be enough to make people forgo a third child. That is where the conflict would arise between traditional values, however moderately indulged, and the values appropriate to the Biological Revolution.

This issue is bound to be fiercely debated. But some of the most profound implications of the Biological Revolution may never present themselves for direct ratification. In all probability, the issues will go by default as we gratefully accept specific boons from the new biology.

Take, for example, the role of the patient in medicine. One of the principal strands in Western medicine from the time of the Greeks has been the endeavor to enlist the cooperation of the patient in his own cure. In certain respects, this venerable tradition has grown much stronger in the last century. Thus the rising incidence of degenerative diseases, like ulcers, heart trouble, and high blood pressure, has underscored the absolute necessity of inducing the patient to observe a healthful regimen, literally a way of life.

This has been the whole point of Freudian psychiatry as a mode of therapy, that cures can be wrought only by a painful exertion of the patient himself. We often forget, for good reasons, how traditional Freudianism is after the one big shock has been assimilated. In the present context, it actually epitomizes the Western tradition of bringing the patient's own personality to bear upon his medical problems.

Where do we go from here? The degenerative diseases are going to be dealt with increasingly by surgical repair of organs, by organ transplants, and later on by the installation of mechanical organs and eventually by the genetic deletion of weak organs before they occur. The incentive to curb your temper or watch your diet to keep your heart going will steadily decline.

As for mental illness, the near future almost certainly lies with psychopharmacology and the far future with genetic tailoring. Though the final pieces stubbornly decline to fall into place, the wise money is on the proposition that schizophrenia and other forms of psychosis are biochemical disorders susceptible of a pharmacological cure. If we are not presently curing any psychoses by drugs, we are tranquilizing and antidepressing many psychotics and emptying mental hospitals.

Neuroses, the theme of Freudian psychoanalysis, are another matter. It is not easy to envision a biochemical remedy for them. But even for neuroses, we already have forms of behavioral therapy that dispense with the Freudian tenet of implicating the patient in his own cure. For the *very* long future, it is certainly not inconceivable that genetic tailoring could delete neurotic propensities.

Everywhere we turn, the story is essentially the same. Cures are increasingly going to be wrought upon, done to, the patient as a passive object. The strength of his own personality, the force of his character, his capacity for reintegrating himself, are going to be increasingly irrelevant in medicine.

GENETIC TAILORING, BOON OR BANE?

This leads to what many people would regard as the biggest question of all. In what sense would we have a self to integrate under the new dispensation? The Princeton theologian Paul Ramsey

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has now been appointed professor of "genetic ethics" at the Georgetown University Medical School, presumably the first appointment of its kind. He thinks that genetic tailoring would be a "violation of man." To this it must be said that under the present scheme of things, many babies get born with catastrophic genes that are not exactly an enhancement of man. Our present genetic self is a brute datum, sometimes very brutal, and anyhow it is hard to see how we can lose our identity before we have any.

As for installing new organs in the body, there is no evident reason why the personality should be infringed upon by heart or kidney transplants per se. Brain transplants would be different, but surely they would be among the last to come. States of mind regulated by drugs we already possess, and obviously they do alter our identity in greater or lesser degree. But even here we must not forget that some identities are intolerable to their distracted possessors.

We must not conclude, however, that the importance of these developments has been exaggerated. The point is that the immediate practical consequences will probably not present themselves as threatening to the individuals involved — quite the contrary. Abstract theological speculations about genetic tailoring would be totally lost upon a woman who could be sure in advance that her baby would not be born mentally retarded or physically handicapped. The private anxieties of individuals are likely to diminish rather than increase any effective resistance to the broader consequences of the Biological Revolution.

One of these is already implicit in predicting a sense of growing passivity on the part of patients, of not participating as a subject in their own recovery. This might well be matched by a more general sense of the inevitability of letting oneself be manipulated by technicians — of becoming an article of manufacture.

The difficulty becomes to estimate what psychological difference this would make. In any Hegelian overview of history, we can only become articles of manufacture because "we" have set up as the manufacturers. But the first person plural is a slippery customer. We the manufactured would be everybody and we the manufacturers a minority of scientists and technicians. Most people's capacity to identify with the satisfactions of the creative minority is certainly no greater in science than in other fields, and may well be less.

The beneficiaries of the Biological Revolution are not likely to feel that they are in control of the historical process from which they are benefiting. But they will not be able to indulge any feelings of alienation from science without endangering the specific benefits that they are unwilling to give up.

The best forecast would be for general acquiescence, though occasionally sullen, in whatever the Biological Revolution has to offer and gradually adjusting our values to signify that we approve of what we will actually be getting. The will to cooperate in being made biologically perfect is likely to take the place in the hierarchy of values that used to be occupied by being humbly submissive to spiritual counselors chastising the sinner for his own salvation. The new form of spiritual sloth will be not to want to be bodily perfect and genetically improved. The new avarice will be to cherish our miserable hoard of genes and favor the children that resemble us.

THE CLIMB

BY GEORGE SULLIVAN

If I should die but not be dead
and maggots as inverted horns
crawl into my head
Do not strip me as a child new born
before a sexless girl on a white bed
Let me watch
my dogged feet
ankle deep
cuff and walk
the waters of a beach
in the surf sound
Let the salt leech
through shin
to breast
to the further reach
of brain bone
Till the sun gums
and waters swell
the gnawed skull
sealed and brown
And the worms turn
out of time and mind
heaved and heeled
at tide rise
me
To the steep climb
deep slide and ease
of our strange own same sea

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viewpoint

Nixon and China: Time to Talk

by James C. Thomson, Jr.

Mr. Thomson, who wrote "How Could Vietnam Happen?" in the April ATLANTIC, *was an East Asian specialist at the Department of State and the White House, 1961–1966, and now teaches history at Harvard.*

Though recent years have accustomed us to political ironies, the idea of a Washington-Peking détente under the presidency of Richard M. Nixon strains the imagination. Could anything be more bizarre than a Nixon-Mao summit?

Yet considerably less bizarre, indeed almost plausible, would be a meeting between Nixon and Chou En-lai, two of the most skilled practitioners of political survival in the post-war world.

And more than merely plausible would be the new Administration's seizure of an opportunity for maneuver and progress in Sino-American relations. Mr. Nixon's bitterest critics denounce his bent toward "opportunism," but it may take just such a tried and true talent to break the twenty years of deadlock between Washington and Peking.

What, then, is the "opportunity" at hand?

In the narrowest and most immediate context, the chance to talk with the Chinese at Warsaw on February 20, and to do so on the basis of one of the least polemical invitations that has come our way since 1955 — an invitation to reach agreement on principles of peaceful coexistence. In a wider and longer-range context, the chance to move toward the normalization of Sino-American relations and the bringing of Communist China into the international order; such aims may sound grandiose and visionary, but they are central to the opportunity.

The Warsaw meeting in February can offer a fresh start for both sides. It comes a year after the last such conversation, in January, 1968. During the intervening months both China and America have been preoccupied with upheavals at home. Both have been shocked — on somewhat differing grounds, to be sure — by Soviet behavior in Eastern Europe. Both have watched, with differing degrees of anxiety and reluctance, as the Vietnam War edges from the battlefield to the conference table. Both now emerge from two very different leadership crises — their Cultural Revolution and our traumatic election year — somewhat stabilized and ready to deal anew with foreign policy issues.

Ready for a new look

Of course, the cultural and ideological chasm that separates Peking from Washington remains deep. Yet each side might be ready for a gingerly new look at the other, or at least for a testing of the climate.

That is the significance of Warsaw. Fortunately, Mr. Nixon and his advisers seem to understand, as do the talented China experts within the State Department, and they have accepted the Chinese offer with grace and speed.

But the Warsaw meeting must be viewed in the context of the wider opportunity: the new Administration's chance to come to grips at last with the centrality of the China problem.

For a decade now, and especially since 1961, China specialists inside and outside the U.S. government have argued for a new strategy to replace the old doctrine of containment and isolation. This new China strategy calls for continued deterrence of possible aggression by the Peking government but also for systematic efforts at the "de-isolation" of that government and its people. Such efforts — it has been endlessly argued, both inside and outside our government — should take the form of unilateral U.S. initiatives to open contacts and communications with China: a freeing of travel restrictions in both directions, an end to the embargo in nonstrategic trade, acceptance of Peking's membership in the United Nations and other international bodies, proposals for disarmament discussions, suggestions for scientific and cultural exchanges, and even the offer of de facto recognition.

The purpose of such a strategy? To present the Chinese with the clear option of an alternative relationship with the United States — of normalization (or peaceful coexistence, if you will), in the place of Mao's vision of eternal enmity.

The prospects for the "success" of such strategy? In the short run, probably close to zero; each initiative would be rejected and denounced by Peking. But even in the short run, not absolutely zero, some have argued, for China has seemed too fluid, its inner workings too obscure, for a clear and definite judgment. Nonetheless, the new China strategy has always been offered in terms not of short-run gains but of long-run consequences: its effects on the thinking of future Chinese decision-makers who may choose to modify or reject the Maoist view of international rela-

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tions. With such consequences in mind, the price of unilateral American initiatives — of unilateral American flexibility, coupled with continued deterrence — has seemed very little to pay. And the possible benefits have seemed very great.

Now, in the past eight years Washington's proponents of a new approach to Peking achieved less than striking success. They won a few skirmishes: travel regulations were belatedly and grudgingly modified, official rhetoric was improved (Mr. Johnson called for "reconciliation" with Peking, while Mr. Humphrey wanted to "build bridges"), and the possibility of a trade relaxation was broached. But the old UN strategy was clung to year after year, Peking was used as the shaky pretext for a "thin" antiballistic missile system, and Washington escalated the Vietnam War perilously close to China's borders.

The reasons for inaction are not hard to guess. Preoccupation with Vietnam was undoubtedly central. So, after 1962, was preoccupation with Soviet-American relations. Russia required attention as our primary nuclear antagonist; in addition, in a world divided between "good" and "bad" Communists (and white and yellow ones), our instinctive sympathies lay with the good (and the white). Furthermore, most Democrats, Presidents Kennedy and Johnson included, were acutely gun-shy on China policy; in the late forties and fifties Republicans had had a political field day with the issue of the "loss of China." Moreover, no Democratic President would move on the long-term China strategy proposed by the specialists unless urged to do so by his Secretary of State. And, of course, Mr. Rusk — participant in China's "loss," persistent advocate of close containment and isolation, a man apparently obsessed with "Asian Communism" on the march — was not one to make such a pitch; indeed, for most of his tenure, the Secretary successfully prevented the recommendations of the specialists from moving forward to the President (changes on travel and rhetoric occurred only when he was outflanked).

Yet to reflect on these reasons for previous inaction is to sense the new Administration's opportunity. Vietnam, for instance, has moved to the conference table, and we are firmly assured that the new President wants a nonescalatory solution. The process of Soviet-American détente has been badly shaken by the invasion of Czechoslovakia. Furthermore, gone are eight years of Democratic Presidents; and gone as well is Secretary Rusk.

This brings us back to Mr. Nixon.

Nixon's chance

The new President takes office with room for maneuver on Vietnam. He did not create the Vietnam calamity, nor did he initiate its resolution. Attuned to public weariness, he can follow his predecessor's negotiatory track, while blaming the Democrats for his paucity of options. And he can sell a softish solution by casting similar blame, if necessary.

More important, however, he can blur the lines of a less than satisfactory settlement by transcending Vietnam. He can move to fold the Vietnam War's resolution into a larger act of statesmanship: reengagement with China through a series of initiatives toward Peking.

In part such a strategy will be good public relations — a diversionary tactic to shift attention from the gloomy Vietnam residue — and it will make political sense.

But in larger part, such a strategy will be not merely gimmickry but wisdom — a long-overdue shift in the focus of government policy and public attention to the heart of our Pacific dilemma. There can be no viable peace and little stability in East Asia until deadlock gives way to mutual accommodation in Sino-American relations. Peacemaking in Vietnam is one logical point of departure for normalization with China.

Not only is the time ripe for Mr. Nixon as a result of Vietnam. Equally ripe are the circumstances at home. For a Republican President, and pre-eminently *this* Republican President, brings to the China problem some very special assets.

Who, for instance, can pin the label of "softness on Communism" on Richard M. Nixon when he makes overtures to Peking? If little else is clear about the new President, his anti-Communist credentials are impeccable. The ironic fact is that *any* Republican would have greater domestic room for maneuver on China policy than a Democrat, and that Mr. Nixon will have more room than most Republicans.

Add to this asset his congressional relationship. Over the past two decades it has been the congressional Republican leadership, plus a handful of Democrats, that has deterred policy-makers from movement on the China problem. But today much of the old so-called "China Lobby" is either dead or retired. Equally important, the leadership of the new Congress lies with relatively flexible Democrats, many of whom have been restive under the rigidity of Mr. Rusk's China posture. In coalition with the increasing number of moderate Republicans who have urged a review of China policy, these Democrats in the Senate and House can probably assure the President firmer support for China initiatives than he could have expected from a Republican-dominated Congress.

Such congressional support would be a belated reflection of apparently changing attitudes among the electorate. Since as early as 1964, and particularly since 1966, opinion polls and surveys of newspaper editorials have shown a rising degree of public flexibility on such issues as trade with China and UN representation for Peking. It seems clear that the passions of the Korean War era have given way to greater public acceptance of a live-and-let-live relationship with the Chinese Communists.

In brief, then, Mr. Nixon is a lucky man. He need not prove anti-Communism — neither his own nor his party's. He need not cater to the residue of China war hawks in the Republican Party. He can marshal the developing sentiment for reconciliation with China among

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the American public, and particularly the younger voters. And he can envelop a distasteful settlement of the Democrats' cardinal blunder, Vietnam, in a wider and longer-term act of Pacific statesmanship. He can create thereby a personal and national image of magnanimity.

So far so good. But will the Chinese play? And what about the Russians?

To deal first with Moscow: In the past few years Soviet anxieties about China have already surfaced in ludicrous but periodic Russian rumors about a Washington-Peking deal. Such anxieties will undoubtedly intensify if the February 20 meeting shows any signs of promise. Indeed, it is clear that the Soviet-American détente since the Cuban missile crisis is in part a result of the Sino-Soviet conflict. It would be deeply alarming to the Russians for their chief military adversary to improve its relations with their chief Communist rival.

For this reason, we can expect that many of Washington's Soviet experts will argue against any and all overtures to Peking — as they have argued, with considerable success, for the past six years. And their arguments should be examined with care.

But should they be accepted *in toto*? Not unless we prefer to have America's China policy manufactured in Moscow. A continuing Sino-American deadlock may be ideal for the Russians. But does it serve our national interests?

Hostility is a luxury

Soviet-American relations are of vital importance worldwide. But they cannot be of definitive importance in our development of a new East Asian relationship. Russian displeasure and even Russian threats may accompany any modification of our China policy. But the grounds for legitimate Soviet fears are minimal. China and America remain separated by a chasm, while Russia and America share a wide community of interests. Sino-American hostility may be a luxury with which the Soviet Union is loath to part; but deft American diplomacy, including candid reassurances to Moscow, can ease the Russians through their parting with that luxury.

And what of China itself?

One must begin by assuming that Peking's overture to the incoming Administration may be dictated in varying degrees by three fears: of the continuing Soviet-American détente, of exclusion from a Vietnam settlement, and of increased isolation now that Moscow has prevailed in its desire for a conference of Communist parties. Peking's request for an early Warsaw meeting can be viewed as an attempt at divisive intrusion into Soviet-American relations. But it can also be viewed as an effort to avert further isolation from the wider world community.

The new Administration should understand and accept both Chinese objectives. Peking's intrusion into the détente need not undermine those aspects of the Soviet-American relationship that suit our interests. But it can enable us gradually to create a healthy multiple relationship that more nearly fits the reality of the map: Moscow, Washington, and Peking, each pursuing independent policies vis-à-vis the others, rather than a ganging up of any two against the third. And Peking's effort to reduce its isolation may permit some movement toward China's re-emergence as a participant power with a stake in the international order.

One key to such re-emergence might be found in the development of a Vietnam settlement. A settlement that includes China could have greater long-term durability than one that doesn't. Ideally, Sino-American ambassadorial conversations at Warsaw — and if possible, higher-level conversations — might run parallel to the ongoing Paris conversations. Ideally, some of the wider implications of the Paris talks might also be explored separately with the Chinese. And ideally, a Paris settlement might ultimately be ratified by a larger group of states that included China, perhaps through a reconvened Geneva Conference.

All this looks far beyond the immediate and limited possibility offered by the February meeting.

All this depends, too, on Chinese behavior in the months ahead as the mainland slowly recovers from the two-year convulsion of the Cultural Revolution. Chinese behavior is a matter on which prediction would be folly. But there are nonetheless tentative signs, including the Warsaw invitation, that China's leaders have regained sufficient domestic control to return at last to the making of foreign policy. The least that a new American Administration should do is to test the changing atmosphere, through both conversations and unilateral actions.

Bypassing Taiwan

Two final thoughts:

First, any movement by Mr. Nixon toward a new China strategy must be accompanied by close consultations with East Asia's other great power, our ally Japan, with whom we have a difficult defense treaty to renegotiate before 1970. "Consultations" does not mean dependency, however; even if a Japanese government were to object to improved Sino-American relations, America's China policy should no more be made in Tokyo than in Moscow.

And second, conversations with Peking inevitably involve our ally the Chinese Nationalist government on Taiwan. While reaffirming our commitment to Taiwan's defense against mainland conquest, the new Administration would do well to make two points clear: our nonsupport for Nationalist return to the mainland, and our dedication to self-determination for the people of Taiwan once time and mortality have eased old tensions. In the meantime, we should strive to bypass Taiwan as an issue. Peking's rhetorical outrage will not soon abate; but once we explicitly cease to be supporters of a rival claimant to mainland rule, we may find ways to move on to other issues.

So much for the opportunity. Will Mr. Nixon seize it? If he does, he will demonstrate not merely "opportunism" but statesmanship.

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to the Tick of a Different Clock

by Charles Derecskey

To be a Transylvanian is something very special indeed. My dear wife, who believes almost everything I tell her, still doesn't quite accept the fact that out there where I come from pitch-black buffalos graze in the meadows and that I was raised on their milk. And she gives me a knowing smile when I mention that uncle of mine. But tell a Hungarian that you are a Hungarian from Transylvania, and he'll give your hand an extra squeeze. For whatever reason, those talkative Hungarians from the plains seem to accept us as better than themselves. Suits me. I learned early to value my birthright and look down my nose a bit and despise them for muddling their bloody affairs.

I was in my teens and a refugee, for the second time in my life, when with a bear-hunting gun slung over my shoulder I brought our womenfolk to Budapest and got to know some of those soft big-city Hungarians. They were nice to me and quite determined to do something or other, only they didn't know the first thing about how to go about it. I mean, for instance, how to make a booby trap from a bundle of hand grenades. That sort of thing. No problem at all for a boy from the boondocks of Transylvania. So I lent a hand where I could, and they grew fond of me, called me Öcsi ("Little Brother"), and bought me candy and brandy. While doing what came naturally enough — those were the last months of the war — I got to know my friends from the plains, and know them with their pants down.

Not all survived, but those who did had their passport for a swift political career. For myself, after many years of ups and downs, and by now a nearly middle-aged American, I decided to go and look them up in Hungary. True, there was a more compelling reason to make the trip: our one-year-old son. One Transylvanian obsession is that we are a vanishing breed, so though our boy looks more Irish than Hungarian, to show him off to my parents and a group of eccentric relatives became a must. I could see them sitting around the big table in Budapest shooting poisoned darts at each other, as usual, and looking over Charles George Cornelius for flaws. And so it was that I applied for tourist visas for myself, my wife, Susan, and our son through one of those dingy travel agencies which make a living, God knows how, by carting piles of passports and visa applications to and from Eastern European embassies.

"Would you please visit our embassy at your earliest convenience so that we may discuss your program in Hungary," read the polite note I received from the Hungarian Embassy in Washington. Well, that's it, I thought, revolutionary vigilance at work. A program indeed! When I called up to put them right, the gentleman on the other end assured me that, tourist or not, a journalist is supposed to be helped out with the information he surely wants. In fact, there is scarcely anything I find more frustrating than having to listen to some dandruffy Party hack render recent pronouncements from his Party *Blatt* for me and then squeeze them into the American mold; chic women in Budapest; gee whiz, the comrades are dancing rock 'n' roll!; the synagogues are open, or closed, again. No, no, I wasn't going to write. But since they insisted, I mentioned a few names from my youth I wanted to look up anyway, those who have their pants more or less securely up now. "Very sorry," gulped the embassy man, "those you have mentioned are very busy people. I doubt whether they will be available on such short notice. Affairs of state, you know." We made a deal anyway: I would get the visas, but I had to check in with the Foreign Ministry on arrival, where countless bureaucrats would meanwhile busy themselves making appointments I didn't need.

Tourist or journalist was only the beginning; before long, I didn't know what the hell I was supposed to be. As expected, I found my relatives assembled around the big table, more eccentric than ever, the clicks and whistles of their ancient hearing aids punctuating their endless reminiscences. There I was, consulted now on family matters in my enhanced role as father of a son. There I was, having my glass filled up first, and

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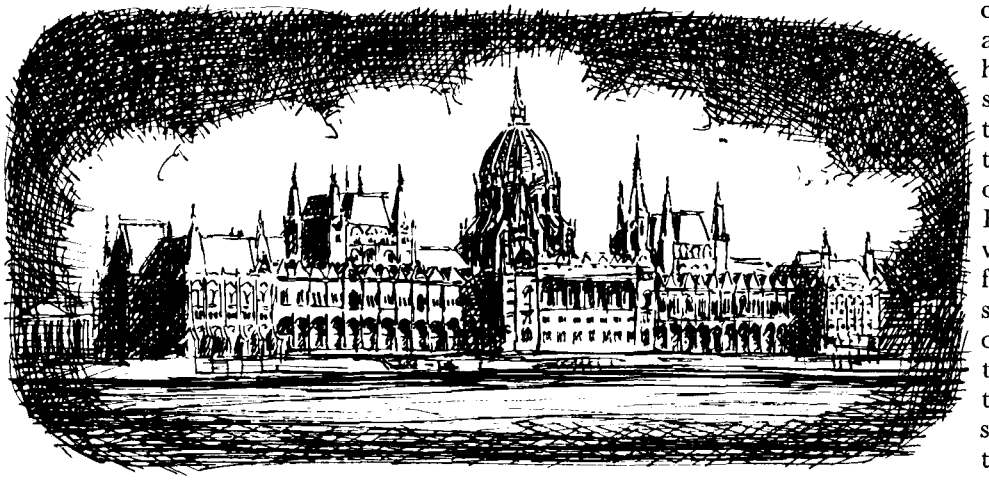

hearing my godson perform his latest piano composition, called "Vietnam War," in my honor. There I was, too, a "foreign visitor" to lovely Budapest, bulging with dollars, expected to overtip, charged for a hotel room the equivalent of what my aunt gets as a monthly pension, supposed to be unaware in the luxury-class restaurant that the two waiters hovering over me were, in fact, fighting over who would take home the scraps on my plate. And there I even was, leading the way to the Fisherman's Bastion. Never, never before did I climb up there to gape at the curving Danube and the Budapest skyline, but since Transylvanians do identify with all that is good in Hungary, past or present, I proudly pointed out "our Parliament" to my unawed son.

Next day I was down there myself, hurrying past the ranks of chauffeured official cars, high-standing Russian Moskviches and the black Mercedes limousines of cabinet members, to entrance Number 1. I was to be a "distinguished guest," installed in solitary splendor in one of the boxes bracing the round chamber of deputies. "Everybody who is anybody will be in Parliament," a friend told me, and sent me a pass for one of those rare three-day sessions when Parliament's doors are unlocked and the deputies congregate to listen to reports and nod their approval to government decrees. The Party bigwigs were there, some familiar graying heads, a sprinkling of generals and clergymen, and a few stout women, work heroes of tractor stations no doubt. There they sat, a carefully composed bouquet of some three hundred to represent the country's social groupings, voted into office on the single list of the Patriotic Front.

Masking their faces with preoccupied frowns, occasionally leaning forward to scribble a note or exchange a hushed word with a neighbor, they pretended to follow every word. From time to time a shiver of excitement would ruffle their decorum as the chandeliers of the cathedral-like chamber went bright and a man shuffled in to level his TV camera at a new speaker, who cleared his throat and said: "I accept the draft decree and recommend its adoption." Every speaker began that way, then droned on, carefully reading his winding sentences. There were no overlappings, no repetitions. Like separate chapters of a master script, the speeches were neatly plotted to cover various aspects of the subject. Some suggested a minor change or two; even that was obviously part of the script. And at the end of every speech came the dutiful applause, a joyless coming together of the hands. "Are you coming in tomorrow?" I was asked at the end of the first session by a Party higher-up I've known for years. "Yes, I want to listen to your report," I said. "Oh, don't come in for *that*. I haven't even seen the text myself yet." He shrugged.

Some of today's deputies, cunning survivors of many a plot, Communist and non-Communist alike, were once daring men who shouted their anger and their hopes in this same chamber. There was drama to spare in those post-war years when parties clashed, when reputations were made and destroyed in Parliament, when men could be men. Today, their act of courage consists of getting up before the bell rings to go to the toilet — that glorious, mosaic-tiled place as big as a Manhattan apartment, where one expects the faucets to be pure gold.

What really matters for a lot of deputies is an opportunity to be seen and to feel out their standing in Budapest at least twice a year. During intermissions that ineradicable political fever begins to spread through the domed reception hall. Old troopers — without their legions now — slide back into character as crafty politicians and display the mannerisms of power. After all these years, to get in the last word, to appear to dominate a conversation, no matter how trivial, still comes easy. By contrast, the young men with Party lapel buttons seem pitifully lost. Members of the Politburo, too busy to stop for long and too powerful to relax, glide from group to group, conferring the favor of a nod or a handshake. Who greets whom with what degree of warmth and who avoids whom with what measure of grace are chewed over for every last drop of meaning. As a loud remark, "Well, my friend, did you get enough sleep after last night?," was directed at me, I could actually

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see the eyes glaze over and smiles freeze all around. Aha, they spent last night together, and they want people to know about it. What could that mean? It froze my smile, too, I must admit, but after dealing with uncomplicated matters for years, my brain waves clicked out an answer I knew was too simple: the rascal wants to cover himself by publicizing our meeting; moreover, he wants to hint that he may have friends abroad.

Man-to-man talk is possible, and a visitor with nothing to lose can afford it. Not so those whose livelihood depends on correctly sniffing out the limits of what is permissible. Key members of the Party hierarchy are especially cautious. My efforts to have a chat with Gyula Kállai, a skillful old-time Communist variously mentioned as Number 2 or Number 3, who also serves as president of Parliament, for example, came to naught. We stood eyeing each other about twenty feet apart while an intermediary, a lesser Party official, carried messages back and forth. "Sorry, he is willing to talk to you only 'officially,'" came the message. "It would be a waste of your time."

I had more success with another leader, but of course, I knew him in the old days. András Hegedüs was strong then, and he used to carry the sacks of yellow peas from the Danish Red Cross that were our daily fare in starving Budapest. What is he up to? I once asked some friends. "Who knows? He is a Communist," I was told. I found him waiting for me at the Europa Espresso, his big round head sunk down between his shoulders. He was beaming. "*Emlékszel?* ["Remember?"] Those were the good days, with the whole future still before us." That future for Hegedüs meant a time as secretary to Hungary's ersatz Stalin, Mátyás Rákosi, and then as Premier. Finally, his name became a curse in Hungary: at the helm in 1956, he was widely believed to have asked for the Russian troops. But after the debacle, he reappeared as head of the state's Statistical Institute, and before long started out on his present remarkably freewheeling career as head of the sociology department of the Academy of Sciences. One of the few in Hungary believed to have a direct line to Moscow, Hegedüs was described to me by some of his fellow Communists as Hungary's leading revisionist, with chances of staging a comeback.

The subject of 1956 is still rather uncomfortable for him ("the time isn't ripe yet for me to analyze what happened"), but he has great expectations for the days ahead. "Socialism" in Hungary is on the edge of an uncharted territory of vast potential with no limits in sight, he said. "We cannot have several political parties — that's out — but some kind of pluralistic situation will emerge." He predicts that reform of the economy, already under way in Hungary, will be followed by social and political change. "We missed our opportunity after Stalin's death," he told me. "Then was the time for the Party to break out of its isolation and establish channels to the masses. Instead, our bureaucracy kept to itself and refused to share power with society. The gap between the two became impassable, and what happened in 1956 followed inevitably."

In Hungary there is no escaping the fact of 1956. At the outset, on October 23, when a swelling crowd of people reached the statue of the revolutionary hero General Bem, Péter Veres ("Uncle Péter," as he is known to all) climbed atop a car to harangue the mass and to read the demands of the writers' union, which he headed. Soldiers from nearby barracks started joining in. Then the crowd crossed the Danube and began to jam Kossuth Square in front of Parliament. The cry for Imre Nagy went up.

"I drove to Buda to fetch him," recalled Uncle Péter in his Spartan writer's den. "I told him what was going on and that he had to appear on the square or there would be serious trouble. You know what he said? That he must be asked by the Party's Politburo. There was nothing he could do until they called him. 'Why don't *you* call them?' I asked. No, that wouldn't be proper. Besides, he didn't have a chance to get all the information on what was going on. I kept urging him — what a hardheaded man he was — predicting a bloodbath for which he would be responsible if he didn't act at once. As a compromise, I suggested that I call Party headquarters, tell them what I told him, then hand over the receiver. He agreed to that. I dialed, and dialed, and dialed. The number was busy for what seemed hours."

The rest is history: the short-lived Imre Nagy government, his flight to the Yugoslav Embassy, his kidnapping by the Russians on the way to Parliament, and his subsequent execution. When it was all over, Veres and a group of like-minded populist writers were singled out as "ideologues" of the revolution. While the case against him was being prepared, Uncle Péter returned to his dusty native village on the Great Hungarian Plain to be arrested among his own people. The knock on the door never came. Making a martyr out of a peasant leader when peasants had to be pushed back into the collective farms they tore up during the revolt probably seemed inadvisable. "Whatever that old s.o.b. did, I can't imagine Parliament without him," said the new Party boss, János Kádár — or at least that's what Uncle Péter was told he said.

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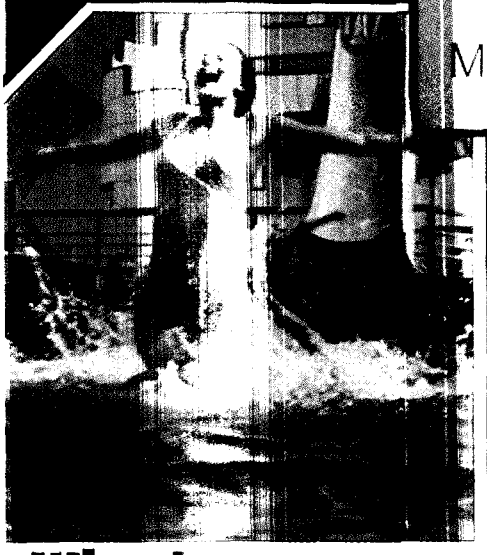

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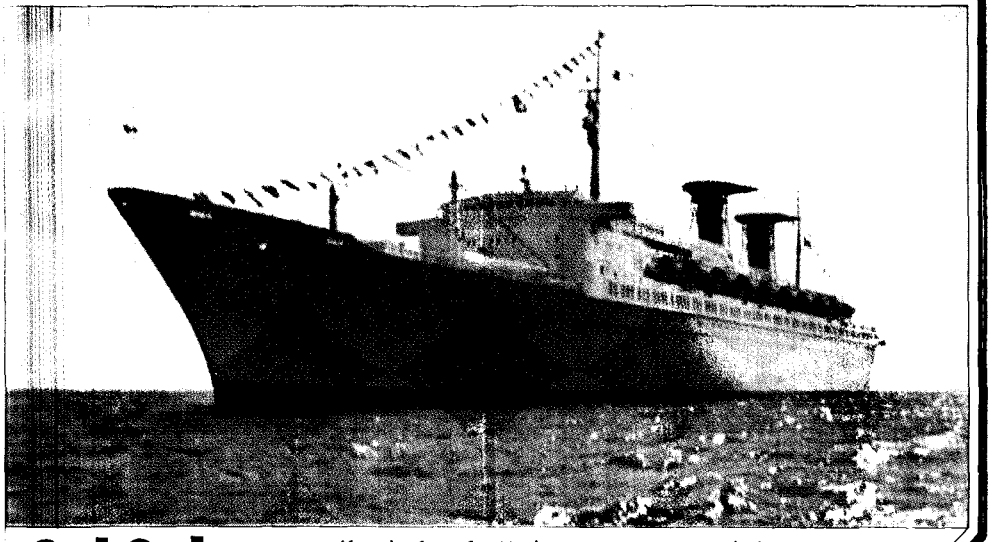

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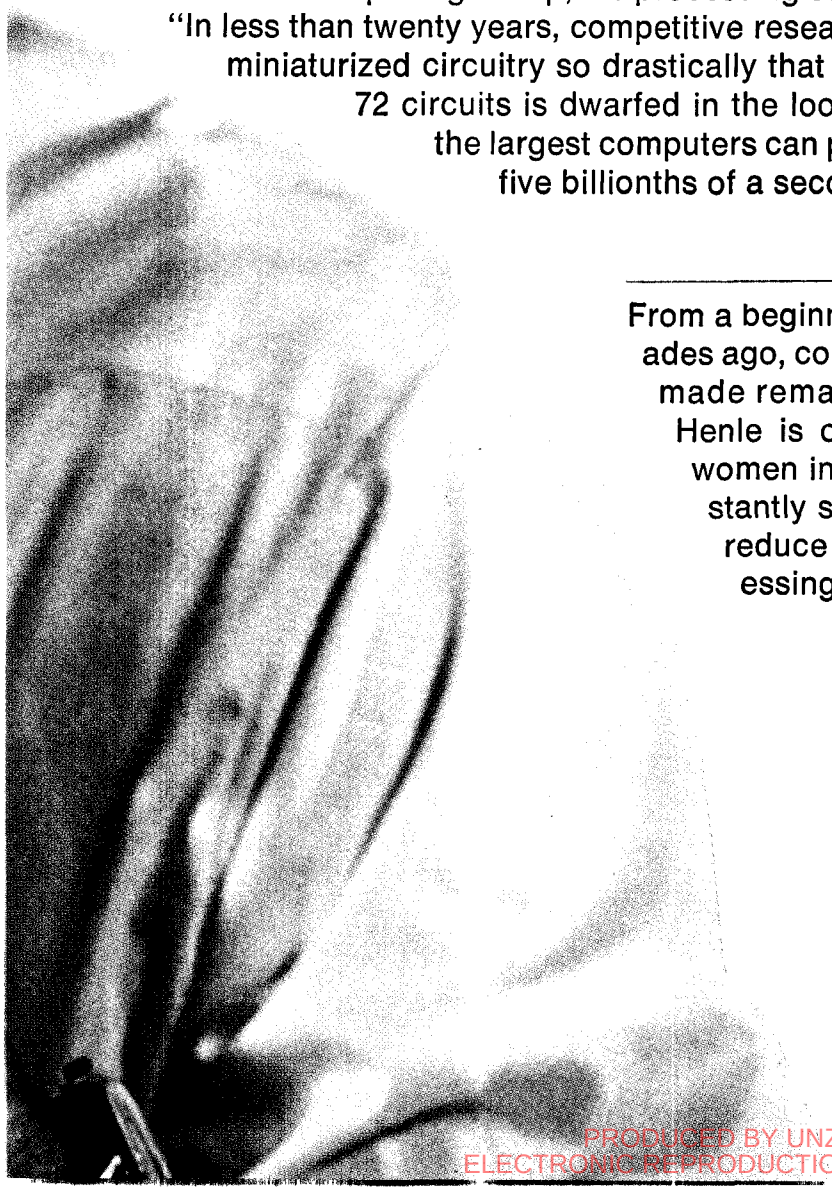

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Buda hills, Uncle Péter, now seventy-one, presided over the National Peasant Party of landless peasants and intellectuals in the post-war years, and to everyone's amusement, including his own, put in a brief spell as Minister of Defense. All along, he wrote profusely, clever sociopolitical essays and short stories, and continued to wear the black boots and breeches of the Hungarian peasant.

When I dropped in one evening, unannounced as is appropriate for those on friendly call (the telephone for Uncle Péter is strictly for official communications — that is, announcing trouble), he was having his supper, attended by his wife, a silent countrywoman, and Bogár, the black puli, flat on his belly at Uncle Péter's feet. He spooned out the last chunks of bread soaked in a bowl of warm milk, dried his drooping mustache with the back of his hand, then led the way through apple trees he planted himself to the den, where he writes and where men can talk men's talk. Once I belonged to his party, which reappeared as the Petöfi Party in 1956, and there was a lot of *Emlékszel? Emlékszel?*

Then the conversation turned to Uncle Péter's present concerns. He is deeply troubled by the indifference of the people, their estrangement, as he calls it, from the nation. "As long as one fights, one cares," he said. "People have given up fighting. They are convinced it's useless, that they cannot have a say in their fate anyway." Veres believes the country's leaders want more democracy, though "one in which their oligarchy can stay on top." Rather a difficult proposition, but as he notes, "We have a country led by pragmatic Marxists these days; they are more clever than in the past."

Whatever others do, this canny old man is not about to give up. He muses about the future: "There is no way back. We have reached the point where we have to make yet another new start. We have to find a different approach, change and bend things within this system. Without belief or conviction, or even contrary to our beliefs and convictions, we must go on."

EARLY one Saturday morning I left Budapest to make the pilgrimage to Tihany. Once there, I slowly wended my way up a steep slope to a hidden enchanting little house overlooking Lake Balaton, once a wine cellar and now the refuge of Gyula Illyés, the greatest living Hungarian writer, poet, and dramatist. The first time I met him I was eighteen, and had just returned from a trip to Rumania with details of the persecution of the Hungarian minority there. I stood before Illyés, editor of the daily I worked for, telling him all. He said I should write a series of articles, and he would splash them across the front page. I was startled. "But what will the Russians say?" His fist came down on the desk. "Goddamn it! Write the truth or nothing makes any sense." Bless him for that curse. I have cherished it ever since — though at the time he sent me back to sample some more, and, predictably enough, I was soon sampling the joys of prison life.

Cut off from the world, with no telephone, radio, or even newspapers, Illyés, sixty-five but looking younger and fit, writes his hauntingly beautiful poems on such nonpolitical subjects as walks in the dark, the roots of the tree in front of his vine-covered veranda, and broods about death, the nation's and his own. Inside the house on the whitewashed wall is a recent find of Illyés, a vine-stock he nailed to a piece of wood to make a painfully tortured crucifix. It hurts to look at it. "It takes a nation years to die," he said. "We are a curiosity scientists should study, the Basques of Eastern Europe, a nation in the process of dying."

Fishermen on the lake know the great man from his morning dips and address him with respect. The simple people of the Balaton climb up to his lair and leave their offerings, a covered dish of *madártej* ("bird's milk" — floating island), a bottle of wine, or a few eggs, hoping for a chance to tell him their troubles, read a letter from a son, or just show him their love. That he is alive today is due to his wife and doctors, who kept him under sedation for months after the 1956 revolution was crushed. His works, like the poem "One Sentence on Tyranny," a burning indictment of oppression published during the revolt, allowed no doubts as to where he stood. Now he is acclaimed again by the regime as the nation's foremost writer. Impossible to change and too important to attack, he is above Party criticism.

A devoted friend of the Illyéses, a writer of children's books, lives a few miles away on the lake, and we drove over there in the evening "just for a few minutes," as one says east of Vienna, where clocks tick differently. The host and his wife had just come back from a trip to Italy, and their friends dropped by to hear all about it.

Dressed for comfort in a darned-over sweater sat a professor of medicine who comes down from Budapest to treat the fishermen; Miklós Borsós, Hungary's ranking sculptor, paced nervously back and forth; a young Hungarian writer from Yugo-

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"I was born just a stone's throw from the fortress of Arad," writes Mr. Derecskey, a journalist who started his career in Hungary, was later a reporter for the LONDON OBSERVER AND DAILY MAIL, *and the New York* TIMES, *and is now a contributing editor to* TIME.

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slavia, self-conscious to find himself face to face with Illyés for the first time, sat rather stiffly by. All the wives were there and a couple of those inevitable elderly women, usually unmarried and sometimes feebleminded, whose presence one doesn't really notice: they are a permanent fixture — and blessing — of the Hungarian home as they tiptoe around with endless supplies of strong coffee, empty ashtrays, and clean glasses for the wine.

This time the wine was new, from a small vineyard next to the house. "Would you believe it," the host asked us, "after so many years its former owner, a local peasant, still comes to inspect it, and whenever I find him poking around, he warns me, 'Don't you forget, this vineyard is actually mine, I have to see that you take good care of it.' "

Borsós, the sculptor, asked me, "So how do you find Gyula, still the good-looking man girls would pee in their pants for? Did you see the romantic picture on the cover of his latest volume? I call that cheating, using a picture from one's tender youth." The volume was produced, the picture admired, and Illyés got into the swing: "Fond of girls I always was, but never depended on them like you sculptors do. Where would you be without women and horses? Masons at best." "At least we don't use words to mess up the world," Borsós shot back.

Like other artists and writers, Borsós gets a stipend from the state. He has a villa near the Balaton and a studio where he works on his sculptures, which look like nothing so much as huge polished stone eggs. A Swiss gallery owner who admired his work at an exposition in Italy was mounting a show in Zurich. Negotiations were conducted with the Cultural Institute in Budapest, a state agency, though Borsós was consulted about what pieces to send out and shown proofs of the catalogue. "You see! You see!" He pulled a copy out of his pocket. "They can do a good job when they have to." The catalogue had been produced in Hungary, subject to the gallery owner's approval, and it seems he kept sending it back for better photographs, corrections in the text, and so on. Borsós' main concern at the moment, though, was whether he would be able to attend the *vernissage:* he wouldn't know until the very last minute if he could get a passport.

The host opened a fine bottle of "export quality" wine that no native can buy, compliments of the mayor, who feels that prominent people visiting the house do honor to his community. Complicated logistics still had to be worked out as to who would drive whom to Budapest for the commemoration of a writer's death which everyone wanted to attend. Then the number of available free tickets for the opening of Illyés' play *Fáklyaláng* ("*The Torch*") the next week had to be matched with the number of those eager to attend.

The premiere of *Fáklyaláng* in the musty eighty-year-old theater of Veszprém, a small town in western Hungary, was by any standard an event. Though it was not even mentioned in the Budapest papers, friends of the author, theater people, directors and producers, officials of the writers' union managed to find their way to Veszprém, about one hundred miles from the capital, in time for the seven o'clock curtain.

The subject of the play is one of the most engrossing for Hungarians. Action takes place in the fortress of Arad, August 10, 1849. The imperial armies of Austria and Russia are closing in. Lajos Kossuth, leader of the "Freedom Fight," faces one of his generals, Arthur Görgey, who demands authorization for the revolutionary armies to lay down their arms before the Russians. Kossuth, the idealist, believes the world will catch fire against despotism if he resists to the last; Görgey, the realist, is anxious to cut his losses since defeat is certain. He carries the day, but the play ends on a tone of hope that no oppression will be able to crush the Hungarian people's will to live free.

When *Fáklyaláng* was performed in Budapest in January, 1957, only a few weeks after the revolt, the audience went wild, and the play was taken off the program. Illyés retouched it here and there, and Veszprém was picked for a tryout. There was nothing to worry about. Instead of the tumultuous scenes of 1957, the play was greeted with that ugly rhythmic hand-clapping, one-two-three-four in unison, a legacy of Stalin's time, originally spelling in the language of the palms "Long live Sta-lin," and still spooking around Eastern Europe. "This is our protocol audience," explained a pretty blond theater official, pointing out the local Party dignitaries and their wives. "It will be different tomorrow when the young people come." The locals and the visitors from Budapest didn't mix at all. Illyés declined to stay for a banquet in his honor, but a framed poster signed by the actors was ceremoniously stowed in the trunk of my car for the ride back to Budapest.

Modestly standing on the sidelines during intermission was Aladár Móod, erstwhile chief Party theoretician, now mere Party historian. Though he will eventually turn thumbs up or down on *Fáklyaláng*, since setting the limits on the interpretation of history is his bailiwick, no one paid much attention to him. He cornered Illyés in a dim corridor to shake hands. "Meet my friend who came all the way from New York to see my play," chuckled Illyés, quite happy to startle Móod. The congratulations of a fellow writer, Tibor Déry, were public and profuse. "If they want changes, be careful what you cut; every sentence is valuable in this play," he advised, good and loud.

When Déry, a lifelong Communist, threw in his

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lot with the revolution and was jailed for several years, protests and appeals poured in from writers in the West. Did those actions do any good? I asked him. "They were most helpful indeed," he said. Someone else in the group volunteered: "Henchmen like nothing better than to be left alone with their victims." And these days? "What can a writer do? He writes," shrugged Déry. Seventy-four years old now, he lives the fairly comfortable life of a state-supported writer in a villa near Lake Balaton.

His warning to resist pressure to change the play was no mere artistic concern. Hungarian intellectuals are constantly rummaging through history in search of analogies with the present. Information on trends and forces shaping the world outside that small corner of the map is spotty, and they reject it as unreliable. Hence the fascination of a question like Was Görgey a traitor, or Did history vindicate him through the Austro-Hungarian Compromise of 1867, which, following a dark period of repression, achieved much of what the nation sought in the "Freedom Fight" of 1848–1849. It is no coincidence that in 1956 the revolution at first followed the pattern and used the symbols, including the Kossuth emblem, of that earlier struggle.

Fresh readings of history reverberate all through officialdom and become significant political issues for which forces are mobilized and, sometimes, ministerial heads roll. Alliances are formed and scuffles break out behind the scenes over such questions as whether or not a quarterly should get the go-ahead from the Ministries of Culture and Interior to carry an interpretation of 1867 that differs somewhat from the Party line (which condemns it). Talking about a recent hassle with an official over a manuscript, István Simon, editor of *Kortárs*, the writers' union monthly, said: "Finally it came down to either I go or he goes. When I returned from vacation, I learned that he was out. Now I can breathe again."

Should Hungary — indeed, can she? — seek an acceptable accommodation with Soviet power à la 1867 remains pretty theoretical for the time being. There are even those who argue that the nineteenth-century analogy doesn't apply at all: they say the present situation more closely resembles the period of Turkish rule, 150 years of occupation that left the nation decimated. If that is so, all that matters is physical survival, by whatever means, at whatever cost. These people express a curious nostalgia for the Stalinist era when lines were more clearly drawn and the "cohesion of the nation," as demonstrated by its solidarity under duress, better preserved. "You're just like all our other visitors from the West, coming here looking for 'good Communists,'" an old friend bitterly reproached me. "Don't you realize that's like looking for a virgin in a whorehouse?"

There can be no doubt, however, of a growing sentiment among intellectuals for "repeating 1867," though the way remains obscure. The present leaders, János Kádár and his group, are considered much too mediocre, lacking in drive and imagination, to engage in a political game of their own. "Nowhere on the horizon do we have the kind of Communist leader the Rumanians have in Ceausescu" is the comment one hears over and over again. Said one politician: "There is a man who can go out into the countryside and establish an immediate bond with the people. He calls them *frate* ["brother"], a traditional form of address in the Rumanian language, and they immediately understand that he is against the Russians, Hungarians, and Jews."

The ruling elite in Budapest is infuriated by Ceausescu's success, and they do their best to suggest that Rumania is playing a dangerous double game it cannot possibly pull off. Meanwhile, they are powerless to help the two million Hungarians who live in Rumania and are being forcibly assimilated in the new wave of nationalism. "It's impossible to reason with these Rumanians," one Party official said privately. "Our interparty conferences draw a complete blank: they come up with their false statistics and deny everything. If it goes on like this, in another twenty years there won't be a single Hungarian left in Rumania." The regime has adopted an official stance of ignorance, for, apparently, Kádár and his group are reluctant to lift the lid off a minority problem that has been simmering on the back burner for twenty years of Communist rule.

In a reflective mood as I headed west and home along the banks of the eternal Danube, my wife and son half-asleep beside me in the car, I thought how transient today's circumstances seem to those of us who have seen frontiers penciled in, and erased, who have watched regimes come, and go, over and over again. "Nothing's happening in Hungary," well-wishers in Vienna advised me before I even crossed the border. Maybe so, maybe so, I thought.

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THE HIDDEN COSTS OF OPPORTUNITY

by EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

More opportunity + more democracy = less freedom. So argues Professor Friedenberg, a member of the faculty of Educational Studies at the State University of New York at Buffalo. It is an old dilemma, but how well fitted are we to continue to live with it?

The most persistently troublesome issue in political theory is the relationship between freedom and equality. In the liberal, democratic state, and particularly in the United States, this issue has largely been avoided, at least in popular thought, by assuming — indeed, insisting — that each is conducive to the other. And today, with bitter and fundamental conflict occurring over the demands of black people and the role of the university in society, the question has literally become a burning one.

If equality, in common American usage, meant the maintenance throughout the society of a common, preferably high, standard of decency, comfort, and mutual interaction (as a hotel, say, might attempt to ensure parity of service among its guests even though some were lodged in costlier accommodation than others), the problem, at least in its material aspects, might be solved rather easily by a generous guaranteed annual income and an equally generous conception of civil liberty, guaranteeing each person privacy from his neighbors and the opportunity to commune freely with his friends whether he chose to toil or spin or lie on the grass or smoke it. But this is not what it means. Equality in America means equality of access to what is defined as prizes, and of vulnerability to what is defined as sanctions; in short, equality of opportunity.

The opportunity implied is not limited to that of getting a better room in the hotel, or even of participating in and perhaps turning out the management so that the service may be improved and the enterprise enlarged to accommodate more guests and a greater diversity of them. It extends to the right to conduct businesses in its rooms that make the rest of the building dangerous and uninhabitable; to turn most of it into a military establishment whose function is not so much to protect the hotel as to provide more opportunities for profit and advancement to those who live in its best rooms and run it. These people arrest the less influential guests and force them into their army; but this is not held to be a serious violation of freedom because the most important freedom is freedom to work for *them*. The managers of the hotel do, and they have agreed to give better rooms and more service to guests who prove especially useful as employees.

There are not, however, nearly enough habitable rooms because the military wing has grown so fast and is very expensive to run, though it is very profitable to those involved in running it. There have not been enough funds left over to enlarge, or even renovate, the other wings of the building. There is reason for hope, however, that this problem will be temporary. More and more of the hotel is being converted to military use, and hence included in the funding, so that soon none of the guests need be excluded. And since the tenants of abutting structures are complaining more and more loudly that they find the whole institution obnoxious, its guests will find that its conversion to a war footing was an act of keen

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foresight. Meanwhile, the most serious problem the hotel faces — it has others, more serious, that it doesn't face — is the disorderly behavior of the people who live in the worst rooms, and of the wild youngsters who live in the better rooms but don't want to stay in the hotel at all and keep making trouble by trying either to run away or to grow marijuana and other dangerous drugs in its ruined and neglected gardens.

It isn't easy to manage this hotel, and it is unlikely that its management will be skillful. In the Land of Opportunity, the most prevalent technical specialists are the opportunists. Positions of influence in American life are won by people who are especially good at winning, not by those whose interests, skills, and sense of responsibility most qualify them for the post they seek. The ground rules under which they operate, moreover, require that opportunity always be kept open to challengers, so that they themselves are continually vulnerable to the next wave of opportunists; and they become anxious and opportunistic in their own defense.

The only protection they can legitimately demand is that the game be played according to the rules. But this demand, though it accounts in part for our obsessive preoccupation with "law and order" and our insistence on "a government of laws and not of men," makes life in America more confused and ruthless. The stakes involved in "making it" in America are a little too high for sportsmanship, and too many of the players are involved in other little games of their own. Moreover, no society has rules that permit a fundamental challenge of the legitimacy of the social system itself. There are many, many games, but they all have about the same rules, and in none is a player allowed to rise in freedom and reject the context, saying, like Alice in Wonderland, "You're only a pack of cards anyway!"

In America, as in Wonderland, however, the rules may be bent and reinterpreted to permit the stronger creatures to control their society and punish offenders. The following report from the Buffalo *Evening News* for September 11, 1968, has precisely the quality of the White Queen's enthusiastic endorsement of the criminal code of Wonderland, under which the punishment precedes the trial, and the crime comes last of all.

> A City Court public defender accused the New York State Legislature Wednesday of "putting their stamp of approval" on free love for teen-agers.
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> James Arcadi of the public defender's office made his comments after City Judge Joseph S. Mattina found himself "bound by law" to dismiss a third-degree sexual abuse charge against a 16-year-old youth arrested on complaint of a 15-year-old Buffalo girl.
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> Neither Judge Mattina, nor assistant District Attorney Thomas Cleary, could oppose the defense attorney's motion to dismiss the misdemeanor charge, despite several hours of conferences and careful review of various sections of the newly revised penal law.
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> Judge Mattina told *The Buffalo Evening News* that he had conferred by telephone with "several legislators who had a hand in creating the new law" in an attempt to find a way to make the charge "stick" or find a suitable substitute that "fits the situation."
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> The "situation" is a case of a 15-year-old girl who ran away from home and spent several days in the home of a girl friend. During her absence, according to a statement signed by her and given to police, she "willingly" engaged in sexual intercourse with the defendant on "at least four occasions."
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> Police eventually picked the girl up at her father's insistence, and charges were subsequently placed against the defendant.
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> It is both the age factors involved and the girl's testimony that she "willingly" participated in the alleged acts that make prosecution of the defendant virtually impossible. . . .
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> . . . . . .
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> It is the first time, according to court officials, that this situation has arisen, but many fear that it will not be the last.
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> Judge Mattina considered it serious enough to request that the district attorney's office immediately apprise the City Court warrant clerks' office of the situation and request that when a similar situation arises, they find "a different charge" to place against the defendant.
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> Unfortunately, at this point, Judge Mattina and the DA's office both admit that they have no idea what that charge should be.

" 'Suppose he never commits the crime?' said Alice.

" 'That would be all the better, wouldn't it?' the White Queen said."

The news report just quoted reflects a perfectly recognizable social-class position, and one which has become dominant in modern industrial societies. It is the position of the lower middle class: moralistic and punitive, filled with what Nietzsche called *Ressentiment;* more recently, Harold and Vita Nicolson coined a family word, "bedintness," for the same mind-set. Americans, bedeviled by this phenomenon, seldom speak of it at all; they bend with it as good egalitarian democrats must — which is rough on Lenny Bruce and the Supreme Court. So do Russians, yielding to the strictures of the comradely art critic, or dutifully tearing up the leaflets an occasional demonstrator may dare to pass out among them and saving the police the trouble. And indeed, there is a serious political issue involved, as there is in all class conflict.

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Censorship is not concerned so much to prevent the transmission of forbidden information or ideas as to deny legitimacy to a style of life and the experiences to which those ideas attest. And what is needed in order to resist "bedintness" is great confidence in the moral tradition which upholds privacy and tolerance and sexual geniality, and a commitment to equal militancy on *its* behalf; even though this tradition is not and may never be popular, and even though, if effectively invoked, it will limit the opportunity of persons of humble origins to gain an authority commensurate with their numbers. Traditionally, the assertion and maintenance of this tradition are a central responsibility of conservatives; though in America, those who call themselves that have usually been its worst enemies.

I do not claim that the moral tradition from which human liberty is derived is, *generally speaking*, more valuable than maximum openness in society and the greatest opportunity for social mobility. Whether it is or not depends, presumably, on a variety of personal factors, including one's relationship to the means of production. One part of the liberal bag from which I am trying to wrest free is the pompous compulsion to deny that there are real conflicts of interests in society, and hence, to argue that one's own fundamental interests, properly understood, coincide with the general welfare. They rarely do; and in the case of liberty there seems to be a lethal conflict of interest between those who demand and enjoy it and the populace.

I am suggesting, rather, that one has a right and a personal obligation to defend liberty as a particular vested interest in potential or actual conflict with other vested interests in America. If the cause of liberty be advanced, it may indeed make it harder to get on in the world, or to sell cigarettes, or to conduct counterinsurgence in Thailand. I think it will; I rather hope it does; even though there are doubtless more, and certainly more powerful, people who want these things than who prize individual liberty.

That the quest for equality menaces liberty in America is hardly a new thought. Mark Twain, gregarious as he was, was haunted by it; Henry James and T. S. Eliot, becoming convinced of it, left the country while still young men and became British subjects. Henry Adams was driven to the, for him, unnatural effort to write a novel condemning *Democracy*. Yet it was a still earlier, and basically more sympathetic, observer who most precisely noted that the American way of life bore within it the lethal genes of totalitarianism. Alexis de Tocqueville, writing *Democracy in America* in the late 1830s, pinpointed, as we say, the problem:

> I think, then, that the species of oppression by which democratic nations are menaced is unlike anything which ever before existed in the world: our contemporaries will find no prototype of it in their memories. I seek in vain for an expression which will accurately convey the whole of the idea I have formed of it; the old words despotism and tyranny are inappropriate: the thing itself is new, and since I cannot name, I must attempt to define it.
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> I seek to trace the novel features under which despotism may appear in the world. The first thing that strikes the observation is an innumerable multitude of men, all equal and alike, incessantly endeavoring to procure the paltry and petty pleasures with which they glut their lives. Each of them, living apart, is a stranger to all the rest, — his children and his private friends constitute to him the whole of mankind; as for the rest of his fellow-citizens, he is close to them, but he sees them not; he exists, but in himself and for himself alone; and if his kindred still remain to him, he may be said at any rate to have lost his country.
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> Above this race of men stands an immense and tutelary power, which takes upon itself alone to secure their gratifications, and to watch over their fate. That power is absolute, minute, regular, provident, and mild. It would be like the authority of a parent if, like that authority, its object was to prepare men for manhood; but it seeks, on the contrary, to keep them in perpetual childhood: it is well content that the people should rejoice, provided they think of nothing but rejoicing. . . . It covers the surface of society with a network of small complicated rules, minute and uniform, through which the most original minds and the most energetic characters cannot penetrate, to rise above the crowd. The will of man is not shattered, but softened, bent, and guided; men are seldom forced by it to act, but they are constantly restrained from acting: such a power does not destroy, but it prevents existence; it does not tyrannize, but it compresses, enervates, extinguishes, and stupefies a people, till each nation is reduced to be nothing better than a flock of timid and industrious animals, of which the government is the shepherd.
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> I have always thought that servitude of the regular, quiet, and gentle kind which I have just described might be combined more easily than is commonly believed with some of the outward forms of freedom, and that it might even establish itself under the wing of the sovereignty of the people.

It might, even. This man had the mind of a laser; the beam of light it emitted has not scattered or diffused in traveling across 130 years. But it does not fully reveal our time. Tocqueville had no basis for imagining either our technology or our insensitivity. Who in America is still devoted to his children and his private friends? Though absolute and minute, how mild — for that matter, how regular — is the operation of the Selective Service System? Even in these respects, Tocque-

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ville's understanding cannot be faulted, for the factors he stipulated as essential to the viability of American democracy have vanished: the existence of a secure and independent yeomanry, for example, or "the fact that America has no great capital city, whose direct or indirect influence is felt over the whole extent of the country; this I hold to be one of the first causes of the maintenance of republican institutions in the United States." "If a democratic republic, similar to that of the United States, were ever founded in a country where the power of one man had previously established a centralized administration, and had sunk it deep into the habits and laws of the people, I do not hesitate to assert," he asserted, "that, in such a republic, a more insufferable despotism would prevail than in any of the absolute monarchies of Europe; or, indeed, than any which could be found this side of Asia."

Maybe just this side. The contest seems hardly worth judging; let us simply note that, on August 20, 1968, the Republic of Czechoslovakia joined the Dominican brotherhood. Repression, constraint, and surveillance in the twentieth century are vastly popular; as American as apple pie, as Russian as the troika, as international as the CIA. There is no doubt, certainly, that life in the United States remains freer than in the Soviet Union; what is doubtful is that our greater freedoms express the general will or would even be acceptable to it. They seem rather to exist as aristocratic survivals despite it and under diminishingly effective safeguards from it. Opinion research informs us that the noblest section of our Constitution, the Bill of Rights, could not be adopted as a set of constitutional amendments today. It is, in any case, introduced by five words which stand as an adamant rebuke to the legislative process: "Congress shall make no law. . . ." If only the Founding Fathers had possessed the aesthetic discipline to see that with these words the document became perfect and complete, with not a syllable more to be added, the body politic would not today be shaken by spasms of delight with each new stroke of law enforcement; nor feel itself so warmly reassured against disorder by news that its police are now the Bearers of the Mace.

The "Peoples' Democracies" may be both more despotic and more egalitarian than our own; but whether a state is democratic in form seems less significant than the inhumaneness and unauthenticity with which, in the interests of equality, it attempts to extirpate any possible unearned increment of satisfaction in life that might have accrued spontaneously to any class of its members. Even racial bigotry, paradoxically, can sustain itself on egalitarianism and does. In the United States today, the most politically effective defense of racism consists not in a futile attempt to impute genetic inferiority to black people, but in a withholding of generosity by refusing to break its "network of small, complicated rules" in order to recognize their plight and redress their grievances. At this stage in our history, the most effective possible expression of racial hostility is achieved by insisting on one law and one set of academic standards for all. Yet the Irish- and Polish- and Italian- and German- and Old Americans, now finishing out their lives in cities which have gained no conspicuous felicity from their political domination, continue to support policies that bar Negro children from better schools because of low test scores and from employment because of arrest records — the same as they would anybody else — thus sparing themselves the final humiliation of seeing black children receive special consideration that, as they recall, was denied them.

Forms of oppression and constraint in modern life that stem from its egalitarianism are a difficult challenge to liberals of goodwill. Liberals cannot be anti-egalitarian; how can a liberal oppose compulsory school attendance as an invasion of liberty when it so obviously contributes to equality of opportunity? How can he favor abolition of the draft when it is clear that the armed forces will continue then as a voluntary force recruited through manifestly inequitable economic pressures? Conservatives can be anti-egalitarian; but they cannot, it seems, in America be men of goodwill. Conservatism here has become a miserable business: the political embodiment of anal-erotic fixation, with appropriately paranoid overtones. American radicals of goodwill, spared the logical necessity of attempting to accommodate their programs to the existing institutional framework, are nevertheless almost universally egalitarian in their political premises, and thus, it seems to me, equally stymied.

The basic difficulty is very clearly implied in a feature article by Ben A. Franklin in the New York *Times* for Sunday, August 18, 1968. In an article about the proposed party of Governor George C. Wallace of Alabama, Mr. Franklin observes:

> The new party would be the party of policemen, beauticians, rubber workers, cab drivers and the American yeomanry, according to Wallace. It would stand foursquare for small, strong Jeffersonian units of local government, each with the unfettered right to control disorders by "knocking rioters in the head," to repeal school and housing desegregation, and in the field of foreign affairs, for friendship with the apartheid Governments of Rhodesia and South Africa.

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Governor Wallace, though a demagogue, is no demographer. His supporters are certainly not all working-class; I should expect his strength to be greater among the sour aged of slender means; small businessmen driven by the psychic necessity of attributing to themselves, as independent entrepreneurs, more autonomy and more status than our society actually grants them; all walks of life, indeed, that reluctantly follow a downward path from earlier expectations. In our present political spectrum, working-class people of the meaner sort, like the longshoremen who refused to load Dr. Spock's sailboat on a ship so that he could enjoy the use of it during what were probably to be his last months of freedom, are more likely to be good, hard-line Democrats and supporters of Lyndon Johnson. Eric Hoffer — no mean longshoreman — is quite right in perceiving President Johnson's political style and social values as exemplifying his position as an outsized common man; though whether this is, as Hoffer holds, grounds for confidence in him is quite another matter.

But, in any case, nobody — but nobody — believes that the American yeomanry, 1968 model, "would stand foursquare for small, strong Jeffersonian units of local government, each with the unfettered right to control disorders by" restraining the violence of its local police, welcoming new black neighbors and helping them find a house in the neighborhood and a job in the community, and in the field of foreign affairs, insisting that the self-determination of Asiatics and other primitives, even Communist types, be respected. This just might happen in Scarsdale, where the people have made it well enough that they could afford to have Eldridge Cleaver to dinner, if he would come, and would be bored sick by Sidney Poitier. But it isn't going to happen in South Buffalo.

Radicals of goodwill are aware enough of the ethical and political characteristics of the American *Lumpenbourgeoisie*, but justify their egalitarianism by attributing these to the degradation they have suffered under capitalism. Perhaps; though the East doesn't seem to be jumping with a generous-spirited yeomanry either. But even if this were true, it seems irrelevant to our situation here. The American political climate and American political possibilities are determined by what the citizens we have now are like, not by what they might have been. Those possibilities, to be sure, include the possibility that the people might change, or be changed, to make them fit the demands of a modern technological society better. One suggestion that is authoritatively offered is that our society, if it is to flourish and remain both democratic and genial, can and must cultivate a new kind of personality, at ease in transitory relationships and capable of investing them with emotional significance without feeling bound by them into commitments and loyalties that impede successful operation in the jet age.

In their recent book, *The Temporary Society*, Warren G. Bennis and Philip E. Slater observe in a chapter called "Democracy Is Inevitable":

> These new professional men are remarkably compatible with our conception of a democratic system. For, like these new men, democracy seeks no new stability, no end point; it is purposeless, save that it purports to ensure perpetual transition, constant alteration, ceaseless instability. . . . Democracy and our new professional men identify primarily with the adaptive process, not the establishment. . . . Democracy is a superior technique for making the uncommitted more available.

This, surely, is to make a virtue of necessity. These authors are aware of the costs of such flexibility, and discuss them honestly. But they find them less impoverishing than a reader more conservative than they would, and are better pleased by the new prospect before us. In his concluding chapter, Dr. Bennis suggests:

> I would like to see educational programs in the art and science of being more fully human, which would take very seriously the kind of world we are living in and help produce students who could not only cope with and understand this world but attempt to change it. We should help our students develop the necessary interpersonal competencies, which would include at least the following: (1) learning how to develop intense and deep human relationships quickly — and learn how to "let go." In other words, learning how to get love, to love, and to lose love.

Love is not love, however, which alters when it alteration finds, or bends with the remover to remove. Irrigation may make the desert bloom, but calling something else water won't. Love takes time, as Jefferson Airplane observes in Jorma Kaukonen's lovely song, "Star Track," which people who wander around fearing they may disappear without a trace don't have. Their album *Crown of Creation* says lyrically much of what I have said more prosaically here; while the fact that petty litigation has obstructed the artist's right to authorize printing his own song in this article dramatizes very crudely the values of this culture that I wish to combat.

Jefferson Airplane knows better than Bennis and Slater why we need somebody to love, and why we may not be able to have and hold them when we find them. The development of democracy, as it moves toward totalitarianism, is making love unavailable. That rough beast, its hour come round at last, has not an affectionate nature. And any attempt to make modern society more indi-

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vidualized and personal, and less competitive and bureaucratic, must, it seems to me, make it less open and meritocratic, more clublike and fundamentally elitist. This is highly objectionable to the warmest and most morally serious people in our society, the young student activists, who correctly perceive themselves as a disfranchised and often persecuted minority, akin to the poor and to black people.

But in fact, their conflict with American society is so much more deeply rooted than that of the poor and the black that efforts to make common political cause are likely to be short-lived, and possibly disastrous. Repressively as the poor, and especially the black poor, are treated in this country, their demands are nevertheless consistent with the deeply egalitarian, urban, and bureaucratic trends of modern industrial society, and they can be accommodated by allotting them a greater share in the present system. And the system quite properly, though too slowly, is coming to terms with them — more favorable terms than it offers disruptive students. Black militants, for example, were treated far more gently in the Columbia University hostilities of spring, 1968, than the white allies whom the black students cast out and who then occupied other buildings. In Chicago after the Democratic Convention, the Blackstone Rangers boasted of their sagacity in staying out of the range of police clubs and tear gas. The political issues, from the Vietnam War to the basic need for social reform, did not, after all, interest them enough to lead to their involvement in that terrifying *battue*. Black athletes, finally unable to resist the extraordinary opportunities to compete offered them by the 1968 Olympics, canceled their boycott and agreed to join our team; while Columbia has started hiring black campus guards to subdue student demonstrations.

In noting this, I do not mean to put black militants down, but merely to emphasize that the issue between them and the dominant society is different from and ultimately more easily compromised than the issues that polarize the feelings of middle-class student activists — though white activists, in my experience, hate to admit this.[1]

Black militants demand — in terms of the social contract, quite rightly — more access to greater opportunity. And this the society is geared to provide to them, as it has to other ethnic groups in the past — though its officials are often too terrified of the racism of the dominant common white, or too ambitious for his political support, to do their plain duty. But student radicals want something quite different: not only power, which is a goal they do share with black militants, but a basically different kind of society.

The conception of freedom most valued by radical student groups conflicts crucially with the core values of mass society, which functions in such a way as not merely to tax such freedom as a luxury but to frustrate and destroy the minority that prizes it. A major source of this conflict is the incompatibility of the demands of the radical young with the quest for opportunity within the existing social — and particularly the academic — structure. A university at odds with its major sources of financial support and under continual attack from its community, in which recruiters, military or industrial, are turned away, is not as useful to the career interests of its students or its faculty as the complacent institutions to which the nation is accustomed.

The demands of student radicals are fundamentally elitist and aristocratic, and should be frankly faced as such, especially by the student radicals themselves. Their style shows this quite clearly, in precisely those characteristics that their middle-class critics find most offensive and boorish. Our conception of a gentleman has become so bourgeois that we forget that gentlemen can be — on occasion should be — rude, arrogant, unkempt; and that nobody has worse manners than an aristocrat. When Columbia Vice President David Truman observed of the insurgent student leader Mark Rudd: "It makes me uncomfortable to sit in the same room with him," a part, at least, of his discomfiture may have been due to a sense of social inferiority evoked by Rudd's freedom to express himself and to behave incautiously, to a degree no bureaucrat could accept. Their elitism, indeed, seems to me the great and distinctive moral contribution student radicals are making to American society, which needs a sharp reminder that the validity of a moral position cannot be determined by counting its adherents, but must be judged by the view of man and of the human condition it expresses.

But for student radicals to insist that they are champions of a democratic society and the common man is to betray their own essential virtue; the common man, in his turn, has made it very clear that if anybody is going up against the wall, it will be they. The endorsement of the actions of the Chicago police at the Democratic National Convention by a majority of the American people; the vitriolic denunciations of "dirty-necked, dirty-mouthed" antiwar demonstrators and "rioters, looters, peace-

[1] For a most poignant and revealing account of the operation of this form of sentimentality in a conflict situation see Lillian Rubin, "The Racism of Liberals — An Episode in a County Jail," *Trans*-action, September, 1968, pp. 39–44.

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niks, beatniks, and all the rest of the nuts who are trying to destroy" the country by union officials speaking at the International Machinists Union Convention in September; the strength of the Wallace candidacy — all these show quite clearly where the common man stands on student radicalism.

An elite, if we had one, might dig them. But they themselves are the closest thing to an elite we have. Apart from the imperiled and atavistic group of young people who have been making what well may be a last stand against the totalitarian garrison state all over the world, modern industrial states have not developed responsible standard-bearers who claim respect on the basis of their own commitment. An elite, whatever its political or ideological character is, must also be a genuine community, not an aggregate of collectively powerful *arrivistes*. Its members should know one another, share certain experiences and certain values; they need not be admirable individuals personally, but they must have developed some basis for mutual trust from the fact that they comprehend one another. Student radicals usually do; but this is so rare a condition in modern life as to constitute, in Governor Reagan's eyes and those of many other people, a conspiracy.

The decision-makers of a modern, open society do not constitute such a community of colleagues; though they seek by mutual accommodation to create a community of interests. Ralf Dahrendorf, speaking of their German version, calls them a "cartel of anxiety": too value-free to be intolerant; seldom malicious, but shifty and careerist. As administrators, they have lost or abandoned, if they have ever possessed, the conviction that their policies should be guided by their own moral judgment; they are not that serious-minded; they have been too long accustomed to thinking that their only real obligation is to preserve the structure of the institutions that employ them from being ground up by conflicting demands to retain the ability or the inclination to assess those demands — or those institutions — ethically. They are not hypocrites, but men who make a virtue of flexibility. Since they like to think themselves liberal, they often begin by supporting the more humane or progressive side of each successive conflict; then they cave in and cop out when the infuriated and punitive members of their constituency, or those William Burroughs calls "control addicts," demand a crackdown. Thus, paradoxically, it is their liberal tendencies that make them the willing instruments of a more repressive policy than they themselves might have chosen.

Our leaders are terrified of real internal conflict, for democracy proceeds on the assumption that negotiation and compromise improve the general welfare, while strife leads to chaos. But there may be no such thing as the general welfare; and the belief that there is serves chiefly to legitimate the demands the more powerful make upon the weaker. Society is not an organism, but an arena in which loose and shifting coalitions of interest contend. Thus, there *is* no substantial common interest shared by the old men who serve on draft boards and the young men they conscript; unless it be the preservation of the national state itself. And the value of preserving it cannot be assumed — this is the most fundamental issue of all. Does the preservation of the United States of America contribute to the general welfare? Devotees of the ballot might like to take a poll on that, canvassing, to be sure, not merely the registered voters of this country but all people whose interests are substantially affected by its policies. Unfortunately, some millions of those whose interests have been most strongly affected in Indonesia, Vietnam, Bolivia, the Congo, and elsewhere have lost the franchise through untimely death.

To raise this question is indeed to approach the disaffection with which Alice finally cried, "You're nothing but a pack of cards, anyway!"; though when the familiar faces of our leaders turn up they make one feel more like Carmen than like Alice. It is hard to imagine a game in which their appearance would not spell doom. Chicago made it clear, if any further clarification was needed, that the old game spells exactly this to the best of our youth, who seek, in any case, prizes very different from those awarded to its winners. They must reject it, as they have been doing, and create new ones with different rules under which they count, instead of being used as counters. But they must also survive, if they can; and the popularity of Mayor Daley's crude but impressive pioneering attempt at a final solution to the youth problem strongly suggests that they would be wiser not to keep trying to devise games that any number can play. Perhaps the emphasis on *participatory* democracy implies that even a group as open and unstructured as Students for a Democratic Society are learning what Benjamin Disraeli could have told them. Society should be open to all, regardless of ethnicity; but democracy functions best among a small circle of friends.

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The 1950s were years of triumph and decline for Hemingway. His next-to-last book, ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES, *was a critical failure. Hardly had the literary obituaries dried when* THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA *reignited his fame and moved the Nobel Prize judges to award him "that Swedish thing." After a plane crash in Africa, a good part of the world thought him dead, only to learn a few hours later that he was busted in several places but very much alive. But the body was failing and the corners in the back of Hemingway's mind were darkening in the period covered in this final of two* ATLANTIC *excerpts from* ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A LIFE STORY *by Carlos Baker, to be published in April by Scribner's.*

Living Loving Dying

by Carlos Baker

PART II

THE spring of 1948 went smoothly and well. Malcolm Cowley, whom Ernest called the best critic then working in the United States, came down to Cuba in February with his wife and son for a two-week session of interviews in preparation for a long article on Hemingway's career to be published in *Life* magazine. Ernest had also begun to correspond with Lillian Ross, the profile-writer for the *New Yorker*, his recent visitor in Ketchum, Idaho. He was already addressing her as "daughter." Cowley and Miss Ross were to become the first chroniclers of his life to operate with his personal blessing. He said that talking about himself made him almost physically sick. After Cowley left Cuba, Ernest wrote him that their biographical sessions had destroyed his ability to write for a whole week.

The interviews with Cowley had helped, however, to lay the groundwork for the perpetuation of the Hemingway legend. Ernest virtually guaranteed this result by urging Cowley to consult General Charles Trueman ("Buck") Lanham about the events of the war. Hemingway knew very well that the gen-

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eral's loyalty and friendship would make him speak of Hemingway in the most glowing terms, with considerable emphasis on his bravery under fire.

All through the spring he continued his correspondence with Cowley and Miss Ross, throwing out helpful hints about his personal history and beliefs. He told Cowley of his Bronze Star medal, his membership on the governing board of the International Game Fishing Association, of his having once shot thirty-six straight doubles against Ronnie Tree and Bill Astor of England while returning from Spain aboard the *Normandie*, of boxing with Tom Heeney at Bimini in 1935, and of besting the big Negro challenger Willard Saunders. He described his submarine hunting in the Caribbean and boasted that he had bedded every woman he had ever wanted and some that he hadn't. He said that his hatred of his mother was non-Freudian, that she was an all-time, all-American bitch, and that the first big psychic wound of his life had come when he discovered that his father was a coward. He even offered a detailed account of Dr. Hemingway's suicide.

The letters to Miss Ross were filled with goodwill and humorous anecdotes. He indicated his disgust with Sidney Franklin's "lies" about their former association, and suggested suitable subjects for her future profiles in the *New Yorker*, among them Jimmy Cannon, the sportswriter, Trujillo, the Dominican dictator, and Arturo Suárez, the Cuban newspaper columnist. He said disarmingly that he had early taught himself to walk dangerously so that people would leave him alone. He provided Lillian with a list of his personal heroes, including Peter Wykeham Barnes of the RAF; Michel Ney, Napoleon's rear-guard commander on the retreat from Moscow; his fourth wife, Mary Welsh, for her refusal to die on the operating table in Casper long after pit bulls would have quit; and his son Patrick, who had now completed a successful year at Stanford University and was about to leave on a vacation trip to Europe. The names of Gustave Flaubert and James Thurber rounded out his list.

The editors of *Cosmopolitan* now sent one of their staff members to Havana on a special assignment. His name was Aaron Edward Hotchner, an Air Force veteran in his middle twenties. He had been an admirer of Hemingway's work since his high school days in St. Louis, Missouri, and was awed by the prospect of meeting the master, though full of doubt about his assignment, which was to ask him to write a piece on "The Future of Literature." Ernest met him at the Floridita, treated him to a bewildering series of frozen daiquiris, talked with him about everything but the future of literature, and took him out fishing next day aboard the *Pilar*, Hemingway's boat. When they shook hands in parting on the sidewalk in front of the Hotel Nacional, Ernest half-promised to write the article that Hotchner had come to get, and the young man flew home filled with nascent hero-worship.

In June Ernest pridefully declined an invitation to become a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and sent Charles Scribner a series of letters full of down-to-earth family gossip, including the statement that he always had to ease off on making love when he was working hard because the two things were run by the same motor. Later in the month, as a parting gesture for Patrick, he arranged a ten-day cruise to Cay Sal, the Anguillas, and the Bahama Banks, with Mary, Mayito Menocal, and Elicio Arguelles. His sons Gigi and Patrick came over from Key West, and the whole company slept each night aboard Menocal's newly refurbished yacht, the *Delicias*, using the *Pilar* for fishing by day. A heavy East wind made the currents too strong for bottom fishing in twenty fathoms, but their success with trolling was phenomenal. During three five-hour stretches, by Ernest's account, they averaged one fish every three minutes, including marlin, wahoo, albacore, amberjack, three kinds of grouper, yellowtail, kingfish, mackerel, and 120 barracuda. They also captured three large turtles. The ice bins of the *Delicias* and the *Pilar* were filled with almost a full ton of game fish.

Part of Ernest's introduction for the new illustrated edition of *A Farewell to Arms* was done during this voyage. Four days after his return, on June 29, it stood complete, a loose remembrance of things past, stressing his difficulties and joys in writing the novel. He was less than happy with Rasmusson's illustrations, especially those of Catherine Barkley. In fact, said he, consulting the mirrors of his memory, she had resembled the youthful Marlene Dietrich. All such girls, with naturally lovely faces, looked best when they cried or were about to cry, swelling slightly around the eyes and lips instead of getting the pinched-up Mother Superior look of Rasmusson's portrait of Catherine Barkley on the bed. He did not believe in illustration. There was an inevitable gap between the author's and the artist's conception of things and places and people. If Ernest wrote a book about the Bahamas, he would like it to contain pictures — not illustrations — by Winslow Homer; if he were Guy de Maupassant, pictures by Toulouse-Lautrec or Renoir would suit the books he wrote. But no mere illustrator could avoid disappointing the author of a novel; almost by definition he was an outsider: the "someone else who was not there."

ANOTHER long cruise in July was carefully planned to include his forty-ninth birthday. Having recently completed the preface to *A Farewell to Arms*, he now said that he always thought of himself as just "going

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on thirty" — exactly the age he had attained when that novel was finished. His fellow voyagers this time were Mary, Gigi, Sinsky (shortened from Sinbad the Sailor, the name Hemingway gave his merry-eyed Basque friend Juan Dunabeitia), Gregorio Fuentes, his veteran mate and cook aboard the *Pilar*, and Manolito, the young son of the owner of a small café at Cojimar. Ernest was much taken with Manolito, who loved the ocean, never got seasick, helped Gregorio, and worshiped Gigi. The whole cruise went well, and the birthday itself was a special delight to Ernest. Mary had gone to a good deal of trouble, buying and wrapping "wonderful presents," many of them bearing presentation cards from the cats and dogs of the Finca. There was also a half pound of fresh caviar and a cake with icing and candles. The Hemingways' wine merchant in Havana had presented a case of champagne. Ernest and Sinsky broke it out at six o'clock in the morning and drank it steadily until after nightfall. Ernest affirmed his joy and pride at having attained the age of forty-nine and said that he was looking forward to his fiftieth, when all the world would damn well have to respect him. But his forty-ninth was also memorable. He told Lillian Ross that he had been "just stink happy all day long."

". . . just stink happy all day long."

His mood of euphoria lasted through most of the summer. He helped his friend Roberto Herrera make up a birthday purse for "Leopoldina," the aging Havana prostitute, and said that he was thinking seriously of giving his Thompson submachine gun to a museum as a memento of his wartime adventures: it would be as valuable as one of Hawthorne's shoes or a comma left over from the works of Henry James. He also began planning a trip to Europe, his first since the war. He convinced himself that Sun Valley was becoming "cluttered up" with too many people, and that a change of pace and place would benefit both Mary and himself. He wanted to board a slow boat from Havana early in September, going through the Northwest Providence Channel in the Bahamas, through the Sargasso Sea, and then straight across, with stops at Funchal, Lisbon, and Gibraltar, and debarkation at Cannes. The ship would be small enough so that he hoped to troll all the way across. Gregorio was already preparing a Hardy rod for the purpose.

In the midst of these plans came the disturbing news that his lawyer, Maurice Speiser, was gravely ill. A young assistant named Alfred Rice was acting in his stead. Ernest reminisced fondly about his first meeting with Speiser in Hendaye twenty years earlier. The words were scarcely out of his typewriter when a cable from Rice notified him that Maury had died on August 7. Although he had often been highly critical of Speiser's conduct of his business affairs, Ernest mourned his death as yet another in the long series of deprivations which he had endured in the years since 1944. Many "perfectly OK people" who had thought that "Papa was dumb" were now dead. He took satisfaction in having proved that he could outlast them. Yet from time to time in the darker moods of his fiftieth year, he could hear the cold wind sighing around the gateposts of Eden.

The romantic days of his youth in Italy were much in Ernest's mind when he docked at Genoa, the port from which he had sailed homeward thirty years before. Except for the post-war tours with Hadley in the early 1920s and the quick trip with Guy Hickok in 1927, he had not set foot inside the country since 1918. As soon as his Buick was unloaded, he hired a chauffeur and drove off with Mary for Stresa while past and present, the imagination and the reality, contended within him for mastery.

"Christ, Buck, this is wonderful country," he told Lanham. Mary, the newcomer, was enchanted by the profusion of fall flowers and the violet-colored mists in the valleys; Ernest reveled in a homecomer's euphoria. The North Italians treated them both "like royalty." Alberto Mondadori, one of his two Italian publishers, assured him that his books had outsold those of any other author in Italy since the war. Everyone was reading him, from common sailors to the sporting families of the Italian nobility. His pleasure mounted as they drove from Stresa through Como, Bergamo, and up the winding road to Cortina d'Ampezzo. Although the village itself had grown, the contours of the pink and red peaks had not changed since Ernest and Hadley and Renata Borgatti had wintered there in 1923. Most wonderful of all, said Ernest, forgetting his intermediate trips, was the chance to rediscover the North Italian countryside, which he had seen before only from crowded military camions or through the dust goggles he had worn while driving the Fiat ambulance. Count Federico Kechler and his wife, Maria Luisa, were on holiday in the village. He came to the hotel to ask Ernest to join him in trout fishing. It was a far cry from the old days with the down-at-heel guide "Peduzzi." Kechler was a member of the Friulian nobility, who had served in the Navy during the war — a thin man with a high forehead, prominent eyes, and cadaverous cheeks. Ernest's Italian was rusty, but it came back gradually in conversation with the Kechlers. Federico's English was so impeccable that he might have been mistaken for a retired officer of the Royal Navy.

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From Cortina late in October they drove down through Belluno and Treviso to the magical city of Venice. If you cared anything about history, said Ernest, Venice was absolutely god-damned wonderful. The fact that he and Mary were "very popular characters" among the Venetians did nothing to diminish his pleasure. He was presented with a scroll which made him Cavaliere di Gran Croce al Merito in the Knights of Malta, and rejoiced with Lady Mary in the solid comforts of the Gritti Palace Hotel and Harry's Bar. The whole city, he now believed, belonged to him personally. He even managed to persuade himself that he had twice helped to defend it in his youth. Out of his dreams arose a romantic image of himself standing chest-deep in the salt marshes of the lagoon at Capo Sile, fighting side by side with other defenders of the city. It was, of course, a complete invention, but in his own mind it had the force of fact.

The old war was so much in his mind that he made a special trip to the site of his wounding thirty years before. From the much rebuilt, redestroyed, and dingy town of Fossalta, he drove out along the sunken road that gave the place its name. The miles of old earthworks along the riverbank had long since been filled in and grassed over in a complex of protective dikes. Reeds rustled in the wind along the edges of the river. In the valley behind one of the dikes stood a long low yellow house that had been there in 1918, perhaps the same that Ernest had recalled and used in "A Way You'll Never Be." He came upon what he took to be the very crater ("like a designed depression in a golf-course"), which was all that remained of the dugout where the trench-mortar projectile had exploded. He would have liked to accomplish a ceremonious defecation. Finding this impossible, he dug a small hole with a stick and inserted a 1000-lire note. This homemade symbolism was meant to indicate that he had contributed both blood and money to the Italian soil. That evening he returned to Venice, as Mary said, "wizer and jubilant."

Ernest spent most of November, partly with Mary and partly alone, at the Locando Cipriani, a pleasant inn on the island of Torcello, an hour's boat ride north of Venice in the lagoon. There he settled into a loose schedule of work in the mornings and duck shooting in the afternoons. He was charmed by the flaming logs of beech and birch in their open fireplace as well as by the eleventh-century church nearby. From the church tower on clear days it was possible to see the marshland around Capo Sile, and with the aid of binoculars, the town of Fossalta beyond. What could exceed the romance of such a situation, where a man could almost literally look back over thirty years? On the plea that he hated sightseeing, at least of that sort, he declined to accompany Mary on a motor trip to Florence and Fiesole, and stayed behind to write "The Great Blue River," a piece about the Gulf Stream, for *Holiday* magazine. Mary returned late in the month, full of her adventures, which had included frequent visits to the Florentine galleries in the company of her British friends Lucy and Alan Moorehead, and even a meeting with Bernard Berenson, the art historian, in the garden of his villa, I Tatti, near Fiesole — a neat little white-bearded wisp of a man, aged eighty-three, with a towering intellect.

They were going to winter in Cortina, having engaged a chalet called the Villa Aprile in the southern outskirts of the village. Early in December Ernest went partridge shooting with Count Carlo Kechler, the brother of Federico, and appeared next day at a shooting preserve south of Latisana on the lower Tagliamento, the property of the Barone Nanyuki Franchetti. The only woman present that rainy Saturday afternoon was Adriana Ivancich, a friend of Nanyuki's. She had never shot before, and by the close of the day she was tired, wet through, and thoroughly disgusted at having been whacked in the forehead by the empty shell cases ejected from her gun. When the huntsmen gathered to warm up with whiskey and discuss the day's events, she was in the kitchen before an open fire, drying her hair and longing for a comb to straighten it with. Ernest spoke kindly to her: he was sorry, he said, that she was the only girl there. She was struck at once by his evident sympathy and by the alacrity with which, on learning that she wanted a comb, he broke his own in two and handed her half of it.

Adriana was a *jeune fille bien élevée*, only a month short of nineteen. The family Ivancich had anciently come from Lussinpiccolo on the island of Lussino off the Dalmatian coast. Shortly before 1800, they had established themselves in Venice. Their palazzo stood in the Calle de Rimedio, a narrow little thoroughfare just east of the Piazza San Marco. Adriana had been educated at a Catholic girls' day school in Venice and was still leading a sheltered life under the watchful eyes of her widowed mother, Dora. She was of medium height, with a slender girlish build and a narrow pale face that went shadowy under the cheekbones. Her eyes were hazel, her ancestral nose was slightly hooked, and she had capable hands, with which she was always drawing small cartoons and sketches. Ernest liked her soft voice, her rather ardent feminine manner, the evidences of her devout Catholicism, the fact that she was superstitious, and (not least) her dark beauty. Standing at ease before the fire, he chatted amicably for some time while she combed out and arranged her black hair. When he asked her to lunch to meet Mary, she carried along her scrapbook, full of girlish cartoons and even such keepsakes as the wrapper from the first bar of chocolate that she had been allowed to eat. He added his

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autograph to her collection. He was already calling her "daughter."

With the back of the car full of the birds he had shot, Ernest drove up to Cortina. He and Mary spent a quiet Christmas, with a fir tree cut from the mountain forest and a pitcher of Bloody Marys at noon. His chief Christmas present was the sale of "My Old Man" to Twentieth-Century Fox for $45,000. As the year closed, he mentioned his novel about the land, sea, and air, telling Charles Scribner that he was now at work on the part about the sea. It was the hardest of the three parts, since it covered the years 1936–1944, whereas he had been with the RAF only two months and with the infantry another seven. He assured Scribner that he was working slowly for two reasons. One was the constant bad ringing in his ears, which had required him to take a nauseous medicine every four hours for the past fifteen months. The other was that this time he was determined to write better than he had ever written before.

MALCOLM COWLEY's "A Portrait of Mister Papa" had just appeared in *Life* magazine. It was the first biographical study that Ernest had authorized; it made much of his adventures in the war, and he read it avidly. Although it was "not awfully accurate," as he told Lanham, it was continuously interesting. He praised Cowley's scrupulous honesty in having withheld data which he had been forbidden to use, and soon wrote to assure the author that he had found the article "OK." But he retreated hastily when Cowley raised the question of going on to a full-length biography. As he later explained to Lillian Ross, it seemed "sort of chicken" to permit himself to be thus embalmed while still alive. If he were ever to be "mounted," the people for the job were Jonas Brothers of Yonkers, the finest taxidermists in the land.

Mary, who had lately taken to calling herself "the short happy wife of Mr. McPappa," took issue with Cowley's implication that Ernest had not been a star athlete in his days at Oak Park High School. With some heat, she wrote to Cowley that he clearly did not know enough about Ernest to become his biographer. Her husband was in fact a remarkable athlete. But Ernest followed up her letter with one of his own in which he admitted his limitations as a football player. On the other hand, he said with some pride that he had been good with rifle, shotgun, and fishing rod since age twelve, and that he had often shot cigarettes out of Bill Smith's mouth around Horton Bay. Shooting and fishing, yes; team sports, no.

Both the Hemingways were shortly in trouble — Mary with a broken anklebone from a skiing accident in soft snow, and Ernest with a severe chest cold that kept him in bed for two weeks in February. But the worst physical problem came in March, some weeks after Mary had emerged from her plaster cast. An infection from a small scratch in the corner of his left eye began to spread rapidly across his face. The doctors in Cortina diagnosed erysipelas, a contagious disease of the subcutaneous tissue. Ernest believed that the trouble had begun with a dust particle which had lodged in his eye while riding in the open Buick over unpaved secondary roads. A more romantic story was later given out that the injury had originated from a fragment of wadding from a shotgun shell during one of his duck-shooting expeditions. When the doctors expressed fear that the infection might spread to the brain, Ernest entered a hospital in Padua. Massive doses of penicillin reduced the fever and arrested the disease. By this time, his whole face was covered with what he called "crut," his eyes were swollen shut, and his discolored beard thrust up through the dark ointment like stubble in a muddy field.

Sinclair Lewis had now reached Venice and taken a suite at the Gritti. As Ernest later reported it, Lewis took the occasion of his absence to "nail" Mary with a three-hour diatribe on the theme of "I love Ernest, but . . . ." His chief objections were that Ernest was a snob, that his productivity as a writer was niggardly, and that he had never responded in kind for Lewis' generous praise of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Lewis concluded by expressing his sympathy for Mary in her role as wife to a genius, and left her to pay for all the drinks. When Ernest returned from Padua with the ravages of erysipelas still evident on his face, he indulged the snobbery of which Lewis had accused him by telling the headwaiter at the Gritti that Lewis was nothing but a Baedeker-bearing bastard with a complexion that resembled the mountains of the moon.

Adriana Ivancich's older brother, Gianfranco, had just returned from an extended trip to New York, and Ernest had them both to lunch at the Gritti. Gianfranco was twenty-eight, a short lively brown-haired, brown-eyed man whose war record at once endeared him to Ernest. He had served as an officer in an Italian armored regiment at the battle of El Alamein in 1942 under the command of General Erwin Rommel. He was soon afterward wounded and then evacuated on the last Red Cross ship to leave North Africa before it fell to the Allies. Following months of recuperation in various Italian hospitals, he joined the American OSS, serving as chief of partisan activity in the Veneto. In the confusion of enmities at the end of the war, he was captured by criminal elements and driven for several miles with a cocked pistol held coldly at the base of his skull. Meantime the family's country estate at San Michele al Tagliamento had been inadvertently destroyed by American medium bombers

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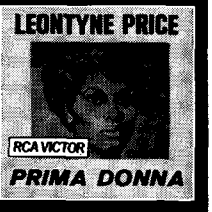

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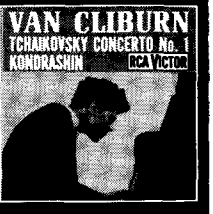

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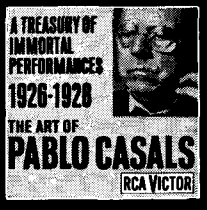

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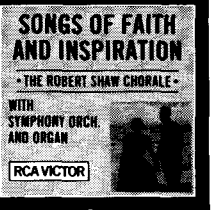

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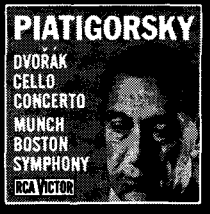

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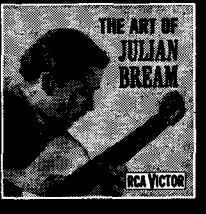

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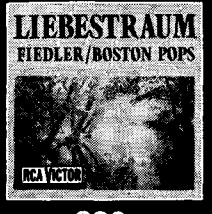

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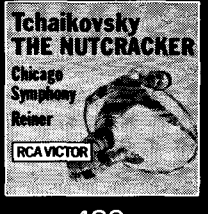

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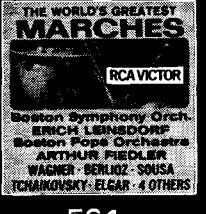

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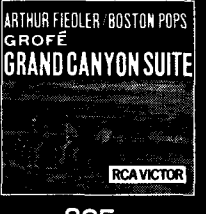

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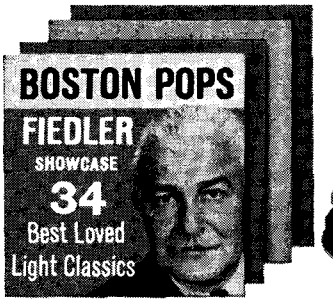

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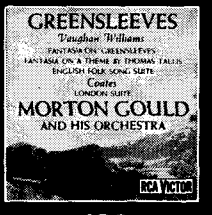

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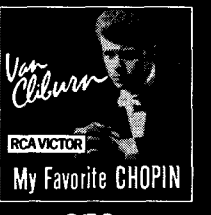

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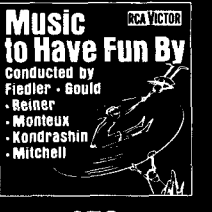

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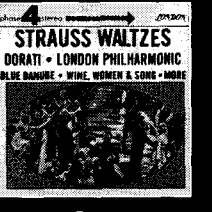

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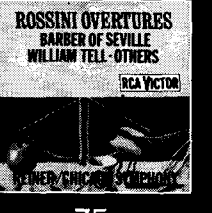

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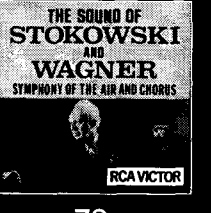

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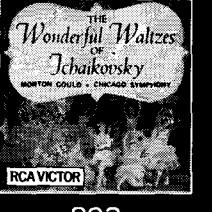

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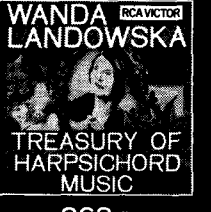

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"Jeezoo Chrise, you have to have confidence to be a champion and that is the only thing I ever wished to be."

whose target was a nearby bridge. On the twelfth of June, 1945, Gianfranco had found the body of his eminent father, Gr. Uff. Dott. Carlo Ivancich, murdered by hands unknown, lying amidst the rubble of an alley in San Michele. The family had ever since been struggling to recover from the tragic events of 1944–1945. Ernest's romantic view of Adriana, as well as his admiration for the manly and stoical Gianfranco, was enhanced by all he heard of their recent history.

Ernest now left off his desultory work on the sea sections of his long novel in order to attempt a shorter one. At first it was only a story about shooting ducks before dawn in the chilly waters of the lagoon. But it quickly expanded in his imagination to a far more ambitious effort in which he drew on various other aspects of his recent months in Northern Italy. He was at least enough of a snob to want to make fictional use of his new friendships with the families of Franchetti, Di Robillant, Kechler, and Ivancich. He had a perfect setting in the hospitable interiors of Harry's Bar and the Gritti Palace Hotel, as well as the seascapes and cityscapes of Venice in winter. He wanted a structure which would dramatize the confrontation between two spots of time thirty years apart. In the first, like himself, his hero would be a boy of nineteen severely wounded on the Basso Piave within distant eyeshot of Venice. Over against this would be laid the attitudes and experiences of the same man revisiting the region in his forty-ninth year and looking back on his youth with characteristic nostalgia. Such a structure would enable him to include some of his recollections of the war as he had known it in France, Belgium, and Germany.

The book was still little more than a duck shooter's story when the Italian visit ended and the Hemingways boarded the *Jagiello* at Genoa on April 30 for the circuitous voyage back to Havana. He was still uncertain of the novel's direction or its final dimensions. When the ship docked at Cristobal in the Canal Zone on May 22, he declined to discuss his work beyond saying to a reporter that it was still in progress. Further progress was delayed by the usual mountain of unanswered mail. To deal with it, he hired a part-time secretary named Juanita Jensen from the American Embassy in Havana. Nita had been forewarned that his language might on occasion become a little rough. She was both pleasantly surprised and slightly disappointed when her new employer turned out to be the "most polite perfect gentleman" that she had ever met. For several weeks he dictated with the utmost regard for her sensibilities. Then one day he said, "Would you mind if I call you daughter?" "Not at all," said the girl. As if encouraged, he began to use somewhat less decorous language than before and at last reached the climactic moment when he uttered a four-letter word. At this he stopped dictating and fixed Nita with a fatherly eye. "You must forgive me, daughter," said he, "for using this language, but I find that it is absolutely necessary."

"Go right ahead," the girl said. "Please feel free to say whatever you like." The effect was almost miraculous. "From then on," she said, "I noticed a terrific change in his dictation. He was more at ease, he said whatever came into his mind, and I don't think he withheld anything."

The book was now going along so well that Ernest allowed himself a bout of bragging to Charlie Scribner. "Jeezoo Chrise," he wrote, "you have to have confidence to be a champion and that is the only thing I ever wished to be." His novel was very likely going to be a better book than any other son of a bitch alive or dead could write. Each day he stood before his typewriter, listening to the morning crowing of his fighting roosters in the yard and rejoicing in the fact that he had been born to write. He had now reached the stage of looking for titles. One of his favorites was *The Things That I Know*. Another was *A New-Slain Knight*, from the medieval ballad of "The Twa Corbies." He had secretly treasured it since 1926. Now, perhaps, was the time to use it.

From the boastful mood it was only a step to one of dark rage. A woman at *McCall's* magazine had been trying to get an interview with his aging mother in River Forest, Illinois. Grace was now seventy-seven and was being cared for by Ruth Arnold. Lately, he had been "playing the role" of a devoted son. But the truth, Ernest said, was that he hated his mother's guts precisely as she hated his. Sometime in the Depression, when Ernest had ordered her to sell the worthless Florida real estate, she had warned him never to threaten her: his father had tried it once when they were first married, and he had lived to regret it. Now Ernest took a firm stand. If she ever granted an interview to that bitch from *McCall's*, he would cut her off without a penny. He had found a new generic phrase for such situations: "How do you like it now, gentlemen?" It applied not only to his decision about his mother, but also to the case of a German soldier he said he had killed

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sometime during the "rat-race" of the summer and fall of 1944. In his capacity as self-appointed intelligence officer he was interrogating several of the enemy. One was so arrogant that Ernest threatened to kill him unless he revealed the proposed German escape route. "You will not kill me," said the soldier, "because you are afraid and because you are a race of moral degenerates, and besides it is against the Geneva Convention." Ernest fixed him with a cold eye. "What a mistake you made, brother," he said, and shot him three times in the belly and once more in the head, so that his brains came out through his nose as he fell over. This at any rate was his boast to his gentlemanly publisher, Charles Scribner. Like so many of his war stories, it was either invented or picked by hearsay from someone else. Yet the mere telling of it was a way of getting rid of the gall that rose in his throat whenever he thought of the woman at *McCall's* and his poor old mother in River Forest, Illinois.

But he was a man of many moods. In one of them he sent a tactful letter to the octogenarian Bernard Berenson, thanking him for having been so kind to Mary during her visit to Fiesole in November, and assuring the old man that he was "one of the [few] liveing people that I respect most." He hoped it was not heretical to say that he did not care for Firenze, being "an old Veneto boy" himself. A man had only one virginity to lose, and there his heart would ever be. Such a statement might sound "slightly wet," but it admirably expressed how he felt about all parts of the Veneto, including even Pordenone. He was already talking of another trip to Italy, leaving in November on the *Île de France*, calling in at the Ritz in Paris, and then descending to the Veneto, where he could revise the book on weekdays and shoot ducks on Sundays. Once finished, the novel would be serialized in *Cosmopolitan* magazine, largely because of Ernest's liking for young Aaron Hotchner, whom he now called "one of the nicest kids I have ever met." Hotch was coming to Cuba with his wife for a vacation early in September. He touched Ernest's heart by insisting on staying at Varadero to avoid interrupting the master at his work. When he arrived on the fifth, Ernest lost no time in getting him aboard the *Pilar* and handing him the early chapters of the novel. As he had done with Buck Lanham in 1945, he leaned over Hotchner's shoulder while the reading went on, breathing into his ear, offering marginal comments, and laughing heartily at some of the passages which he thought were witty. Hotchner found it hard to concentrate, and covered his embarrassment by asking to take the pages away to be read at greater leisure. The upshot of the visit was happy enough, since Hotchner virtually became Ernest's agent in the negotiations for serialization with the senior editors of *Cosmopolitan*.

A week after Hotchner's departure, Ernest settled at last on a title: *Across the River and Into the Trees*, a slightly abbreviated version of the dying words of General Stonewall Jackson. He borrowed $10,000 from Charles Scribner and sent Mary off to see her aging parents in Chicago as well as to buy a mink coat — "to make up to her," he explained, "for how shitty I have been when jamming in the stretch." The racetrack metaphor was fairly just: he computed his wordage at 13,441 between September 5 and 29, in spite of time off for two fishing trips. While Mary was away, he did his best to keep his bad-boy reputation. A new whore whom he nicknamed Xenophobia had recently appeared in Havana, and he sent his retainer, Roberto Herrera, to bring her out to the Finca for dinner. Some days later he paid a nonprofessional call on Leopoldina, who was just his age. They exchanged the local gossip and told each other what Ernest described as "sad stories of the death of kings." Afterward he set Roberto to counting the words of the manuscript. There were roughly 45,000, and Ernest believed that another 15,000 would finish the job. "Am trying to knock Mr. Shakespeare on his ass," he told Scribner. "Very difficult."

When Mary got back early in October, Ernest was already talking of completing the novel by November 1. All the time he had ever spent in Italy, he wrote Buck Lanham, was now "paying off doubled and redoubled." He said that his hero Cantwell was a composite portrait of three men: Charlie Sweeny, the former soldier of fortune; Lanham, the hard-driving West Pointer; and most of all himself as he might have been if he had turned to soldiering instead of writing. What he wanted to get was a picture of a highly intelligent fighting man deeply embittered by experience. The background, as always, was love and death. In the foreground stood the embattled hero, the eternal type of "one against the world." The fighting in the book, said he, was "all offstage as in Shakespeare." It included some remarks on the taking of Paris, and some more on his experiences in the Ardennes, the Schnee Eifel, and Hürtgen Forest. He said that his struggle to finish the novel was worse than Hürtgen — a considerable exaggeration. But then, he was in an exaggerating mood. He said that he had now decided to expend all he knew about the land war instead of saving out some of it for his big triple-decker novel on the Land, the Sea, and the Air. It was the kind of operation he had performed in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" in the middle thirties: condensing the materials of several novels into the flashbacks of a single short story. The mood of reckless spending was upon him.

He was right in asserting that he had borrowed much from his recent visit to Italy. He not only sent his Colonel past the bombed-out country estate

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of the Ivancich family at San Michele al Tagliamento, but also provided him with a romanticized duplicate of his own ceremonial visit to the dikes of Fossalta. He gave him a distant view from the tower of the ancient church on Torcello and lodged him at the Gritti Palace in Venice. He introduced him to an American novelist whose face was "as pockmarked and as blemished as the mountains of the moon seen through a cheap telescope." He provided him also with an estranged wife whom the Colonel, like Ernest, had "cauterized . . . and exorcised" in the intervening years. Finally, he gave him such real-life friends of his own as the headwaiter at the Gritti Palace, Cipriani of Harry's Bar, and Nanyuki Franchetti.

In evolving the figure of Renata, the fifty-year-old Colonel's nineteen-year-old inamorata, Ernest followed a line not unlike that of the mythical sculptor Pygmalion, who fashioned the image of a woman so beautiful that he promptly fell in love with his creation. As Renata's prototype, he chose the black-haired nineteen-year-old Adriana Ivancich, for whom he had broken his como near Latisana in December, and with whom he had had lunch in Venice in April. Adriana was not a countess like Renata, nor was she (except in a remote and schoolgirlish fashion) in love with Ernest. The relationship could best be described as sentimentally Platonic. He was at pains not to reveal what he was doing to her fictional counterpart, Renata, when he sent her the first of many letters early in October. He called her "daughter" and saluted her as "My Dear Adrianna." He told her that his son Gigi, who had met her on a recent trip to Venice, had called her the loveliest girl he had ever seen. He said that he was coming to Paris in November; if she would come too, they could have fun betting on the races at Auteuil. He would be "quite rich from the book," so that they need not worry if they lost money on the horses. He hoped that she was well and happy; he knew that she was beautiful, but he would rather have her well. He urged her to write to him in Italian, and closed the letter, "With much love, Mr. Papa."

What this romantic paternalism did not reveal was that in the figure of Renata Ernest was attempting a poetic metaphor of greater complexity than he had ever tried before. He wished to surround her with a Venus-like aura, like a goddess risen from the sea to become the presiding spirit of the ancient city of Venice. He had borrowed her name from the Renata Borgatti whom he and Hadley had befriended at Cortina in 1923, but was fully conscious that the name itself meant "reborn." What he wanted her to represent was the spirit of youth, reborn in the mind of his fifty-year-old Colonel. She could stand for the freshness, innocence, courage, and idealism that both Ernest and Colonel Cantwell had enjoyed in the days before war had aged and embittered them. In the passage of lovemaking under an O.D. blanket in a wind-swept gondola, Ernest was indulging himself in the same sort of vicarious eroticism which he had followed in *A Farewell to Arms*. Adriana had never been — would not in fact ever be — alone in a gondola or in his room at the Gritti Palace Hotel with Ernest. But this did not prevent him from dreaming his dreams.

Apart from the symbolic meanings he was seeking to convey, the relationship between Renata and the Colonel was curiously comparable with that of the lovers in *The Garden of Eden*, Ernest's long and emptily hedonistic novel of young lovers in the old days at Grau-du-Roi and the Costa Brava: page after page of their talk was filled with inconsequential commentary on the color and condition of their hair, the food and drink they were always consuming, and the current state of their suntanned skins. Something of this carried over into the food-drink-and-lovemaking passages in *Across the River*. The atmosphere was darkened, however, by a strange psychological malaise, as if Ernest were using the pages of his novel as the equivalent of a psychiatrist's couch. Even the bold talk in his letters about knocking Mr. Shakespeare across the ring and into the front seats might have been construed as more of the same: an exercise in self-assurance to restore his flagging courage.

The gall inside him came out in various ways, most notably in the mocking remarks which he dictated to Nita Jensen for the Roosevelt Birthday Memorial Concert to be held at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York on January 30, 1950. Averell Harriman had written to ask his assistance. Ernest benignly promised to help if his work on the novel allowed him to do so. But it was a promise he meant to ignore. The "dedication," which happily was never sent, spoke with the utmost scorn of the rich and spoiled paralytic who had changed the world and then died of overwork.

By November it was clear that Ernest would not finish his novel before leaving for New York and Paris. Nita Jensen typed out some of the opening chapters for Hotchner to show to Herbert Mayes, the new editor in chief at *Cosmopolitan*. Ernest was already promoting a trip to France for his young friend. "Wish we had him on our team," he wrote. "Maybe we have." Lillian Ross had lately suggested doing a profile of Ernest. "I probably couldn't talk good enough to make it worthwhile," he told her. "But it would be fun to do it if you did it." On the eve of departure, the usual air of mild desperation overhung the Finca. Mary saw to the packing of fourteen pieces of luggage. Adriana's brother Gianfranco, who had now come to Havana, worked all hours over Nita's typescript,

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correcting the spelling of Italian place-names and the errors of geography. Mary wrote Bernard Berenson that the push to complete his novel had turned Ernest into "a vial of seething chemicals, dangerous to meddle with." But the corrosives had simmered down by the time Ernest cabled Lillian Ross that they would fly up next day, arriving late in the afternoon of November 16.

"*New York is murder.*"

Lillian Ross was on hand to meet the plane. She found Ernest standing at one of the gates, hugging a well-scuffed briefcase and waiting for Mary, who was assembling the luggage. His graying hair needed cutting, and his face was covered with a ragged white beard half an inch long. A wad of paper eased the pressure of his steel-rimmed glasses on the bridge of his nose. His brown tweed jacket was too tight in the shoulders and too short in the sleeves. As if he were expecting cold weather, his shirt, tie, sweater-vest, and slacks were all of wool, and his brown loafers were as scuffed as the briefcase. He said that he was in good shape physically but royally pooped from jamming with his book. People didn't appreciate the "terrible responsibility of writing." All they saw was the irresponsibility that came afterward, when the writer was relaxing from his work, as he was now.

New York did not impress him. "This ain't my town," he said. "It's a town you come to for a short time. It's murder."

When Lillian Ross arrived at Ernest's suite late Thursday morning, she found him wearing a plaid bathrobe and drinking champagne. He said that he had been up since dawn working on his book, and launched at once into further autobiographical reminiscences, heavily larded with boxing terminology. It was fun to be fifty and about to defend his title again. He had won it in the twenties and defended it in the thirties and forties. Now here he was coming into the ring once more. "I am a strange old man," he murmured, as if to himself. But he knew that Miss Ross was listening. The program for Friday morning was a visit to the Metropolitan Museum. When Lillian arrived for her third interview session, Patrick had come down from Harvard, Ernest was wearing his new Abercrombie & Fitch topcoat, and they set off in a taxi through the rainy streets. The Brueghel room was closed for repairs, but Ernest was in his element with El Greco's *Toledo* — which he called "the best picture in the Museum" — and particularly with the Cézanne collection. He stood for some minutes before *Rocks — Forest of Fontainebleau* and told Lillian that he had learned to make landscapes from his study of Cézanne during the old days in Paris.

Crossing on the *Île de France*, he spent his time working on the book, though not much, exercising in the gymnasium, drinking at the bar, and renewing old friendships with members of the crew. He sent Lillian a shipboard letter, thanking her for a parting gift of tequila and for having refused to "crowd" him during the interview sessions. She had his permission to write any goddamn thing she wanted to write, though she must be sure to spell the names correctly, and avoid libelous statements about the people he had mentioned to her. They docked at Le Havre in gray November weather, drove to Paris, and were given Mary's old wartime room at the Ritz. Marlene Dietrich had caused it to be filled with red roses. Hotchner flew across and stayed at an unpretentious hotel where he had been quartered during the war. Ernest began to talk excitedly about the fall steeplechase meeting at Auteuil: he and Hotch would form a syndicate in the Little Bar on the rue Cambon side of the Ritz, gathering each day at noon to drink Bloody Marys and study the racing forms.

Amidst these joys, Ernest finished the first draft of his book. He immediately began telling his friends that he was "beat to the wide" — a phrase he had resurrected from Duff Twysden's vocabulary of 1925. He was proud of the final scene in which Colonel Cantwell climbed into the back seat of his "god-damned, over-sized luxurious automobile" and died of a heart attack. Mary, Hotchner, Virginia Viertel, and even Madame Le Gros, the elderly woman who was typing the manuscript, were all in tears, or so Ernest said, and he rode the crest of their emotion. His letters of the fortnight before Christmas were almost incredibly boastful. He had "won again" and asserted that he had finished the job in a burst of energy, writing for twenty-two to twenty-four hours a day for several days, revived only by catnaps in his chair. He had sold the serial rights for $85,000, and expected trade-book sales to reach or exceed 500,000 copies. He professed to be "all mixed up" in his fatigue "with womens and horses." He was letting his beard grow, and he thought that he resembled Flaubert beachcombing. Still, said he, it was a damned good beach.

The homeward voyage was both stormy and dull. He gazed with surly distaste at the skyline of New York — the damned "chickenshit cement canyon town" which he had left so exuberantly four months earlier. The social life in the Hemingways' suite at the Sherry Netherland was active as before. Patrick appeared from Harvard; Marlene Dietrich came to dinner, full of praise for the early chapters of *Across the River* and pretending to be jealous of Renata. Ernest had lunch with Colonel Sweeny,

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coffee with Harold Ross of the *New Yorker*, and breakfast with Buddy North, who also took them to the circus. Evan Shipman came in, reminding Ernest that it was just twenty-five years ago this coming October that he had first climbed the dark staircase to the apartment in the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, under the erroneous impression that he was about to meet Gorham B. Munson. Ernest showed him the "First Poem to Mary," composed in London in 1944. What impressed him more forcibly, however, was something in Ernest's manner which hinted that he was "more than ordinarily unhappy." Lillian Ross spent as much time as possible in Ernest's company. Her profile was partly done, and he answered her probing questions with his usual mélange of truth and fiction.

The happiest event of the pause in New York was a totally unexpected reunion with Chink Smith, who had come over on a speechmaking tour for the Irish government. He had now succeeded to his ancestral heritage in County Cavan, changed his name to Dorman-O'Gowan, and retired from the British Army as lieutenant-general, after having served as chief of staff to Auchinleck against Rommel in the African desert. He was a distinguished soldierly figure with that cheerful look in the eyes that never failed to arouse Ernest's admiration. The degree to which Ernest had "bleached and bloated" in twenty-five years surprised him, but he was quick to suggest that he ought to join the Irish Army as "the O'Hem, a mythical figure from the American underworld." Having read an installment of *Across the River*, he delighted Ernest by calling it "devilish good." How did Ernest know things that were known only to retired army officers? "You understand sorrow," he wrote. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Ernest was certain that he understood sorrow in all its forms. It returned in billows when they reached the Finca on April 7 and he found three letters from Adriana. He replied that he had missed her every minute since Le Havre. Gianfranco, who met them at the pier, had just lost his job with a shipping company, and Ernest promised Adriana to look after his welfare. He also busied himself by sending Lillian Ross a series of autobiographical reminiscences which he felt might tone up her forthcoming profile, and did his best to bother Mary with various bits of irresponsible behavior. On May 5, for example, he kept her and her elderly lady cousin waiting for lunch at the Club Náutico for the best part of an hour. When he appeared at last he brought the whore he had nicknamed Xenophobia. Mary's cousin thought that it was all "quite funny and jolly, as it was meant to be," but Mary was "god-damned mad." Ernest excused the lapse by explaining to his friends that he was dead-tired from working on the galleys of his novel, while Xenophobia was not only crisp, fresh, and young, but also hungry for the lunch he had promised her. In his Dr. Jekyll moods, he continued to behave like a sober citizen, accepting with grace the honorary presidency of the local PTA. As Mr. Hyde, however, he told Lillian Ross that while he would not bring Xenophobia to the Yacht Club again, he hoped that he would do something worse.

The talk of the town around New York was Lillian Ross's profile of Ernest, published on May 13 and widely if not universally regarded as "devastating." This attitude astonished Miss Ross, who prided herself on her objectivity. She had tried to present only what she had seen and heard in Ernest's presence on November 16–18, 1949, leaving implicit her "feeling of affection and admiration" for the man and his work. Ernest did not wholly share her view. On reading the profile in galley proof two weeks earlier, he had predicted to Charles Scribner that it would make him "plenty good new enemies." Despite Miss Ross's good intentions, she had managed to present both Scribner and Hemingway as "horses' asses." Still, they were "well intentioned H.A.'s," and people would doubtless remember nothing but the fact that their names had been in the paper. As he had done after the publication of Cowley's "Portrait" in *Life*, he wrote the author kindly that it was a "good straight OK piece." It was losing him no more than one friend a day. She must not worry about such losses. People always got things mixed up. He did not suppose for a moment that she had been trying to "put him out of business."

He was still sinking almost daily into sentimental dreams of Venice. He said that it was no sin to love both Mary and Adriana, but merely a form of hard luck. The literary benefits were obvious. True creativity, he felt, came to full flowering only from being in love. Apart from his nostalgia he continued to behave according to his inclinations. On June 10 he went to Havana, "checked with a couple of old whores," got home for lunch two hours late, and was "bawled out" by his wife. Next day he wrote Scribner that *Across the River* was to be dedicated "To Mary With Love."

At sea again on July 1, he had another of his odd accidents. He and Mary, with Roberto and Gregorio, were starting a three-day fishing trip to celebrate completion of the page proofs. A heavy sea was running. They were coming into Rincón to anchor. Ernest was climbing to the flying bridge when Gregorio turned the *Pilar* broadside to an oncoming wave. The boat lurched just enough to throw Ernest off balance. He slipped on the wet deck and fell heavily, banging his head against one of the large clamps that held the gaffs in place. He managed to hold on to the rail and to pass his unbroken glasses down to Gregorio. But when he

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touched his hand to the top of his head, it came away bright with arterial blood. Roberto was following in the *Tin Kid*. He hurried aboard and stanched the bleeding, although it was some time before they could get Ernest home. It was a deep scalp wound, down to the bone. Dr. Herrera closed it with three stitches. Next morning Ernest was up and about by six, though his head ached badly and there was a lump on his spine the size of a golf ball. Two surgeons assured him that only the thickness of his skull had saved his life. Perhaps, he said wryly, that was a form of literary criticism.

All through the summer he kept up a barrage of letter-writing to close friends and strangers. In moods of loneliness, of which he professed to have many, letters enabled him to be gregarious. Dorman-O'Gowan was back in Ireland, and Buck Lanham was still in Europe. He spoke much of war, including the new one in Korea, where he said he would gladly serve under Lanham. To Adriana he sent praise and protestations of his love, as well as a running account of the fortunes of Gianfranco. He had done two children's fables about Venice for *Holiday* magazine, and she was going to make the illustrations. He had struck up a friendship with Harvey Breit of the New York *Times*, to whom he wrote frequently and knowingly about baseball and boxing. To Lillian Ross, who had gone to California to gather profile material on the making of the film of *The Red Badge of Courage*, he sent anything that came into his head, an amusing gallimaufry of news, complaints, philosophic observations, advice, and wit. He suited his tone to the temper of his recipients, writing with great politeness to a young teacher named Fraser Drew, who had sent some of his books to be autographed. On the other hand he was capable of almost incredible savagery, as in his reply to a letter from Miss Kathleen Sproul, who had taught his sister Carol during her days as a student at Rollins College in Florida. Since Carol had first met her husband while they were undergraduates at Rollins and married him against Ernest's wishes, he still had a deep-seated grudge against the college. When Miss Sproul addressed him as "Ernie" and commiserated with him over the "tragic" reviews of a book of his that she had not read, he exploded in wrath. His blast called her presumptuous and impertinent, and he sent her three dollars to buy the book in question. If she found it too sad for her tastes, she was instructed to give it to some young person who might appreciate it more.

As his tone suggested, he was often highly irritable, partly from headaches which had reappeared after the accident of July 1, partly from feelings of frustration over Adriana. He said that he needed no psychiatrist's couch to understand the causes of his depressed moods. They were boredom, pride, and disgust. All of them were curable — if not one way, then another. He even hinted at the possibility of suicide, not without some incidental histrionics. He told Lillian Ross of a long deep dive he made on the twenty-third of August far out in the Gulf Stream where the water was a mile and a half deep. By his own account he went "way down," letting out all the air. It was awfully nice down there, and he was tempted to stay. Then he reflected on the need of setting a good example to his children, and his pride came surging back. If "they" wanted him, they would have to come and get him. He told himself that he would not stay down there — "not for nobody nor for nothing." He swam and kicked his way to the surface, red-faced and blowing, and climbed back aboard the *Pilar*. Or so he said, though perhaps it was only self-dramatization taking over.

In spite of Ernest's high hopes and preliminary vauntings, *Across the River* was received that September with boredom and dismay. The reviews bristled with such adjectives as disappointing, embarrassing, distressing, trivial, tawdry, garrulous, and tired. Many said that the book read like a parody of his former style.

Hemingway's behavior at home was becoming increasingly difficult. He was still angry over the reviews and irritable from unexplained pains in his right leg. He subjected Mary to various forms of childish behavior, insulting her in the presence of guests at the Finca, setting his freshly served dinner plate on the floor beside his chair, using abusive language, and complaining about her actions in private letters to his friends. Mary half suspected that a general disintegration of his personality was taking place. Like most such eruptions, this one presently simmered down. Ernest invented several scapegoats to blame for the poor reception of his book. One was the Lillian Ross profile: he believed that *Time* magazine's "shoddy" review had been strongly influenced by it. A second was the photograph of the author on the back of the dust jacket: he thought it made him look like "a cat-eating Zombie." He also held that the time lag between the end of the serialization in *Cosmopolitan* and the publication of the book had played into the hands of those "critics" who had been trying for years to put him out of business.

But business, as such, was not bad. *Across the River* was steadily climbing toward the top of the best-seller lists, while the fan mail indicated that many of his admirers had been deeply moved by the story. He was touched and encouraged by laudatory letters from three generals: H. W. Blakely, who had taken command of the 4th Infantry

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Division at Christmas, 1944; Dorman-O'Gowan, who was still writing frequently from Ireland; and Lanham, who praised the military aspects of the novel and congratulated Ernest for having had the guts to attack such sacred cows as Bernard Law Montgomery. Another consolation was Hollywood's interest in buying his story. He said, probably with some exaggeration, that he had turned down an offer of $250,000 for an outright sale. After his experience with *A Farewell to Arms*, he preferred to hold out for a "leasing agreement." This would pay dividends to his heirs whenever a new version of the film was made.

The best consolation of all came on October 28, with the arrival of Adriana, chaperoned by her mother, Dora. In the company of Gianfranco, Roberto, and Gregorio, Ernest and Mary met the ship outside Morro Castle. They helped their guests through immigration, and then took them to lunch at the Club Náutico. It seemed to Ernest that he was happier while they were there than he had ever been, although this was a characteristic illusion. Each morning he woke in the setting that he loved best in all the world — the old house on the hilltop, with the *Pilar* only fifteen minutes away in the Bay of Havana, and the pigeon-shooting club a mere three kilometers from the front drive of the Finca, and the Floridita exactly fourteen kilometers distant along the old Camino Real. At first light, the Guernsey cow and the heifer could be seen grazing in the misty meadow below the house, the beloved cats and dogs roamed the domain as if they owned it, tropical fruits hung ripening on the trees. Over in the guesthouse, still asleep beside her mother, was the girl with the "loveliest name there ever was."

He took pains to avoid any breath of scandal, keeping clear of the guesthouse at all times, taking care not to dance with Adriana or give any outward sign of his feelings about her. When she worked on her drawings in the room at the top of the tower, he usually stayed downstairs. He told her that they were equal partners in a firm called White Tower, Incorporated, and that when he saw her it made him feel that he could do anything, including writing better than he could possibly write.

All through their stay, as Adriana told Charles Scribner, she and her mother had a "wonderful time" doing "all sorts of interesting and amusing things" with those "lovely people" the Hemingways. They shot pigeons, shopped in Havana, and late in November were stormbound aboard the *Pilar* at Puerto Escondido. They returned on the twenty-seventh to celebrate Thanksgiving one week late. Mary gave a large party for them on December 9. Ernest continued to behave in a manner both paternal and avuncular, though inwardly he was telling himself that Adriana was fresh as a young pine tree in the snow of the mountains, strong as a good colt, and lovely as the first rays of the morning sun among the Dolomites.

Early in December his writing ability suddenly blossomed. He later told Adriana that it came about because she was there. He was neither the first nor the last of the romantics to elevate a pretty girl to the status of a muse while managing to remain in love with his wife. His "huge working streak" lasted unbroken through the first three weeks of the month, and on Christmas Eve he declared that one of his three books about the sea was "finished." His tentative titles were *The Sea When Young*, *The Sea When Absent*, and *The Sea in Being*. He said rather mysteriously that he had not touched *The Sea When Young* since 1947, and there is a strong presumption that he was referring to his cut-down version of the abortive *Garden of Eden*. The one he had just finished was *The Sea When Absent*. Its hero was an American named Thomas Hudson. In appearance, manner, and personal history, he was clearly based on Ernest himself. His former wife, who appeared prominently in the story, was much like Hadley, while their eldest son, whose death the book recorded, bore a superficial resemblance to Bumby. Part 3, *The Sea in Being*, had been taking shape in his mind for sixteen years, but none of it had yet been set down.

The "completion" of *The Sea When Absent*, incomplete though it was, combined with the presence of Adriana to make "a lovely Christmas." Patrick was there with his new wife, Henny; Gigi appeared with a girl whom Ernest did not like. There was a constant stream of visitors, including Winston Guest, Tom Shevlin, Gary Cooper, and Patricia Neal, who had all come over from Palm Beach for some midwinter pigeon shooting. Even the news that Faulkner had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature could not dampen Ernest's holiday enthusiasm. "Cabled him as soon as I heard," he told Harvey Breit in a New Year's Day letter, adding that Faulkner was a nice guy and deserved the prize. If it should ever be offered to *him*, said Ernest, he would be strongly tempted to thank them politely and then refuse to appear for the ceremony.

After the holiday hubbub, the early mornings were cool and quiet, and his urge to write returned with a rush. He began to tell the story of the old Cuban fisherman and the giant marlin that Carlos Gutiérrez had told him in 1935. He presently wrote Harvey Breit that he had been afraid to tackle it for ten years, though in fact he had put it off for sixteen. By January 17, his manuscript stood at 6000 words, about a quarter of the whole. The old

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man, whose name was Santiago, had drunk his morning coffee, said good-bye to the youth Manolo, "left the smell of the land behind, and rowed out into the clean early morning smell of the ocean." On the eighteenth, Ernest added 808 words, knocked off for lunch with Gene Tunney and his wife, went to the cockfights with Tunney and Gigi, stood around drinking until the middle of the evening, and at dawn next day returned to his story with renewed vigor. On February 6, he wrote Harvey Breit that he had been working like a bulldozer, averaging a thousand words a day for sixteen days, a remarkable record for one whose normal daily complement was five hundred. That afternoon he attended the cockfights again. His entry won in less than a minute, using its natural spurs. It seemed a happy augury.

He needed the consolation of winning, for this was the day when Adriana and her mother boarded the plane from Havana airport. Mary went with them to take them on a guided tour of Florida before they caught the train from Jacksonville for New York and a homeward voyage starting on the twenty-third. Ernest complained of great loneliness just after they had gone, though he was in fact too firmly in the grip of his novel to think of much else. By February 17 it stood virtually finished. The old man had caught his great marlin, lashed it alongside his skiff, and then lost it to the sharks on the way back to Havana. Nothing now remained but to take him up the hill and into his shack, where he would sleep the sleep of absolute exhaustion until the boy Manolo awakened him on the morning after.

Ernest could never afterward quite express his astonishment at the speed and ease with which the story of Santiago had spun loose from the cocoon where it had lain waiting for sixteen years. Nor could he fully comprehend the parabolical quality which this seemingly simple story of profit and loss, perseverance and durability, somehow managed to convey both to himself and to those whom he allowed to read it in typescript. Seven years earlier, in the introduction to an anthology which really initiated the study of Hemingway's work in depth, Malcolm Cowley had called Ernest much more than a naturalistic descendant of Theodore Dreiser and Jack London. Instead, Cowley held, he had from the first shown kinship with those "haunted and nocturnal writers" who dealt in "symbols of an inner world." He was thus able to endow many of the activities of his heroes "with a curious and almost supernatural value." It was this quality, more than any other, which he had now managed to bring to his portrait of Santiago.

The Santiago story had leveled out finally at 26,531 words. As he had done with other work, he began testing its effect on his friends, assuring and reassuring himself that they would find it as moving as he did. When they came down for a visit late in February, he handed it to Charles and Vera Scribner, and also to Hotchner, who had flown over to discuss his proposal to make some free-lance money with a ballet version of "The Capital of the World." Among the other readers were his sister Ura and her husband, Air Marshal Lord Tedder and his lady, Alfred Rice the attorney, and Ernest's wartime friend Bill Walton. They all agreed, as he put it, that the book contained a "mysterious quality" not visible in his other work. In April he handed a copy to his Norwegian publisher, Harald Grieg, and sent off another to Carlos Baker, a Princeton professor. Baker obeyed his instructions to read and return it without showing it to anyone else, and told Ernest that Santiago reminded him of King Lear. Ernest said that *Lear* was indeed a wonderful play, but added that the sea was already "quite old" when Lear was king.

He was almost as enthusiastic over his current novel about the pursuit and near capture of the Nazi submarine crew. On May 17, after two and a half months of work, he declared it finished. It followed chronologically the novel he had finished on Christmas Eve and contained many of the same characters. He told Charlie Scribner that it was similar in quality to the story of Santiago, although the action was very fast and the dialogue very exact. At 45,000 words it was also nearly twice as long. To celebrate its completion and the arrival of a substantial royalty check from Jonathan Cape, he ordered "three big wonderful steaks from the posh American food place" in Havana, and drank two bottles of Pommard. Mary, who had now seen the completion of four novels since her marriage to Ernest, three of them in the past five months, was "too excited to eat."

Refreshed by a weekend holiday and several victories in the annual marlin tournament, he returned to the "long first section" of his sea book. The original three-part plan had now expanded to four. He hoped to make each section an independent unit. Later he would accomplish the welding job that would unify the whole. He judged the present length of Part 1 at 85,000 words, though he was characteristically vague about its content. The parts he regarded as really finished were 3 (the sea chase) and 4 (Santiago and the marlin). In his judgment, they were "impregnable to criticism" and proved how fallacious was the view that he was "through" as a writer. A *Cosmopolitan* editor named Jack O'Connell came down from New York to talk business. O'Connell was so enthusiastic over what Ernest showed him that he proposed to publish the Santiago story complete in one issue. After a pause of three months, he would bring out the sea-chase story in two consecutive numbers. For a

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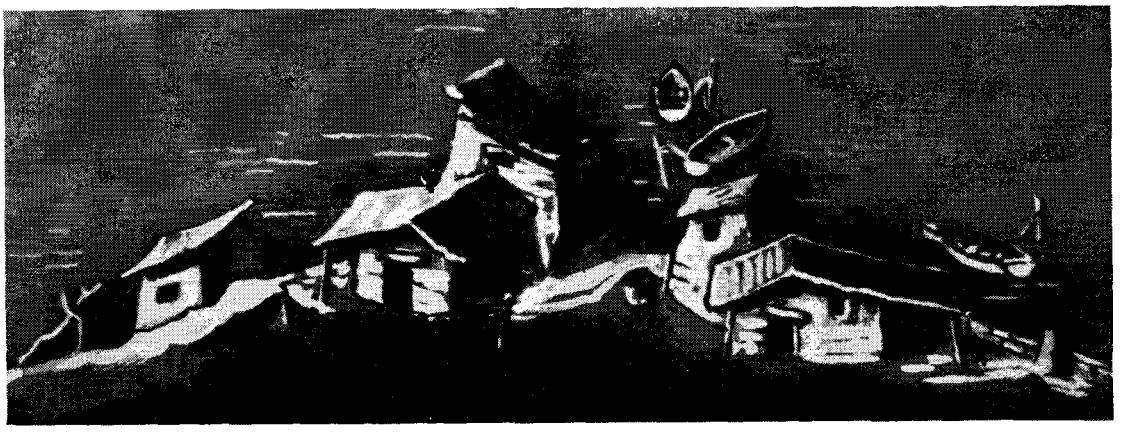
time the question of serialization looked settled. But when Ernest learned that they were willing to pay only ten thousand for the first and twenty for the second, he cooled off rapidly and turned the offer down.

In the midst of these negotiations came news of the death of his mother, aged seventy-nine, in Memphis, Tennessee. Ernest wrote Baker that the news had made him recall how beautiful Grace had been when she was young before "everything went to hell in the family," and also how happy they had all been as children before it all broke up. On the day she was buried in Forest Home Cemetery in Illinois, the bell in the village of Santiago de Paula began tolling at dawn. He explained that his mother had not lately been well enough to live in her own home in River Forest, even with Ruth Arnold as a companion, and that his sister Sunny had been looking after her. He added that he did not believe that she had had "the grace of a happy death." For the time being, at any rate, he seemed willing to forget the withering words that he had so often used to describe her, both in private letters and public fiction.

On July 5, Mary left Havana airport for New Orleans, first to see her parents in Gulfport and then to fly north for a reunion of her high school class in Minnesota, followed by a visit to her cousin in Michigan. Ernest wrote her almost daily. His letters were filled with complaints about the emptiness of their bed, the impossible cooking of her maid, Clara, and the pressure of domestic details. He had resolved to spend his fifty-second birthday aboard the *Pilar* once again, anchoring out of the heat and humidity in the "natural icebox" of Puerto Escondido. Lee Samuels borrowed a microfilm unit and copied 1600 pages of Ernest's manuscript so that he could safely take the originals with him on the trip. He wrote Charlie Scribner that if anything happened to him, Scribner could safely publish "the old man and the sea" as one small book. It was the first time he had used the phrase which ultimately became the book's title.

Most of Ernest's time from May to December of 1952 was given to *The Old Man and the Sea*. Cables from Leland Hayward and Alfred Rice told him early in May that *Life* magazine had agreed to publish the entire text in a single number during the first week of September. This was a triumph, since *Life* had never before made such an experiment. It would also pay well. Things looked so good that Ernest could not help worrying. Perhaps there was some hidden catch. Wouldn't the Book-of-the-Month Club have to notify its membership that the book would appear first in a magazine? Could they then make a guarantee and stick to it? He feigned a triumphant manner and bought a tin of caviar to make the feigning easier. Yet still he worried.

By the middle of the month his fears were set at rest. Rice cabled that the money from *Life* had been received and deposited, though much of it would have to be set aside in the special tax account. The Book-of-the-Month-Club officers reassured him about the guarantee. Ernest made it plain to Wallace Meyer that advance publicity for the novel must not depict him as a curiosity or a controversial figure. He wished to be "dignified with this book": he must be judged as a writer and nothing else. If necessary, the critical free-for-all could start again with the next novel. The dust-jacket designs from Scribner's did not please him, and he cabled Adriana to try her hand. She soon airmailed a set of designs to New York. The choice was a stylized downhill view, in white, blue, and brown, showing five shacks, three fishing boats, and beyond them the sea, stretching out toward infinity. Ernest was delighted. He wrote that he had never been prouder of her. *Viva El Torre Blanco*, he cried. *Viva! (Un Momento de Silencio). Viva!* The question of the portrait of the author for the back of the dust jacket was solved by Lee Samuels, who snapped thirty-five pictures of Ernest sitting beside the pool. Ernest was sure that one of them would do. All he wanted was not to look like a zombie. He told Meyer that he was truly not vain about his



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face and body, adding that when he *had* been good-looking, he had not known it.

This time, for once, there would be no need for a disclaimer about the identities of his fictional characters. The old man and the fish, as Ernest pointed out, were both dead long since. The sharks would not be likely to bring libel suits. He did not seem to be worried over difficulties with Manolito, the young son of the café owner at Cojimar, who had probably served him as a rough model for Manolo, the boy in the story. He was momentarily agitated when Carlos Baker wrote to remind him of an old letter to Max Perkins in which he had mentioned Carlos Gutiérrez as one distant prototype of Santiago. But he solved that problem by asking Baker not to mention the connection. Sitting by the pool in the heavy heat of May 30, he decided that the book would be dedicated "To Mary and to Pilar." But it was Memorial Day, and he began to think of friends who had died. That evening he told Mary that he wanted to inscribe the book "To Charlie Scribner and to Max Perkins." She magnanimously agreed. Nothing now remained but the proof sheets, which he corrected on a long holiday at Paraíso.

During the severe heat of mid-June, with the thermometer at 92 in the shade, Alfred Eisenstadt came down to make color portraits of Ernest for the *Life* magazine cover, as well as pictures of fishermen and boats to guide Noel Sickles, who was going to illustrate *The Old Man and the Sea*. Ernest contracted a severe headache from sitting in the sun for several hours while Eisenstadt worked, and discoursed on his hatred of illustrations. Eisenstadt hired the eighty-year-old fisherman Anselmo Hernández to walk up the hill at Cojimar as a stand-in for the fictional Santiago. Anselmo made such a touching picture as he toiled stoically through the heat that Ernest could not stand it, and quietly told Eisenstadt that the photography must stop.

Harvey Breit of the New York *Times Book Review* had now conceived the ingenious notion of asking William Faulkner to review *The Old Man and the Sea*. When Faulkner reached New York on his way back from Europe, Breit put the question. Faulkner said that he wouldn't know how to tackle such a thing, and went off to Mississippi. But he presently surprised and delighted Breit by sending along a "statement" in praise of Hemingway. "A few years ago," it began, ". . . Hemingway said that writers should stick together, just as doctors and lawyers and wolves do. I think there is more wit in that than truth or necessity either, at least in Hemingway's case, since the sort of writers who need to band together willy nilly, or perish, resemble the wolves who are wolves only in pack, and, singly, are just another dog." There was a good deal more, in Faulkner's characteristic style, praising Hemingway's integrity as a writer and indicating that of all men he was least in need of the protection of the pack.

But when Breit mailed Ernest a copy, he discovered that he had stirred up a hornet's nest. Ernest pored over Faulkner's syntax and foolishly concluded that the same man who had called him a coward in 1947 was now describing him as "just another dog." Faulkner had never acknowledged his congratulatory cable at the time of the Nobel Prize. Meantime, said Ernest, he himself had written a novel that was better and straighter than Faulkner's Nobel Prize oration, and it had all been done "without tricks nor rhetoric." Why hadn't Faulkner merely refused to review *The Old Man and the Sea* and let it go at that? And so on through a long letter. By this time the seat of Harvey Breit's pants was on fire. "Listen, I'm damn sorry," he told Ernest. His innocent purpose had been "to sow friendship, not discord."

Midway of these maunderings it dawned on Ernest that he might have misunderstood Faulkner's meaning. He admitted that perhaps he was just a soreheaded and touchy bastard, but still he continued to worry the "statement" as a dog worries a squirrel. Great writing contained a "mystery" that could not be dissected out and stayed valid forever. A real writer could make this mystery with a simple declarative sentence. Maybe he was being too hard on Faulkner. But he was not being as hard on him as he had always been on himself. He would soon be fifty-three, and in all those years he had tried to write well. Old Faulkner could have his "Anomatopoeio County." As for Ernest, he felt cramped in a county — any county. His domain was the Gulf Stream, and his fish was the fighting marlin. All that Faulkner knew about was the lowly catfish.

None of this, luckily, reached the ears of Faulkner, who presently sent in a short review of *The Old Man and the Sea* to the little magazine *Shenandoah*. He called the novel Hemingway's best. "Time may show it to be the best single piece of any of us," he wrote, "I mean his and my contemporaries. This time, he discovered God, a Creator. Until now, his men and women had made themselves, shaped themselves out of their own clay; their victories and defeats were at the hands of each other, just to prove to themselves or one another how tough they could be. But this time, he wrote about pity: about something somewhere that made them all: the old man who had to catch the fish and then lose it, the fish that had to be caught and then lost, the sharks which had to rob the old man of his fish; made them all and loved them all and pitied them all. It's all right. Praise God that whatever made and loves and pities Hemingway and me kept him from touching it any further."

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If Ernest saw this review of his novel, he gave no sign. But in letters of this period he repeatedly discoursed on what a "strange damn story" it must be that could profoundly affect so many people, himself included. His Italian translator

"The emotion was made with the action."

wrote that she had been weeping all afternoon over the book. This and similar reactions from other readers confirmed him in his conviction that he had achieved an effect "way past what I thought I could do." The aesthetics behind it was outwardly simple and inwardly complex. "The emotion was made with the action," he said proudly. He rejected the notion that he had set out to portray the malignity of nature. It was of course true that the ocean could trap you by seeming so fair and attractive; but a man was a fool who allowed himself to be trapped. He also denied that he had employed "what they used to call Naturalism." A naturalistic treatment could easily have been a thousand pages long, filled with the history and sociology of Santiago's village and all its people, the dinghy races, the bootlegging activities, the revolutions, and all the day-to-day aspects of rural life. His task, on the other hand, had been to convey Santiago's experience so exactly and directly that it became part of the reader's experience, freighted with all the implications that the reader could bring to it — inside or outside the frame the book provided.

As the time of publication drew near, Ernest's boyish excitement mounted. Dan Longwell of *Life* told him of a "whispering campaign" which had attained national proportions. Six hundred extra sets of galleys of the *Life* edition had been distributed for promotional purposes. Each man who read it had boasted of his inside track to a dozen others. Meantime, the bookstores, fearful of losing sales because of the serial appearance, were bootlegging the book to their customers. The ironic aspect of all this quiet furor was that Ernest had been obliged to sequester for his special tax account $24,000 of the $40,000 that *Life* had paid him, while the Book-of-the-Month-Club guarantee would just suffice to pay off the $21,000 he had borrowed from the late Charles Scribner to meet past tax bills. This left him $16,000 in the black. "You can't win, General," he told Buck Lanham.

Apart from the tax problems, the publication of *The Old Man and the Sea* produced nothing but pleasure. *Life* sold 5,318,650 copies within forty-eight hours. Advance sales on the regular American edition ran to 50,000 and settled thereafter into a brisk weekly sale of 3000. In London, advance sales reached 20,000 and continued at 2000 a week. These statistics were impressive, but Ernest was struck even more by the effect the book was making on readers. All kinds, he said, kept telephoning congratulations. Those who saw him personally thanked him and often burst into tears. It was "worse than Pagliacci," said Ernest happily.

American reviewers were mostly ecstatic. Harvey Breit called the book "momentous and heartening." Joseph Henry Jackson had nothing but praise for this "miracle-play of Man against Fate." *Time* found "none of the old Hemingway truculence" and judged the book a masterpiece of craftsmanship. The letter columns of *Life* blossomed with laudatory epithets. Rabbis and ministers began preaching sermons on Hemingway's text. For three weeks, he himself averaged eighty to ninety letters a day from well-wishers: high school kids, boys in the service, various professors, columnists in New York, old pals from Italy, Montana, and Bimini, and many strangers.

Although he said privately that he disliked living under the new Batista dictatorship, he accepted a Medal of Honor from the Cuban government "in the name of the professional marlin fishermen from Puerto Escondido to Bahía Honda." But he declined to go to New York to celebrate his success. There had been too damned much publicity anyhow. Drunks kept wanting to hit him (so he said) for having double-crossed Scribner's by letting *Life* publish the book first. Sober people praised his story with tears in their eyes. Both reactions were now wearing his temper thin. Having books published, he believed, was even more destructive than making love too much. If he went to New York, he would only have to drink with various wits of the town, and doubtless it would end by his having to knock someone out. Mary could go in his place and taste the taste of triumph. He would stay in Cuba and fight the giant marlin. By the end of September he had caught twenty-nine and was hoping for a thirtieth. "The leaving of the water and the entering into it of the huge fish," he told Berenson, "moves me as much as the first time I ever saw it." Perhaps he thought that the curious style of such sentences was in some way comparable to Homer's. A Havana paper reviewed *The Old Man and the Sea* with much emphasis on the hidden symbolism. A local fisherman (so Ernest said) was puzzled by the term. "Ernesto," he asked in Spanish, "what is symbolism? In the paper it said that the sharks were the critics." Ernest smiled. "*Symbolismo*," he said sententiously, "*es un truco nuevo de los intellectuales*." It amused him to keep up this anti-intellectual and antisymbolic pose.

One of Ernest's projects at this time was his

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determination to help Gianfranco Ivancich, who had been trying unsuccessfully to sell his Cuban farm, and whose future still remained uncertain. He was only three years older than Bumby, and Ernest looked upon him half as brother and half as son. He needed the loyalty and devotion that Gianfranco displayed — like Sinsky, Roberto, Gregorio, and Don Andrés, but with greater intelligence, delicacy, and "mystery" than the others. It was well that he was on hand for another reason. Gigi had lately taken to quarreling with his father by mail, blaming him for his treatment of Pauline and condemning *The Old Man and the Sea* as sentimental slop. It was only, or mainly, a young man's declaration of spiritual independence on having reached the age of twenty-one, but it served to darken one of the corners in the back of Hemingway's mind.

Another project reached the boiling point in December, when Leland Hayward came to see Hemingway about a film version of the novel. Ernest respected Hayward for having persuaded *Life* to serialize the book, and also as the producer of such hits as *South Pacific*, *Oklahoma*, and *Call Me Madam*. Hayward suggested that Spencer Tracy and a younger actor should read aloud from the book in a series of one-night stands across the country, as Charles Laughton had been doing with Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell*. This would soften up the public for a film, directed by Vittorio de Sica, narrated by Tracy, and using "local people on a local ocean with a local boat" as the actors. They could begin major shooting in a year and a half. Meantime, Ernest could film the shark sequences off Punta Purgatorio, a reef near Paraíso, lashing baitfish alongside a skiff and mounting cameras on the flying bridge of the *Pilar*.

Ernest approved the idea in principle, but the notion which really appealed to him was that of another shooting safari in Africa. Patrick was now in Kenya with his wife, and his reports to his father were highly enthusiastic. Ernest got out a Lonsdale Library volume called *Shooting Big Game in Africa* so that Mary could do some advance homework on the edible and the hostile beasts. Darryl F. Zanuck's film of *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* had recently opened with much fanfare in New York. Ernest said that he was oiling up his old .577, which was good for rhino, buffalo, and lightly armored vehicles. On arrival at Mombasa, he would put the gun on his shoulder, head for Mount Kilimanjaro, climb Kibo Peak, and start "a search for the Soul of Zanuck."

Most of Ernest's thoughts were now of Africa. The pending business with Leland Hayward delayed his departure all through the spring of 1953, and he chafed at the postponement. For nearly three years, as he told Berenson, he had labored steadily at sea level. Now he was eager to "get up into the hills." He sharpened his shooting eye with quail-hunting expeditions into the back country, and banged away at pigeons in the Club de Cazadores.

The bright spring weather brought many visitors to the Finca — "the usual Cirque d'Hiver," Mary called it — filling every bed in the house, to say nothing of drinking glasses and ashtrays. Kip La Farge spent several weeks in the Little House, joined there on March 7 by Evan Shipman, who was very ill with cancer of the pancreas. Next day Mary wrote Gianfranco an account of the hubbub. "After I got the mob breakfasted and off fishing this morning," she said, "I wandered around the Finca and went to the pool. Sunbathed all morning . . . and watched the leaves and tiñosas [buzzards] gliding so high in the sky they were mere specks. It is the first Sunday I've had all alone here since you left, and in a way I am enjoying it, feeling free." Twice in March she went with Ernest for extended visits to Paraíso, with Gregorio and the boy Felipe as mate and able seaman. Ernest browned to a color he called "Indio tostado." Mary swam, searched for shells, and was "very happy." They got back home on the evening of April 2, just in time to prepare for the long-awaited arrival of the Haywards and Spencer Tracy.

Ernest was pleasantly surprised with Tracy, who seemed both modest and intelligent. Under the guidance of his host, he went to inspect the small port of Cojimar, and even had the good luck to see old Anselmo Hernández asleep in his shack after having fished all through the night before. Tracy was a teetotaler who endeared himself to Ernest by getting up each morning at six thirty, whereas the Haywards customarily slept until noon. It was the Easter weekend, which struck Ernest as a poor time for business transactions. It soon became clear that Tracy would not be free to make the picture until 1955. Easter Sunday was Mary's birthday, and she spent an hour alone in the sun on the tower, happy in the conviction that this seventh year of their marriage had been the best of them all in harmony and good friendship.

On the first Monday in May they were fishing the reefs off Pinar del Río when they heard Ernest's name on the six o'clock news broadcast. *The Old Man and the Sea* had won the Pulitzer fiction prize for 1952. He tried not to look as pleased as he felt. It was the only Pulitzer he had ever won, though he had come close in 1940. He began calling it the Pullover Prize and the IgNoble Prize, and signed over the award check to Bumby, for whom it represented five months' jump pay at

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a hundred a month. Ernest could afford the gesture. The arrangements just concluded with Hayward guaranteed him a $25,000 advance royalty for the use of his novel, and an equal amount for his services in supervising the photographic work with the sharks in the Caribbean and the giant marlin off Peru. In the middle of May a group of editors from *Look* magazine came down to offer Ernest substantial payments for a series of articles on his forthcoming safari. He promptly bought Mary a yellow Plymouth convertible and began "staffing out" the African trip.

Before setting sail for Mombasa he was hoping for another visit to the fiesta of San Fermín in Pamplona. The problem was that Franco was still in power and that Ernest was universally known to have been a staunch Loyalist. But when he talked with his friends about a stopover in Spain, they agreed that he might honorably return, provided that he did not recant anything that he had written and kept his mouth shut about politics. The time of departure was chosen with this plan in mind. Ernest and Mary booked passage aboard the *Flandre* for June 24 and arranged with Gianfranco to meet them at Le Havre on the thirtieth. From there they could proceed leisurely to Pamplona in the Lancia, moving on to Madrid and Valencia and then to Paris before sailing from Marseilles for Mombasa. In Nairobi they would meet their Cuban friend Mayito Menocal, who would fly in to join them on safari with Philip Percival as white hunter.

Madrid was full of ghosts, and Ernest called it "sort of spooky." But he was determined to occupy the same room in the Hotel Florida where he had lived in the fall of 1937. He told Buck Lanham that he knew by built-in radar that the Spaniards would regard this as the correct thing for him to do. In the same letter, he strongly implied that he had actually fought with the Loyalists in 1937, urinating into the water jackets of the Maxim machine guns when they became overheated, and smelling the boiled urine smell in the dust of the naked gray terrain ("worse than Hürtgen") where he and his comrades had held off the fifth counterattack by Franco's rebels.

They rounded out the Spanish tour with a call on Ordóñez and his brother-in-law, Luis Miguel Dominguín, at the Villa Paz ranch near Saelices, and then moved on to Valencia. Mary went sightseeing with Juanito Quintana and Peter Buckley, and they all saw several bullfights. Then it was time to hurry back to Paris and a room at the Ritz until the morning of August 4, when they left for Marseilles with Adamo in the Lancia, stopping over at Aix-en-Provence, and going aboard the *Dunnottar Castle* for the voyage to Mombasa.

The weather was better and the ship far cleaner than either had been in 1933. Four days out, a cold wind blew off the northern mountains, like a breath of winter in the midst of August. Egypt and the Suez were hot and windless until the desert cold settled down late at night. The sky was full of clear stars, and the lights of passing ships looked bright and warm. They amused themselves with trapshooting as long as the weather allowed. But in the Red Sea the heat closed in with a vengeance, accompanied by heavy monsoon winds that raised twenty-foot waves.

It was raining when they reached Mombasa. Ernest was fishing in his pocket for papers and

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glaring furiously at the African policeman who guarded the gates to the dock. But he was all smiles when Philip Percival appeared. The passage of twenty years, as well as a recent bout with tick typhus, had aged him noticeably without in the least diminishing his cheerful outlook. Mary fell in love with him at once. Mayito Menocal had already flown into Nairobi, only to be hospitalized by severe arthritis. But he emerged in good spirits to join the others at the camp on Philip Percival's Kitanga Farm. The photographer from *Look* also appeared, a pleasant man named Earl Theisen, much preoccupied with his camera equipment.

They spent the closing days of August luxuriously encamped in nine tents on the green-and-brown hillside at Kitanga Farm in the Mua Hills near Machakos, making several trips to Nairobi for supplies, hunting clothes, and final safari arrangements. Before breakfast on the second day, Philip came to say that Kilimanjaro had emerged from its cloud bank a hundred miles to the southeast, and they all piled into the car for a look from the crest of Potha Hill. Ernest was jubilant to learn that they were to be allowed to spend the month of September as sole hunters in the Southern Game Reserve in the Kajiado District forty miles south of Nairobi. The region had just been reopened to hunters and was said to be teeming with game. They picked up their hunting licenses in Machakos, paid a thousand shillings each and two hundred more for an extra lion, lunched on cold lesser bustard, fresh tomatoes, and beer, and set off in a small cavalcade, prepared for instant action.

They did not have to wait long. A few miles down the road they were hailed by a young and dusty game ranger named Denis Zaphiro, who had parked his Land Rover at the roadside and stood there smiling. "You want to shoot a rhino?" he asked. "Yes," said Ernest. "Well, come along," Zaphiro said. "He's just in here." Ernest and Mary, Mayito and Theisen climbed into the Land Rover. The ranger swerved off the road into deep grass, and stopped when the rhino came into sight, standing beside a thorn bush. Zaphiro had been tracking him since late morning; someone had shot him, and he was dragging one foot. The men went forward, leaving Mary to watch. Dusk was falling. She was slightly nervous; it seemed to her that Ernest was getting too close. He closed the gap to twelve paces before he raised the sixteen-pound .577. The heavy rifle roared, and the rhino spun around. He fired again, and the beast ran off among the thorn clumps. They followed the blood spoor while the light lasted and gave up only when it was too dark to see. In their absence the boys had set up the camp, which looked cheerful when they came to it by firelight. Seven tents stood under a huge thorn tree beside the Salengai River, a wide dry bed with a trickle of water down one side. Denis Zaphiro said that many elephants might pass in the night on their way to the watering places: they would sound like giants wearing galoshes. A curious lion might even peer into the tent.

The night passed, however, without visitations. Next morning at dawn Ernest and Zaphiro went in search of the rhino. They found it dead near where they had stopped the evening search, and left the carcass untouched in the hope of attracting hyenas, which Ernest was eager to destroy. Zaphiro and Ernest were already good friends when they got back to the camp for breakfast. He was a Londoner, aged twenty-seven, nearly as tall as Ernest but slenderly built. During the war he had been in the British Army and afterward had served with the Equatorial Corps in some of the finest game country in Africa. For the past three years he had been a ranger with the Kenya Game Department, an ardent and articulate conservationist who had pioneered in the use of light aircraft for locating the moving herds of game. It was he who had just secured permission to open the Southern Game Reserve for hunting.

In the early morning of their last day at Salengai, Ernest got his first lion. Despite his subsequent boasting, it was not a good show. The sky was drizzle-gray when they left in the Land Rover. Two lions were feeding on the bait. "Papa shot one at 200 yards," wrote Mary. "We heard the whock, but he didn't fall and he didn't roar." All he did was vanish. Percival and Menocal came to swell the posse for a search. In half an hour Denis found the wounded lion and finished him off with two quick shots. Ernest also shot twice. At the skinning out, the Hemingways each took a raw tidbit of meat to chew on.

The gesture was meant in part for luck. Mayito Menocal was consistently outshooting Ernest, while modestly attributing his good fortune to the yellow scarf he wore. If it was luck, it showed clearly two days later in the Kajiado District, near the Kimana River and Swamp. The move southward was accomplished in four hours, and the camp was pitched under tall trees beside a dusty but parklike plain. On the eleventh, Mayito shot a black-maned lion, nine feet from tail tip to nose and weighing 500 pounds. Ernest's difficulties reappeared when he and Mary penetrated Kimana Swamp with Denis. A large herd of buffalo was grazing there, their ebony backs showing above the tall reeds. When Ernest shot at one, Denis assured him that the bullet had connected. But they were able to find neither buffalo nor blood spoor.

In an attempt to recoup, Ernest unpacked the old Springfield that he had used so unerringly in

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1933. At first it worked well: on two successive days he killed a zebra and a gerenuk with one shot apiece. Then he began missing again — two zebras, a warthog, a lion, a lioness, and a baboon — all in two weeks of hunting around Kajiado. But he continued to be a good wing shot and seized every opportunity to go out after birds. The walking was good for him. His weight fell off to 190 despite his strong appetite, and his letters always reported that he was having a wonderful time. Except for his difficulties with the rifle, it was true. The cook N'Bebia fed them well, and the dishes were so abundant and exotic that Ernest's appetite for game began to fall off. He renewed his Western-ranch-style breakfasts, with sandwiches of fried egg, ham, sliced onion, ketchup, Worcestershire sauce, and mustard pickle.

They broke camp on September 19, returned to Salengai for three days, and by the twenty-fourth had reached a new region which the Game Department had named Figtree Camp. It lay west of Magadi and north of Lake Natron beside a clear creek called the Oleibortoto that flowed out of the western edge of the Rift Escarpment. Mary was enchanted with the place. It was a few miles south on a hillside that Mayito got a fine male leopard and Mary soon afterward a lesser kudu buck with a single shot in the neck.

Theisen left for Nairobi and the long trip home on the first Sunday in October. Mayito and Roy Home set off for Tanganyika, while Ernest and Mary stayed on for another ten days at Figtree Camp, still hoping that Mary would get a lion. On October 13 they broke camp, drove back to Nairobi, met Tom Shevlin, and returned to Percival's Kitanga Farm for a hilarious dinner. Mary stayed on there to write an article on Spain while Ernest flew down to Tanganyika to see Patrick, whose new 3000-acre farm lay near a place called John's Corner among high wooded hills and mountain meadows. Ernest had shaved off all his hair. The scars from his various head wounds showed and he pointed them out proudly to Patrick and Henny. He took the occasion to write Gianfranco, praising Mary's "ideal" behavior throughout the safari.

Although they both assured their friends at home that they had never had a better time in their lives, the third month of shooting produced much bad luck. Their trip to Ibohara Flats in the Usangu District was a failure. Game was scarce, and daytime temperatures often reached 114 degrees. Back in Kajiado they spent a week in Denis' new house, where Bill Lowe, the *Look* editor, joined them for ten days of generally unsatisfactory hunting. Rounding a sharp curve, Ernest tumbled out of the Land Rover, cutting his face and spraining a shoulder. Mary learned sorrowfully of the death of Baa, her pet gazelle. Henny was ill, and Patrick came down with a bad case of malaria.

Ernest had been showing signs of wanting to go native. At dinner one night he told Mary that she was "depriving him of his new wife" — a Wakamba girl named Debba from a shamba near the village of Laitokitok. Mary, who had long since elected to believe that boys will be boys, observed helpfully that the problem could easily be met, though Debba ought first to have a much needed bath. Ernest quickly subsided, saying that it was not the time to discuss it.

For a couple of weeks thereafter nothing much happened. On the twelfth, Mary flew to Nairobi for Christmas shopping with a bush pilot named Roy Marsh, who had been bringing the mail to the Kimana camp and taking the hunters for joyrides over the swamp and the Chulu Hills. When she returned on the sixteenth, she found that Ernest had been going native with a vengeance. He had dyed his suede jackets and two shirts "into various shades of the Masai rusty pink ochre," and taken up hunting with a spear. He had gone out leopard hunting. He knocked a leopard out of a thorn tree and followed it into heavy bush. Ten feet away they found a splash of blood and a piece of the leopard's shoulder blade. When N'Gui handed Ernest the bone fragment, he popped it into his mouth like a savage talisman. The leopard took refuge in a clump of thorn. Ernest had to throw in six rounds with the Winchester pump gun before the animal stopped roaring and died. Ernest celebrated the event Western-style with five bottles of beer, only to be awakened in the evening by the arrival of Debba and some of her friends. He took them into Laitokitok and bought them dresses for Christmas. Back at the camp, as Mary wrote, the celebration soon became so "energetic" that they broke her bed. But when one of the safari servants warned that Debba's

"We were smart kittens to come to Africa."

aunt might cause trouble, Ernest wisely desisted and sent or took the girls back to the shamba.

They kept the holidays African-style, celebrating Christmas morning with a decorated thorn tree and gifts for the safari servants. For Christmas noon, Ernest had arranged a special Ngoma. Debba, chaperoned by her aunt, was among the crowd of Wakamba and Masai who came for the show. Ernest delivered a solemn speech. The safari scouts performed a dance, decked out in dyed ostrich plumes.

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They marked New Year's Eve quietly with tea and mince pies, brought down by the Percivals.

"Now at the fire we're happy," wrote Mary in her diary on January 2, "thinking what a marvelous year it has been."

Ernest sat rubbing his shaven head. "I'm not a phony, but I'm a terrible braggart," he said.

"No," thought Mary fondly. "Just full of joy."

"We were smart kittens to come to Africa," said Ernest.

On January 21, 1954, the Hemingways took off from West Nairobi airport in the Cessna with Roy Marsh at the controls. Roy was a slender and confident young man with a small black mustache. The flight plan was circuitous. They flew southwest to Figtree Camp, where they dropped a note for Denis Zaphiro, explored the Rift Escarpment from the air, and marveled at the color of Lake Natron, pink with immense flocks of flamingos. That afternoon they turned west over Ngorongoro Crater and the Serengeti Plain. Ernest pointed out the campsite of December, 1933, and the spot where Pauline had killed her lion. They set down briefly at Mwanza to refuel, and by sundown had reached Kivu, the most beautiful lake that Mary had ever seen. Bukavu, surnamed Costermansville, sheltered them overnight.

Next day they turned north, threading the chain of Lakes Edward, George, and Albert, and descending that evening at Entebbe on the northwest shore of Victoria Nyanza. Mary had taken hundreds of pictures: Natron and the flamingos, the great herds at Ngorongoro and Serengeti, color shots of Kivu, native villages under thatch, fishermen in dugout canoes, elephant and buffalo grazing side by side, hippo bathing along the lake shores. On the third day they saw the White Nile curling like a ribbon across the green landscape, and detoured eastward along the Victoria Nile so that Mary could photograph Murchison Falls.

Roy circled the falls three times, winging over for the picture-taking. Somewhere in the third circle a flight of ibis suddenly crossed the path of the plane. As he dived to avoid them, Marsh struck an abandoned telegraph wire which stretched across the gorge. It nicked the propeller and raked the tail assembly. He angled away from the falls, cleared the shelving bank, fought for altitude, lost it steadily, and looked for a place to come down. They were three miles southwest of the falls when the land rose up to meet them. The plane crunched down with a clash of rending metal among rough clumps of thorn. "Let's get out quickly," said Marsh. The Hemingways jumped clear, setting foot for the first time in their lives upon the rocky soil of Uganda.

After the roar of the plane it seemed deathly quiet. Roy straightened the radio antenna. They could hear his voice inside the cabin. "Mayday, mayday, mayday. Victor Love Item down three miles south-southwest of Murchison Falls. Nobody hurt. Awaiting overland rescue." He repeated the message and switched to reception. There was no answer. In the thick scrub around them they could hear the sounds of animals. Mary was in shock, and they made her lie down. For some minutes Ernest could get no pulse at all; when it returned at last, it was 155 to the minute. Her chest ached sharply, and Ernest had sprained his right shoulder at the moment of impact. Otherwise, as Marsh had said, they were unhurt.

As soon as they could, they climbed a hill where empty telegraph poles stood out against the sky. The afternoon waned, and Ernest gathered firewood. From the knoll they could see the river, where hippos and elephants came down to wade and drink. That night, Mary slept fitfully under a sweater and a raincoat, while Ernest and Roy dozed beside the fire.

As soon as it was light, Roy left for the falls to make a large arrow pointing to the fallen plane. Ernest was ranging for firewood when he saw an amazing sight — a large white boat was coming down the river. He and Mary waved their raincoats to attract attention. There was no sign from the boat that they had been seen. The elephants were too close to allow for a run to the riverbank. They watched in desperation while the boat tied up at a small landing and people began sauntering ashore. They waved and shouted again, and this time they were seen. A group of natives set off to climb the hill. Ernest stayed behind to wait for Roy while Mary went down to the boat.

The name on its bows was the *Murchison*. The man in charge was an East Indian who doubted the desirability of taking another party aboard. The boat had been chartered for the day by Ian McAdam, a British surgeon from Kampala, who had already left with his wife and son to look at the falls. When Ernest and Roy arrived, the Indian insisted on collecting extraordinary fares of a hundred shillings apiece.

It was late afternoon when they reached Lake Albert and followed the eastern shore toward Butiaba. A bush pilot named Reggie Cartwright was waiting for them at the dock with a policeman named Williams. They had spent the day searching. The word was out that the Hemingways had been killed. A BOAC Argonaut, crossing near the falls, had reported the wreckage, with no sign of survivors. Cartwright's plane, a twelve-seater De Havilland Rapide, was refueled and ready at the Butiaba airport, and he proposed to fly them to Entebbe.

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Night was closing in when they reached the airstrip. The Rapide looked vaguely airworthy, but the runway resembled a badly plowed field. Ernest and Mary and Marsh climbed aboard with some reluctance, watching the ground ahead while the plane went bumping over the furrows, roaring and creaking, lifting and banging down again. Suddenly the plane stopped and burst into flames. Fire was swirling outside Mary's window as she unhooked her seat belt. It seemed an age before she could find the door on the port side. It was jammed shut. Up forward Marsh had kicked out one of the windows. He and Mary got through it and ran clear, with Cartwright following. Ernest appeared on the port wing, having butted his way through the jammed door with his hapless head and his damaged shoulder. He leaped down staggering and wavered off in the flickering light. Twice in two days, they had crashed and come out alive.

But not unscathed. In smashing clear of the cabin Ernest had broken his head. His scalp was bleeding, and clear liquid was seeping down behind his left ear. Mary was limping badly with the pain of a damaged knee. They climbed in with the policeman Williams and his wife for the fifty-mile ride to Masindi. Ernest said afterward that it was the longest ride of his life, and it could hardly have seemed short to Mary. At the Railway Hotel in Masindi there was neither food nor quiet. Several bush pilots appeared to join the celebration. Like Cartwright, they had all been combing the country for some sign of the wreckage. As soon as possible, the Hemingways retired to their room and nibbled at some sandwiches. Neither of them was in the least hungry, and Ernest could not seem to stop coughing.

He got through the rest of the week on gin and raw courage. His lower intestine had collapsed, there was something wrong with one kidney, he vomited often, his lower backbone felt like a red-hot poker, and he carried his broken head like an egg. Patrick flew in Tuesday noon on a chartered plane from Dar es Salaam. He had 14,000 shillings and a quiet authority which pleased and touched his father. On Thursday Roy Marsh brought a Cessna 170 to take Ernest to Nairobi. Patrick and Mary followed next day by commercial airline. It was only nine days since the start of the trip, but it seemed like a thousand years. Congratulatory cables poured in from both hemispheres. Sitting up in his tousled bed, Ernest read them all. Afterward came the premature obituaries, which had appeared in newspapers all over the globe, together with hundreds of statements from all kinds of prominent people who had been asked for them when it had seemed certain that Hemingway was dead. These he gobbled up with what Mary called "immoral zest," though he could not help supposing that some of the people had welcomed the news of his death.

He was still in danger of dying. Apart from the full-scale concussion, his injuries included a ruptured liver, spleen, and kidney, temporary loss of vision in the left eye, loss of hearing in the left ear, a crushed vertebra, a sprained right arm and shoulder, a sprained left leg, paralysis of the sphincter, and first-degree burns on his face, arms, and head from the plane fire. With his customary pose of invulnerability he had told reporters that he had never been better. The truth was that he had never been worse. The crash had, in fact, left him no more than a shadow of his former vigor.

For all his snowy beard, Hemingway was only just turning fifty-five, and determined to fight his way back to health, both physical and mental. He told the aged Berenson that there was, after all, nothing like youth, nothing like loving "who you loved," nothing like waking each day not knowing what the day would bring, but knowing that it would bring something. Fame as a writer was one thing, and he was on record as wanting to write books that would last forever. But he had had enough of that other thing called publicity. All the plane-crash business, he said, had only replaced the old and false tough-guy mythology with a new legend of indestructibility that was equally false. What interested him in his serious times was fiction, the roughest of trades. It meant the ability to seize the impalpable and make it seem not only palpable but also normal. Since this was an obvious impossibility, like the action of the alchemist who turned base metal into gold, people valued it wherever they found it. Yet too much adulation was bad for a writer. His true reward lay within himself — in the consciousness of having written to the top of his ability and then beyond it.

Rumors were abroad that his name was up for the Nobel Prize. Having heard them before, he was skeptical, though he said that if he ever got his hands on that much tax-free money, he would buy a Cessna 180 and have some real fun. Otherwise, the award might be dangerous. He had a sour-grapes theory that "no son of a bitch that ever won the Nobel Prize ever wrote anything worth reading afterwards." The case seemed to be proved by Faulkner's *A Fable*, published in August. It struck Ernest as false and contrived: all a man needed in order to do 5000 words a day of that kind of stuff was a quart of whiskey, the loft of a barn, and a total disregard of syntax.

Summer and fall went by with the usual mixture

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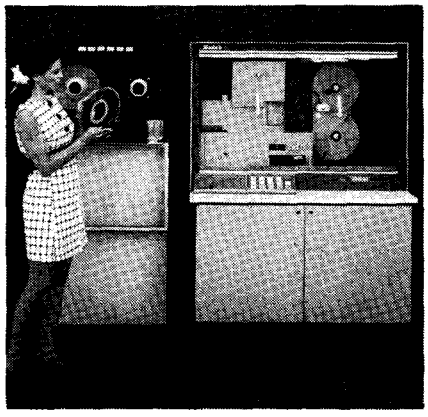
In hope of understanding each other

Kodak

Ignore but keep



We are now winding up our 40th year in the microfilm systems business. To celebrate we lure the eye to the KODAK KOM-90 Microfilmer. Instead of microfilming papers of various kinds, it takes magnetic tape from a computer and transcribes the information content to microfilm at the rate of 90,000 visible characters per second. Wide choice is provided in format, spacing, character fonts, and special characters. This permits entry to the human mind via the human eye, should any human mind ever be interested enough to look up something in the data. It saves paper, space to store the paper, and massive frustration in wading through the paper. Tell the machine which of three types of retrieval index to put on.

Thus we have labored mightily to make it convenient to ignore practically everything a computer puts out and yet keep every bit of it. If you want to smile faintly, smile faintly.

If on the other hand, you see the point and are in a position to act on it, the Business Systems Division of Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. wants to find you.

Reaching and teaching the less bookish

There seems to be some problem as to who is willing to pay for science, let alone raise the ante a few percent per annum. If the difference between science and technology gets to be more widely grasped, the problem may get worse. Cheer may portend, however, in that more of the population now goes to college and there encounters science. Were this not so, scientists would be harder pressed than they now are to turn into technologists.

Scientists who teach are therefore well advised to do a good job of teaching at levels of the human genetic and cultural pool which science must tap for sustenance but where it is not quite enough to suggest that elementary wave mechanics, for example, can be understood by devoting an afternoon to Heitler's 190-page little classic on the subject.

There seem to be more effective routes to the minds of a generation whose education began before kindergarten with Saturday morning cartoon shows. We made the film those shows came on, and we make film on which, in the opening words of a recent announcement by the Commission on College Physics, "The physics film underground is about to go legit."

The Commission proposes a "film publication system," referee-controlled, whereby the physics teaching community turns out films for each other. Most of the activity is to be at the advanced undergraduate and the graduate levels, for which few films now exist.*

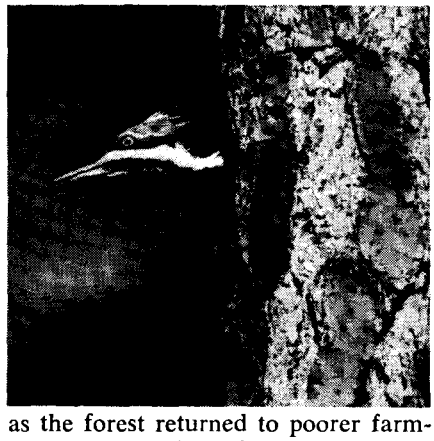
Aside from helping with the publicity, we can also help with the KODAK EKTAGRAPHIC MFS-8 Projector.† It establishes a relationship between the student and the film that the teacher-filmmaker can put to good use. No longer does the film have to start at the beginning and run to the end. Even if the film wasn't conceived with this projector in mind, its edge can be marked to stop automatically at any frames to halt the action, make a statement, raise a question. When the student is ready, he presses a button to thaw the freeze and resume at 6 to 18 frames/sec, forward or backward as prescribed, until the next marked frame.

If gadgetry can help bring light to the less bookish of the populace, let's not consider it indecent.

*The Commission can be reached at the University of Maryland, 4321 Hartwick Road, College Park, Md. 20740.

†Details from Eastman Kodak Company, Dept. 640, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

The log-cock



He was known as the log-cock long ago, when bird-watchers had no such high-flown label as "pileated woodpecker" and did their watching for the family table and for the game markets in the towns. He doesn't taste very good. Nevertheless, his numbers declined. Then he came back, as the forest returned to poorer farmsteads, abandoned with the recognition of agriculture as a business. He can be watched again in much of North America by watchers good at watching.

The behavior pattern that comes with his long, hairlike scarlet crest and his scarlet mustache makes him a living jackhammer. The chips that fly run 3, 4, even 6 inches in size. Rarely do he and his mate use for nesting one of the dead trees they have riddled in quest of ants. For a nest they select a special tree and spend a full month patiently and meticulously carving a huge chamber high up in it. The eggs are laid on the bed of chips. During daylight he and she take two-hour turns at incubating, but for the night he takes over alone.

The log-cock's world and man's remain in conflict in a minor way. A dead tree that has been impregnated with preservatives and replanted as a utility pole is still a dead tree to the log-cock. Computers may refine the figure, but $6 million is believed a fair estimate of the annual cost of the log-cock's assumption. We have reason to believe that if p-benzoquinone were added to the preservative recipe, he would be alerted to a difference. p-Benzoquinone is one of many chemicals that our manufacturing processes produce. Ingenuity in finding markets for them is admired in our marketers and gets them singled out as bright.

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of good and bad luck. On his fifty-fifth birthday he appeared at the International Yacht Club to receive the Order of Carlos Manuel de Céspedes, announced a year earlier.

Buck Lanham returned from Europe to the Armed Forces Staff College in Norfolk, Virginia. Bored by inaction, he resolved to enter the hospital for repair of a long-standing hernia. One day in late October, a nurse appeared. "General," said she, "you have a long-distance call." The voice on the other end was unmistakably Ernest's.

"Buck, I just called to tell you I got that thing."

"That thing? What thing?"

"That Swedish thing. *You* know."

"You mean the Nobel Prize?"

"Yeah. You're the first one I called."

"God-damned wonderful," Lanham said. "Congratulations."

"I should have had the damn thing long ago. "I'm thinking of telling them to shove it."

"Don't be a jackass. You can't do that."

"Well, maybe not," said Ernest. "There's thirty-five thousand dollars. You and I can have a hell of a lot of fun with thirty-five thousand dollars. The big thing I called about, Buck, is I want you to come down here and handle me. Everybody's going to be banging on the door of the Finca. Buck, how about it?"

Lanham mentioned his day-old hernia operation.

"Hell, Buck," said Ernest, "that's not serious. Come on down. Can't those docs fix you up?"

"They did," said Lanham. "They did it so well I walked all the way down this goddamn corridor holding my gut in my hand to answer your phone call."

"Well, Buck," said Ernest, "I tell you truly, I'm not going over there. I'll write something for them to read. What would you say if *you* were getting the Nobel Prize?"

He was displeased by the official citation from the Nobel Prize Committee. It praised his "powerful, style-making mastery of the art of modern narration." But it also described his earlier writings as "brutal, cynical, and callous" — and therefore at variance with the rule that an award must be given for "a work of ideal tendencies." Still, the citation had spoken of the "heroic pathos" which formed "the basic element of his awareness of life," as well as his "manly love of danger and adventure," and his "natural admiration for every individual who fights the good fight in a world of reality overshadowed by violence and death." All in all, the little paragraph had the air of something prepared by a committee, and Ernest grumblingly accepted it as such.

Two days after the award announcement, he observed to young Charles Scribner that the "damn thing" was now fortunately over with. It had interrupted his work, invaded his privacy, and produced much "distasteful publicity." Still, the $35,000 check would help him pay off some of his debts. As for the elegant gold medal, he was uncertain what to do with it. Yeats had called it "The Bounty of Sweden," and Ernest wished to be bounteous. He considered giving it to Ezra Pound, but thought better of it. For a time he hid it in the secret jewelry drawer at the Finca. In the end he presented it to the Virgen of Cobre, Cuba's national saint, to be kept in the shrine of Our Lady at Santiago de Cuba.

In November he heard from the American Embassy in Stockholm. The Ambassador, John Cabot, had learned from the newspapers that Mr. Hemingway's health would not allow him to appear personally to receive his prize. If this were true, the ambassador would accept it in his behalf. Minister Stahle, director of the Nobel Foundation, had expressed the hope that Mr. Hemingway might send along a brief statement to be read at the ceremonial banquet.

He complied by recording the following speech:

> Members of the Swedish Academy, Ladies and Gentlemen: Having no facility for speechmaking nor any domination of rhetoric, I wish to thank the administrators of the generosity of Alfred Nobel for this prize. No writer who knows the great writers who did not receive the prize can accept it other than with humility. There is no need to list these writers. Everyone here may make his own list according to his knowledge and his conscience. It would be impossible for me to ask the Ambassador of my country to read a speech in which a writer said all of the things which are in his heart. Things may not be immediately discernible in what a man writes, and in this sometimes he is fortunate; but eventually they are quite clear and by these and the degree of alchemy that he possesses he will endure or be forgotten. Writing, at its best, is a lonely life. Organizations for writers palliate the writer's loneliness but I doubt if they improve his writing. He grows in public stature as he sheds his loneliness and often his work deteriorates. For he does his work alone and if he is a good enough writer he must face eternity, or the lack of it, each day. For a true writer each book should be a new beginning where he tries again for something that is beyond attainment. He should always try for something that has never been done or that others have tried and failed. Then sometimes, with great luck, he will succeed. How simple the writing of literature would be if it were only necessary to write in another way what has been well written. It is because we have had such great writers in the past that a writer is driven far out past where he can go, out to where no one can help him. I have spoken too long for a writer. A writer should write what he has to say and not speak it. Again I thank you.

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Arts and Letters

A Nation of Schweiks

by Sam Bingham

Prague in early October. The Russians had landed long since, but Western headlines were already on the wane. Someone had put glass back in the windows of the National Museum, but outside old women still sold picture postcards of its bullet-spattered facade. The chalked graffiti concentrated more now on putting back numbers on houses than slogans on public buildings, though swastikas still peeked through the scrubbing.

Normalization had set in, and as surface life was indeed normal again, one could afford to take time over a cheap goulash to read a book. My particular book had line drawings of a rather corpulent infantryman on every page, which prompted fellow diners to remark with astonishing regularity, "Oh, you're reading the Bible," or "That'll tell you what it's all about," or "So you're getting to know our *Good Soldier Schweik*."

Schweik has indeed a glorious past, as a literary figure at least. Jan Hašek, a popular satirist of the World War I era, created him in a cycle of stories written largely in a Prague pub between 1920 and 1923 which came out in eighteen languages in 1926 as a book of some 700 pages. Schweik has been the antiwar anti-hero of plays and films ever since. Incidentally, the Berliner Ensemble of East Berlin carries Brecht's *Schweik in the Second World War* in this season's repertory. Such is Schweik's reputation in letters, but I was not in a literary café.

Now, I happen to wear an eye patch, as the Hussite hero Jan Žižka did after the battle of White Mountain, but no one ever mentioned him or even Moishe Dayan to me. The book brought up Schweik, for it was he who seemed to be on everyone's mind. An American might have met such a character in *Catch-22*. There are a few also in *The Tin Drum*. An East German even said that for him Schweik recalled Khrushchev. At best, he is an unusual idol.

Schweik in Print
The Good Soldier Schweik
by Jaroslav Hašek
translated by Paul Selver
(Ungar, $6.50; Signet NAL paperback, $.75)
(both editions are abridged)

The day may come, of course, when average American workingmen wear Yossarian on their lapels the way the Czechs wear Schweik. In arriving at that eye patch, I spent some time in an Air Force hospital ward where Joseph Heller's book, courtesy of the Oshkosh Methodist Ladies Auxiliary, was sworn upon like Holy Writ by all sorts and conditions of Vietnam veterans. For good or evil, however, something extraordinary has happened when a whole nation acts that way, and contrary to some opinion, it probably does not reflect a general conversion to a peace-loving, nonviolent world view. If one has to choose between Yossarian and Schweik, the latter shows up the less honorable and less sensitive by far. Hašek's humor is black as pitch, if perhaps inspiring and probably immortal.

Schweik, a merchant of dogs in civilian life, precipitates disaster by selling the colonel's spitz to Lieutenant Lukash, the man he serves. Schweik in his innocence joins bloody nationalistic rows between Czechs and Magyars. Love never appears in serious context, and perhaps the deepest friendship is between Schweik and his first master, Chaplain Katz, who is really a Jewish alcoholic who loses Schweik to Lukash in a card game. An infinity of incidental sketches in-

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cludes such unfortunates as a patriotic German who for no obvious reason flies from a speeding flatcar to impale himself on a switch lever. Throughout it all the good soldier never once expresses even a selfish philosophy of life and only the mildest indignation at injustices that Joseph Heller never dreamed of.

There are brutal parts in *Catch-22* as well, and the utter irrationality and cruelty of officers whose eccentricities have been blessed with power have changed little since Schweik's Imperial Army days. Heller produced some maniacs for free enterprise and some for parades. Hašek has a general whose formula for victory is goulash and potatoes (there never are any) for the men at 6:00, defecation at 8:30, and sleep at 9:00. The important conclusion is, however, that major problems lie ahead for any reader who finds himself not only amused by these catalogues of excess but also ensnared by serious admiration for the absurd. It's healthy enough to ask the question, "Who's crazy, him or me?", but only so long.

Even now this is a relatively novel predicament among well-read Americans whom Chicago politics, assassinations, riots, and war still have the power to shock. The Czechs have had it much worse. They have seen their best hopes dashed ever since Jan Hus went to the stake in 1415. Even *Catch-22* ends positively on Yossarian's departure for Sweden. By ironic fate *Good Soldier Schweik* never ends, because before his hero even made it to the front, Hašek died of tuberculosis which he contracted in the war.

And why is Schweik any comfort to the people in my October goulash shop? Why reply to the officer who calls you a stupid ox, "Pleased to report, sir, I am really a stupid ox"? It is because Schweik, though some may see in him the alienated existentialist confronting the system, proves by his life that there is no system at all beyond certain appearances. His tormentors get drunk, lose the records, die in the nick of time, or succumb to other prejudices until the machinery totters forward only on the strength of victory reports written before the battles.

Schweik has the habit, when confronted by zealous clerics, military courts, or patriotic old maids, to recount pertinent episodes from his life. "Once back home in the 'Chalice' pub. . ." That generally undermines the seriousness of an official situation by rendering it commonplace and irrelevant to any system. Men are weak. Life is rough. If anything counts at all, it is the details rather than the plan. If a man keeps his cool long enough, then he has nothing to fear from jails, courts, executions, and war. One arrives at passive resistance by way of private cynicism rather than mass morality. That means Yossarian, not Martin Luther King; black humor, not black tragedy. "Law and Order me, baby, and you'll blow your mind." Nonviolent anarchy perhaps.

So *Svejkovina*, Schweikism, is the last and most impregnable trench into which a population can fall back. They can lock up leaders and writers and professors, but Schweik they cannot touch. Czechs say impudently, "They will find us a nation of Schweiks," or "This time even Bretschneider [a notorious informer in the book] is with us." There is not a lot of precedent yet in the United States for this particular kind of enthusiasm, although it did happen somewhere that Wallace protesters stole the Alabamian's thunder by consistently cheering one instant before he made a point. What could he say? They were cheering.

Yet somehow it is not healthy to work toward a nation of Schweiks. Like *Catch-22* the book gives men (both works are primarily masculine) a way to retain a shred of self-respect when all of life seeks to destroy it. Nevertheless, the Czechs, despite their Schweik buttons, would rather not stop there. Behind the thorny humor of Hašek, or Miloš Forman for that matter, behind Kafka, lurks a longing for a traditional moment of glory, for a Jan Žižka, a defenestration, a Dubček and Svoboda even. What wouldn't the Czechs give to exchange Schweik for Tito and some blood-soaked Slavic victories.

Peter Demetz, a Czech-born German professor at Yale, wrote a piece for the *West German Review* entitled "With Teeth-Gnashing Hope," in

Directions for *My* Funeral

by Frank O'Connor

(Written After the Burial of W. B. Yeats)

If I should happen to die from home
Let the Irish Navy leave me alone:
Let some good undertaker be selected
Who'll take my bones to the spot directed.
The usual cousins tribe can follow,
But I stipulate in the way of sorrow
Let my chief mourners be Hayes and Hogan
Then a coach for De Valera.
For by then I'll be a national hero,
(A bicycle pump if you find him flat
Will inflate the poor man enough for that)
And then in surplices and miters
Our new lay abbots, the Irish writers,
And Patrick Kavanagh to lead the lot
Moaning "I never knew a girl like that,"
(But let the girl stay from it
In case I feel the need to vomit;
Let me go with Sean to drink malt or Beamish
With the rest of my friends in some pub convenient)
Then take me to the Ulster Border,
And beg me a home from the Orange Order.
A pillar of stone both tall and slender
Frank O'Connor & "No Surrender!"

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which he poured out the pent-up bitterness of friends (new refugees) he had known on the barricades in the years before the fall of Beneš. They had suffered the full measure of Stalinism, and until the Dubček regime unlocked the doors, they had lived, says Demetz, under the ever present order "Maintain Quiet," don't rock the boat. For them Schweik is neither comfort nor solution.

The impatient young, entranced by the opportunities elsewhere, cannot resign themselves to that kind of life now, just as the liberal crusaders of the Beneš years would rather leave than risk it again. And those who do stay behind today cling desperately to the euphoria of the August resistance days when Bretschneider really was "with us," knowing that if the national unity breaks . . . "Pleased to report, sir, I am really a stupid ox." It's back to the old sordid life where details and not grand ideas are memorable. Maybe it is this desperation that makes Czech democrats so remarkably genuine.

How long would our malcontents take secret pride in pretending to be Yossarian under a Wallace Administration? How many can hang on to that patience where even the suggestion exists? Few. Most of us would rather have revolution than Yossarian. Our world has indeed gone so far that we understand Joseph Heller's jokes and learn sympathy for his characters, but how many of us can imagine really living like that? Well, you better believe it, the Czechs are struggling to see life otherwise, and until they succeed, Schweik speaks.

Child's Play

by Michael Janeway

It should first of all be said for Michael J. Arlen, television critic for the *New Yorker* for two years beginning in 1966, that it is astonishing (when you think about it) that a critic as wry and shrewd as he could watch anything as barren and stupid as American network television and produce enough useful and readable pieces of criticism about it to fill a book. Somehow he manages, and it has to do with his tone of voice, which is conversational, ironic, but full of reasoned

Living-Room War
by Michael J. Arlen
(Viking, $5.95)

substance, and in the end, quite serious. I make that five counts on which his voice is the precise opposite of the prevailing voices of television. He himself is conscious of the problem of television criticism, and he disdains the easy way to kick the box: "What is one going to say about *Petticoat Junction* anyway — beyond making a few arch, superior little cultural leaps into the air, and then jumping on its stomach?" But no television critic could keep such a sober vow and his head as well; Arlen's leaps are artful and free of supercilious condescension. I like particularly his vision of "the last great interview," prompted by newscasters' inane questions to public figures at sticky but crucial moments:

> The polar icecaps are melting. The San Andreas Fault has swallowed up half of California. Tonga has dropped the big egg on Mauritius. The cities of the plain are levelled. We switch from Walter Cronkite in End-of-the-World Central to Buzz Joplin, who is standing on a piece of rock south of the Galapagos with the last man on earth, the water rising now just above their chins. Joplin strains himself up on tiptoe, lifts his microphone out of the water, and, with a last desperate gallant effort — the culmination of all his years as a TV newsman — places it in front of the survivor's mouth. "How do you feel, sir?" he asks. "I mean, being the last man on earth and so forth. Would you give us your personal reaction?" The last survivor adopts that helpless vacant look . . . "Well, Buzz," he says, gazing wildly into the middle distance, "I feel real fine."

"Grown men ought to speak in their own voices when they speak to children," Arlen writes of a television program for the young. This is an unexceptional if typically seasoned remark when it appears early along in the book, but the image

(Advertisement)

February Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books

As the lines between fact and fiction have blurred in recent years, so, it sometimes seems, has reality. How can we tell a city from a battlefield? Fiction sometimes knows better than nonfiction.

Jesse Hill Ford's THE FEAST OF SAINT BARNABAS is unmistakably a novel. It shows two systems of loyalty (one black, one white) holding a small southern seaside city together and, on signal, blowing it apart.

In its dialogue, its color, its humor, its gusto, and its dozens of characters, it proves that fiction is the best vehicle for understanding as well as pleasure, for a novelist knows his characters as only their creator can.

The Feast of Saint Barnabas, in its full-bloodedness, could have been written only by the author of *The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones* ("A work of passion, courage and eloquence" — Paul Horgan) and of the stories in *Fishes, Birds and Sons of Men* ("A prose that achieves poetry by not straining after it." — *London Observer*).

A publisher can't avoid feelings of pride — why should he? — when his moment has come to praise a novel that wrestles with the terrors of headline reality, but carries itself with all the gaiety and color and richness of fiction.

THE FEAST OF SAINT BARNABAS

by Jesse Hill Ford

$6.95 at all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN

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recurs as he discusses programming that asks to be taken more seriously than does *Captain Kangaroo*. And as one watches the medium through Arlen's eyes, one begins to share his perception that what is most wrong with television is that its voices are all unnatural, and that to it, we are all children.

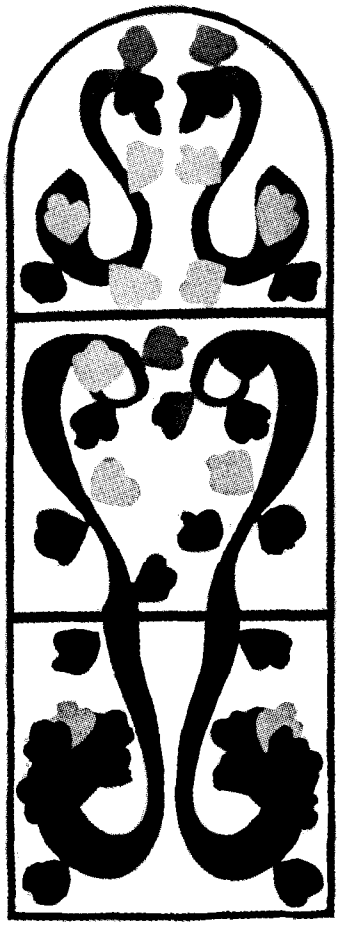
The best of these pieces, "Television's War," defines this perception in a vivid metaphor. People, he writes,

> look at Vietnam, it seems, as a child kneeling in the corridor, his eye to the keyhole, looks at two grownups arguing in a locked room — the aperture of the keyhole small; the figures shadowy, mostly out of sight; the voices indistinct, isolated threats without meaning; isolated glimpses, part of an elbow, a man's jacket (who is the man?), part of a face, a woman's face. Ah, she is crying. One sees the tears. (The voices continue indistinctly.) One counts the tears. Two tears. Three tears. Two bombing raids. Four seek-and-destroy missions. Six Administration pronouncements. Such a fine-looking woman. One searches in vain for the other grownup, but, ah, the keyhole is so small, he is somehow never in the line of sight. Look! There is General Ky. Look! There are some planes returning safely to the *Ticonderoga*. I wonder (sometimes) what it is that the people who run television think about the war . . . I wonder if they truly think that those isolated glimpses . . . are all we children can really stand to see of what is going on inside that room.

The war in Vietnam became "the central fact in American life . . . a changing shape beneath everything else . . . in a way that no other war we'd experienced had been," because of television. The war was a challenge to various souls in varying ways; to Arlen it was an opportunity to be more than a breezy *New Yorker* critic effortlessly parrying the crass medium. He went to Vietnam and watched the television correspondents, armed with their industry's advanced technology, achieving now and again something like an imitation of life, but more often coming back with a mere simplification of it — today's "thought," authentically quoted, for the viewing millions. (Correspondent asks corporal "what his overriding feeling about the war was right now.

"The corporal thought for a moment. 'Better to be fighting the Communists here than fighting them back in San Diego,' he said.") And so a random, superficial piece of footage is processed and becomes "the news." That is what the box — its choices and capabilities frozen in some sterile, frustrated marriage with each other — tells us. "There were, after all, these two realities of Vietnam," writes Arlen in his introduction, "surrounding us, pressing in on us in ways you often couldn't feel: the reality of the actual war (whatever that may have been), and the reality of the play of media over the people of this country as they transmitted the war. Whatever that may have been."

Whatever it was, it was undefined and uncontrolled. It could provoke the best of our critics of the media — the author of this book — to his quiet but fiercely effective attacks on the



television networks for their "failure . . . to communicate the reality of the Vietnam war" — their shallowness, inability to interpret what they report, tendency to sound ponderous while sycophantically toeing the official line, and more. Here is Arlen on a particularly pro-government look at our bombing policy by CBS, early along in the war. The narrator of the program, Bill Stout, closing the program,

> . . . referred in passing to the matter of civilians' having been killed by bombing ("Civilians always are killed in war"), and then attempted to *truthify* — a word I just made up and now present to CBS for the duration — the previous fifty-eight minutes of propaganda by admitting, without much conviction, that the bombing had only "partly" succeeded. Well, swell. One points out that CBS, along with NBC, is the major source of news and opinion for most of the people in this country. One points out that, at a rough guess, nine million people watched *Vietnam Perspective* that evening. One points out that we elect our government — so we say — on the basis of what we know and are given to know. One points out that one deserves a damned lot better.

But it was the same programming that, according to Johnson Administration stalwarts' favorite alibi, slowly turned the voters of this country against the war. In answer to the question why there was so much opposition to the war, Hubert Humphrey told the reporter Dan Wakefield late in 1967 that this was "the first time people have seen a real war, live, in their living room"; Dean Rusk gave him exactly the same reasoning. A convenient scapegoat for men looking for ways to find fault in their stars, not in themselves. Proud of its pervasiveness, television was not about to bite back; nor was the government about to crack down on the industry with strictures about what to broadcast.

It would now be academic to get hot under the collar about asking Humphrey and Rusk if they really meant what they said so automatically, that the Johnson Administration's Vietnam policy would have got by all right if only the public had been protected from hints about the unpleasant realities of war. It may be just as academic to demand reforms in television news; to ask whether anyone is really served by television journalism's mindless reproductions for us each day of some things which took place the previous day. As Arlen writes,

> . . . people watching an evening news show about an ammo dump being blown up in the Hobo Woods might reasonably conclude, on a day, say . . . when a rebel army was captured in Nigeria . . . and when Indonesia broke relations with Red China, that there was some special

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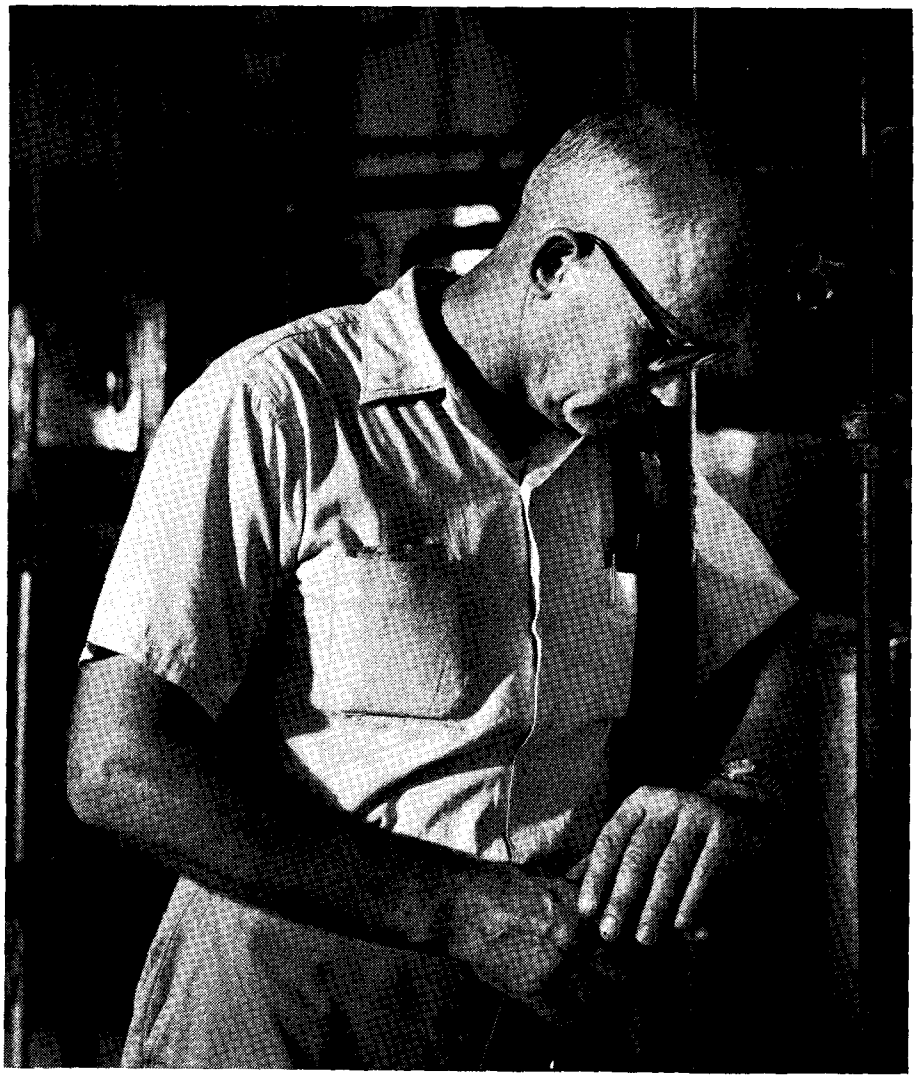
significance to the blowing up of this particular ammo dump, or not even anything special about it, just some significance — that its presentation on the screen in front of one said something useful about the war. In all too many cases, though, what the blowing up of the ammo dump says is that when you blow up an ammo dump it goes boom-boom-boom and there is a lot of smoke . . .

We are not served, but the point is, no one is served. Nor, for all of Arlen's art and effort, does there appear to be anything anyone can do about it one way or the other. Humphrey and Arlen and we mortals and Presidents are all children before television, in the sense that we are relatively helpless with regard to it. It represents the contemporary ascendancy of matter over mind; it reflects the disorder of our time so as to defy all managers and programmers, and propagandizers and critics too. It is Arlen's enemy, as it is the enemy of anyone who similarly values profundity of thought and genuineness of tone and freeness of debate and whatever else we mean by the truth, the *whole* truth. And yet, in its bumbling, random fashion, it did help bring the roof down on the Johnson Administration's war policy, though it remained hesitant to speak in any language but that of conventional wisdom.

Arlen returns to the motif of the disordered mysteries of childhood in a piece written from Saigon, entitled "Television and the Press in Vietnam; or, Yes, I Can Hear You Very Well — Just What Was It You Were Saying?"

> It isn't, perhaps, that the world is deeper in chaos than it used to be but that the element of chaos which has always been there in life, which really *is* life (after all, there were minority groups and emerging nations in the eleventh century too), is now coming more and more out from under wraps: Father has left the house, and the children have some new toys and are threatening to knock the house to pieces, and that would be all right, it would be manageable, if we could somehow get inside the house and really find out what was going on, could sit down and try to understand the children, listen to them, at any rate if we could confront what it was that they were doing (let alone thinking about), but, as things are, we make this big thing about how we know everything that's going on —



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DROP
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nothing escapes us, because we too have new toys, which tell us things — but what really happens is that we sit outside the house and every now and then a maid comes out onto the porch and stamps one foot lightly for attention and then reads us a brief announcement, and we sit there looking thoughtful or impatient and listening to the sounds of breaking furniture from somewhere on the second story . . .

I do not mean to sound as if one is beset by The Weighty Theme reading Mr. Arlen's wry, unpretentious articles — the idea of there being nothing but children on either side of the keyhole of television is not pressed on us as if Arlen were the only discerning adult in our midst. It is more as if in his chatty, easy, Holden-Caulfield-grown-up way he drops back to it because it's so clear that any fool should see it. That is how his deft hand works with his fine mind's eye.

Back to the Primitive

by John Greenway

In the time of the first Elizabeth and the dour Scot who succeeded her, England's four million produced not only Shakespeare but a half dozen other playwrights nearly as strong as he, and one or two perhaps stronger, in promise if not in fulfillment: Marlowe, who died spying in his twenties, and the unknown author of *Edward III*. In this reign of the second Elizabeth, with four hundred times as many people speaking the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, we do not have four hundred Shakespeares. We have Edward Albee and Harold Pinter. It is the same with the other humanities. Our poor days seem to be the end point of entropy, when the works of spiritual effort are winking out like dying stars.

Since genius is a biological constant, Albee cannot be blamed for being Albee any more fairly than Shakespeare can be commended for having been Shakespeare. Raleigh in his day would have been Errol Flynn, and Lyndon Johnson would have written as good poetry as Henry VIII. People are no more masters of their arts than they are captains of their souls. What is happening is a matter of culture's components, which inexorably arise, develop, become exhausted, and die — unless new patterns are found. Man's part is to recognize and exploit the new patterns that culture puts in his way; if they fail, it is not his failure.

In music and the representational arts some master craftsmen have found encouragement in the unexploited viable patterns of primitive cultures. In pursuing the old ways of being new, a few graphic artists have managed to fight their way back to the level of the Paleolithic artists of the Les Eyzies caves. Literature is the last of the arts to search for new patterns in the past, largely because primitive letters cannot be understood without the mediation of anthropologists, who have busied themselves with other things.

Jerome Rothenberg is the first modern poet with the temerity to offer others like himself a guidebook for this last exploitation. The jacket summarizes his intent fairly enough:

> This volume presents a striking selection of primitive poetry from all over the world juxtaposed against examples of modern poetry in an attempt to show that primitive poetry has as profound a relation to modern poetry as primitive art to modern art, and that the life of modern man may be significantly colored in years to come by the consequences of this relationship.

The profundity of his failure cannot be apprehended by anyone not intimately conversant with the literature of primitive societies.

Malinowski said that myth to the primitive was not a story told but a reality lived. That is true not only for myth but for all his literature, all his art; where the whole of life is staying alive, every moment is a crisis of truth. What to us is the intellectual luxury of arts and letters is to the primitive a means of bonding himself to the security of the past, to protective gods and ancestors, to the land. His myth, the arts that depict it, and the ritual that renews his faith in it, all make it possible for him to live in a dangerous and unstable world. Doubt means death. On isolated Bentinck Island off the north coast of Australia three years ago a colleague of mine witnessed the power of living myth. In the easy wisdom of youth a young man disobeyed a taboo and entered a sacred cave whose myth threatened that a trespasser's stomach would eat itself. The young man died after being flown to the hospital at Darwin; muscle spasms had drawn his stomach in upon itself, where digestion destroyed it.

The same year on the edge of the Australian western desert a thousand miles to the southwest another Old Stone Age native turned doubt into a syncretion of Christ and the totemic ancestor Wati Kutjara. He wondered how saltbush and pearl shells could both come from water, and resolved the mystery when he was taken aloft and saw his plane's

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shadow as a cross in the center of a circular rainbow. "I am the water of life," he murmured.

Between these places about the same time I recorded a "loving song" from a descendant of the Bard people, whom Dampier three centuries ago described so contemptuously that Swift created his Yahoos upon them. Translated, the song says, "I hold you like this, my sweetheart, because I am crying." When the most miserable people on earth can weep for a depth of love few of us have felt, there are patterns enough for any resourceless poet.

Technicians of the Sacred: A Range of Poetries from Africa, America, Asia and Oceania
edited by Jerome Rothenberg
(Doubleday, $6.95)

But Mr. Rothenberg is not honestly seeking new patterns. He outrageously distorts already questionable translations of primitive literature to facilitate specious analogies with the obscenities and idiocies published in the far-out journals. It is, he says, a "kind of distortion that can have a value in itself," leading to "random composition" that would have shocked Tzara, and distinguished by his one new contribution, the ultimate barbarism "&/or."

But many student practitioners of what is left of poetry will be taught from this book, and unwarned, they will confuse its labored contortions with brilliance. It will viscerally attract others, for what Rothenberg has perpetrated is the literary manifestation of what the Columbia rioters were "trying to tell us" when they defecated in President Kirk's office. Our civilization is strong enough to put up with educational and poetic anarchists, despite the exhaustion of its artistic patterns. But I say to Jerome Rothenberg what My Uncle Toby said to the blowfly: this world is big enough for thee and me, but leave, sirrah, this despoliation of the earth's destroyed peoples. The few who remain deserve better of us.

Bits and Pieces of Trips

by John Wain

This is the sort of novel, or anti-novel, that one is getting very used to. It is vaguely hippie in that it attempts, quite successfully, to reproduce in the reader's mind the simplification, the slight and continual dissociation from ordinary jagged reality, which is the hippie's ideal state and is normally achieved by using soft drugs to tinker with the nervous system. The Middle Ages used the dream convention as a vehicle for high vision, and perhaps this very prevalent kind of symbolic-fantasy writing is our idea of high vision, in which case I feel we might as well call it a day and turn the writing of books over to computers.

Nog is a dream fantasy, interspersed with nuggets of near-realism, about someone who travels from place to place, at first alone save for an inflatable model octopus which he exhibits at fairs, later with a girl called Meridith and a man called Lockett. Lockett appears to be what the square world would call a psychopathic criminal, but the narrator seems to like him all right, though "like" and "dislike" would be terms too strong to apply to the almost imperceptible ganglia movements that for him take the place of feelings. Perhaps Lockett is intended to figure as some kind of soul physician for the narrator; certainly, he intervenes decisively in the narrator's life by stunning him with a weighted sock and dumping him in the back of a car in which he then drives off with Meridith; when the narrator awakes, Lockett speaks words of comfort and wisdom:

Nog
by Rudolph Wurlitzer
(Random House, $4.95)

> "Whoever you were before coming aboard, you're sure different now. You'll drop out like a man or know the reason why." Lockett grinned. His eyes are ferocious with love and compassion.

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Even in that tiny extract, one can see the author's characteristic manner at work. Note, for instance, the change of tense from "grinned" to "are." The book abounds in this leapfrogging between past and present tenses; at first, I put it down to sheer absentmindedness on the author's part, but in fact, I think, it is intended to contribute to the all-pervading vagueness, the sense of floating, the exhilaration (if that is the word) of escaping from the world of sequence and causation.

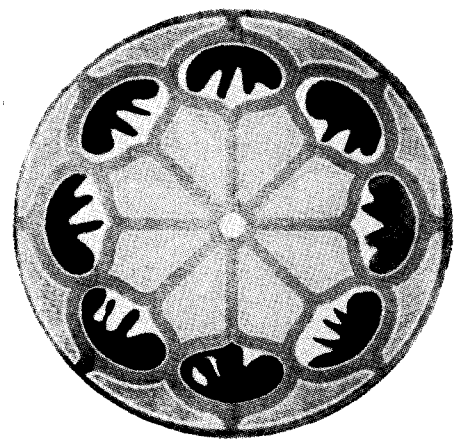
The real subject of *Nog* is the struggle to slough off human character and become a kind of limpet without a shell, and when we first meet the hero he is rather depressed because he is having some difficulty in achieving this. His main problem is to handle his memories. That is a problem for all of us, of course, if only because, as the man said, the unexamined life is not worth living, and what we chiefly have to examine are our memories, even if they are only memories of half an hour ago. But the narrator's way of solving this problem, or more properly, containing it, is to meditate on a strictly limited number of memories, which, in order to make them more amenable, he invents. "I find," he says, "when I ruminate like this, that I invent a great deal of my memories — three now, to be exact — because otherwise I have trouble getting interested." This statement would be easier to understand if one could be certain whether the author really meant to write "a great deal" or "a good many": does he invent a high proportion of his many memories or a high proportion of the content of his few (three, "to be exact") memories? It's too late; the words whip by like smoke. A line or two further on from the passage quoted above, he says,

> I think about trips, bits and pieces of trips, but I no longer try and put anything together (my mind has become blessedly slower), nor do I try as much to invent a suitable character who can handle the fragments. But I don't want to get into all that. There is always the danger that I might become impressed by what once was a misplaced decision for solitude.

Speaking for myself, I'm not sure that I understand that last sentence; in fact, on reflection, I'm quite sure I don't understand it, but I'm not worried because, like the narrator, "I don't want to get into all that." This is a dream, and part of what it is a dream about is the wish to escape into emptiness, to absolve oneself from participation in the rich clutter of life.

Nog is not the narrator's name; it is a name he picked up from someone he came into brief contact with, the man who sold him the octopus (very symbolic). Nog gets quite a full description: he is "one of those semi-religious lunatics you see wandering around the Sierras on bread and tea, or gulping down peyote in Nevada with the Indians," and he is a bit worried about "a yellow light that had lately been streaming out of his chest from a spot the size of half a dollar" (very symbolic). They go off and have a drink together in a place where "thousands of frogs croaked monotonously," and the narrator feels "vaguely elated, like a witness to some ancient slaughter."

Since Nog makes the narrator feel vaguely elated, it is only right that he should take over Nog's octopus and name. Nobody else gives him even that much, though the girl Meridith has a lot of sex with him in an absentminded way, and there are occasional half-suggestions that



he finds this not unenjoyable. Since no one has an identity or a history and there is nowhere to put down any roots, Pseudo-Nog doesn't have much to escape *from*. All he needs to duck is flying symbolism. Since the story is so dreamlike, virtually everything that happens or nonhappens is symbolic. A lot of the symbolism centers on a black doctor's bag stolen by Meridith and Lockett from a hospital.

> "Meridith snatched it," Lockett said. "It was on a chair outside an office."
>
> He reached slowly into the bag and withdrew three tongue depressors. He spread them out on the ground a few inches from each other. Then he pulled out a thermometer and a vial of tranquilizers. He arranged the thermometer and tranquilizers to the right and left of the tongue depressors, creating the upper half of a star. He shut his eyes, his hands groping before emerging with clenched fingers. The fingers slowly opened, exposing a small vial in his palm.
>
> "Morphine," Meridith whispered.
>
> "Morphine," Lockett added.
>
> The vial was placed into the center of the star. Rapidly now, he withdrew Band Aids, gauze, an ear syringe, a regular syringe with a box of needles, more tranquilizers, a stethoscope and a box of Q-tips. The star is complete.
>
> "A start," Lockett said. "Find us a place and build. Which don't mean there is no place, you understand."
>
> Meridith dropped a small black

The Writers

Sam Bingham, a recent graduate of Yale, was in Czechoslovakia after the troubled summer of 1968.

Frank O'Connor, the Irish poet and novelist, died in 1966. The poem in this issue was discovered in manuscript by his widow, Evelyn Garbary, and is printed with her permission.

Michael C. Janeway is an editor of the *Atlantic*.

John Greenway, a professor of anthropology at the University of Colorado, is doing fieldwork in Australia.

John Wain is a British novelist and critic who has written extensively about American fiction.

Edward Weeks, the *Atlantic's* editor from 1938 to 1965, has written a new book, *Fresh Waters*.

Arthur Loesser is the author of *Men, Women and Pianos*.

Herbert Kupferberg is comp'eting a book about the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Phoebe Adams contributes a monthly column to this journal.

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stone into the bag. Then she took a button off her dress and dropped that in.

"Nog," Lockett commanded.

"No," I said.

"You're in," Meridith said.

Pseudo-Nog's protests are in vain, and Lockett ceremoniously clips off a bit of his hat and drops it into the bag, which now becomes the symbol of their togetherness. (A star made out of tranquilizers and tongue depressors is a good emblem of the book, and could almost serve as a one-image summary or epiphany of the whole.) None of this prevents the three of them from drifting apart, and in fact the story ends with Pseudo-Nog's making one of those routine acts of renunciation of a human tie. Lockett has disappeared somewhere; Pseudo-Nog and Meridith are aboard a ship waiting its turn to go through a series of giant locks; she decides that they must make their escape, carrying the sacred black bag with them. Pseudo-Nog lets her launch a rubber dinghy, but once she is in it he refuses to hand over the paddle and lets her drift away, presumably to be drowned, as the last we hear of her is the agonized appeal, "The boat is leaking. Nog, the boat leaks. Lockett. Daddy. Stop."

That disposes of Meridith, and Nog is left in possession of the black bag with its undecipherable secrets, comforted, as he lies on his bunk and the ship is moved from one ocean to another, by the thought, "There has been no decision except that I'm moving on."

I'm moving on, too.

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks

As it happened, I introduced Charles P. Snow (not yet Lord Snow) to Wolf Mankowitz, the British producer, over drinks in my suite at the Stafford. Wolf, who was then dividing his time between the theater, films, and writing fiction, looked up at his elder with something like awe. "Are you at work on your next novel in the sequence?"

The Sleep of Reason
by C. P. Snow
(Scribner's, $6.95)

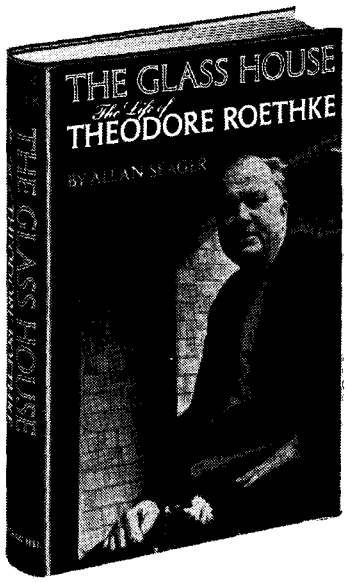
1976: Agenda for Tomorrow
by Stewart Udall
(Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.75)

Bruno's Dream
by Iris Murdoch
(Viking, $5.95)

he asked the bulky Charles. "Yes, I'm well into it." "How I envy you that continuity!" said Wolf. "With my generation we are always trying to get on with something new, and it's risky and distracting."

In ten novels written over a period of two decades, C. P. Snow has projected the career of Lewis Eliot, beginning with his childhood in an English provincial town, his self-discovery and education, his promising start in law, and his dangerous marriage to Sheila Knight. Since then the chronicle has moved on and upward through those realms of English society which the author knows from the breadth of his unique experience: the university, the courts of law, Whitehall, and the nuclear physicists who saved Britain from Hitler. So we come to the tenth and present novel in the series, *The Sleep of Reason*, which begins with Sir Lewis Eliot, now in his late fifties, full of honors, and happily married for the second time, self-assured, with the fighting part of his career behind him.

Instead of being passionately absorbed in his own advancement, Sir Lewis, more relaxed and sapient in his maturity, is now compassionately concerned in the affairs of others. As a trustee of the new university which has been established in his old hometown, he has the chance to revisit the scenes of his young manhood and to recall its strife; he has become "a public face," and with his reputation and knowledge of affairs he is in a position to help two of his old friends, Arnold Shaw, the likable, wrongheaded vice-chancellor, and George Passant, a soured liberal who has become the sensual Pied Piper of the community. Lewis has lost none of his shrewdness in



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JAMES DICKEY, *The Atlantic*

"A multifaceted portrait of a multifaceted manic-depressive who happened to be an impassioned poet, a disturbed and disturbing creator fanned, like Beaudelaire, by 'the wind of the wings of madness'."
LOUIS UNTERMEYER, *Saturday Review*

"A study of the sufferings of a middle-class American poet. The author was a friend of Roethke and a student of his work... Rich... in the details of the poet's life."
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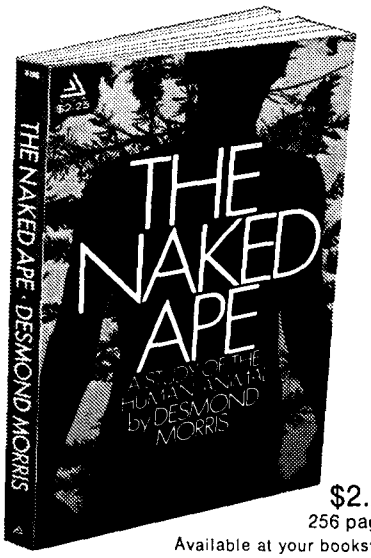

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reading men's motives, and the mature happiness of his second marriage makes him better able to judge the variations of love and sex which come to his notice in the university town, including the shocking murder case in which two lesbians are charged with torture. Lewis Eliot throughout the series has been a most engaging person, and he holds our interest, I suspect, because he has been so liberally endowed with the author's individuality.

The English have a habit of writing a sequence of novels about the same milieu and often centered in one man and his family. Trollope did it, and John Galsworthy, and so does Anthony Powell; and to the task C. P. Snow brings a special qualification. He embraces in his own discipline that blend of science, politics, and the humanities which our age demands. The disadvantages in his scheme are obvious, for each succeeding novel must carry in it echoes of earlier crises, such as Sheila's suicide or Roy Calvert's torment, which cannot be amplified and the reasons for which new readers can only guess at. It is also disconcerting to have characters walk into the story unidentified. These troubles are, however, thrust aside by the clarity and perceptiveness of *The Sleep of Reason:* by the father-and-son relationships so skillfully revealed, by Margaret's care of Lewis when he has a detached retina and thinks he is losing his eyesight, by Lewis' protection of Vicky in her vulnerable affair with young Pat, and by Lewis' humiliation when outfaced by the paranoiac Patemans. C. P. Snow is at his best when writing about people under pressure: he makes the struggle for power of engrossing interest, and although he works in a now familiar background, each book in its different way has enriched our understanding.

When Gifford Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt initiated a program of conservation in the early years of this century, they were working at a patchwork quilt; they blocked out pristine and remote fragments of our wilderness which were to be preserved as national parks and so exempt from exploitation. The fight to perpetuate and increase the park system is never-ending, as we know from what has been done to the Redwoods and the Grand Canyon; a monument as prehistoric as the Great Swamp in New Jersey is repeatedly threatened by highways and pollution. Conservation today has become not alone a cause for idealists but an international concern of utmost urgency. The Pribilof seals were saved from extinction only when the killing was restricted to the young bachelors and to a quota respected by the competing nations; and the same sort of precaution, the prohibition of deep-sea netting of Atlantic salmon, is probably the next item on the agenda.

Stewart Udall, in closing out his eight-year term as Secretary of the Interior, believes that the time has come when we as a people must begin to replan our rural areas quite as much as our troubled cities. In his new book, *1976: Agenda for Tomorrow*, he accepts the possibility that our population, instead of zooming up to 300 million, will actually level off to about 220 million and stay there, and, with Lewis Mumford, he believes that "the balanced economy we must now seek will place its emphasis not on the horsepower it consumes but on the manpower it releases: it will translate energy into leisure and leisure into life." Mr. Udall proposes that the best way to commemorate our bicentennial is to begin "a temple-building enterprise of our own, a vast project *to make all our cities fair, and all our human relations amicable.* It could be called 'Project 76.'"

This sounds too utopian to be true until we remember some of the impossible things which this country has achieved in the past thirty-five years. He reminds us that we restored the Tennessee Valley when it lay in ruins. He reminds us of the Marshall Plan. He reminds us of the 41,000 miles of the interstate highway system which will cost $60 billion, and which when completed will dwarf the Great Wall of China, the Pyramids, and the Panama Canal. He reminds us of the space mission to the moon, and then asks whether the re-creation of our country is any less urgent, any less American, than these earlier feats.

"It is no small scandal," writes Mr. Udall, "that a nation seventy per cent urbanized has a national legislature with no committees on urban affairs. It is equally outlandish that a nation caught in a racial conflict that imperils its future

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has a Congress with no committee on human relations." He says, quite rightly, that the time has passed when the "dabbing of disinfectant on selected sores" will cure our suffering, and he explains the anti-city bias in Congress by reminding us that four fifths of the members of the House of Representatives

represent citizens who reside in small communities, or suburbs, or the open country. There is, he argues, still too much bigotry and too little altruism in our country. In the face of our present danger, "the only way to arouse and involve the nation is by a grand strategy . . . which will transform our communities and do the unfinished work of our half finished society." He concludes emphatically that our towns and cities can be made livable and that our multiracial society can be made to work. And that is what his book is about.

No situation is too eccentric to daunt Iris Murdoch, but there are times when the pleasure she affords her reader is in inverse proportion to the eccentricities of her characters, and for me, such is the case in her new novel, *Bruno's Dream*. Bruno, the main prop of the story, is an octogenarian withered by age until he resembles the spiders who were his hobby in life and about whom he always intended to write a book. He is bedridden but still able to make the lavatory in his old red wrapper, and as the story begins he puts one in mind of Peter Ustinov in the opening scene of his play *Photo Finish*. But Bruno is much less beguiling: through the days he lies ruminating on his past, playing with the stamp collection he inherited from his father, supposedly his most valuable asset, and awaiting the teatime return of his son-in-law, Danby. Danby will tell him the funny things that happened at the printing plant, which is their family business; Danby will feed him tea and muffins and anchovy toast and a new kind of jam; Danby will let him read the *Evening Standard* and will open champagne which the doctor has prescribed; and after supper Bruno will play his game with the telephone, calling up strangers whose numbers he has plucked from the book, or lie reading a detective novel until the time comes for his back to be rubbed. So much is believable, if dreary.

The active life in the novel is provided by those who either wait on Bruno or who are related to him — and a grotesque crew they are. The one who generates the most heat is Danby, a hedonist with undentable optimism, who makes a good enough living from his press and who has an eye for the girls. He believes he worships the memory of Gwen, Bruno's daughter; meantime he has made Adelaide, the maid, his mistress until something better turns up. Then there is Nigel, the male nurse, an incomprehensible mystic and a peeping tom, and Will, his twin brother, who is fatuously in love with Adelaide. And at one remove is Miles, Bruno's son, a milk-and-water poet whose ineffectual career is sustained by his second wife, Diana, and her sexy sister, Lisa.

If I do not seem to be doing these people justice, it is because they do not strike me as being either plausible or entertaining. Miles is a cold fish who broke off from his father at the time of his early marriage to an Indian girl whom he had met at Cambridge and could not forget. When he proposed to marry Parvati, Bruno said with acerbity that he wanted no "coffee-colored grandchildren," which so incensed Miles that they hardly spoke afterward. Now as he lies dying, Bruno wants his son's forgiveness, and it is with this attempted reconciliation that the merry-go-round begins.

Miss Murdoch likes to parcel off her couples in neat, new packages at her story's end, and the way in which she manages to bed down these people, with Diana in love with Bruno and holding his hand as he fades from view, is ingenious to say the least. After the animation and gaiety of Miss Murdoch's previous book, *The Nice and the Good*, *Bruno's Dream* seems a strange, disappointing affair.

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In 660 Easy Lessons

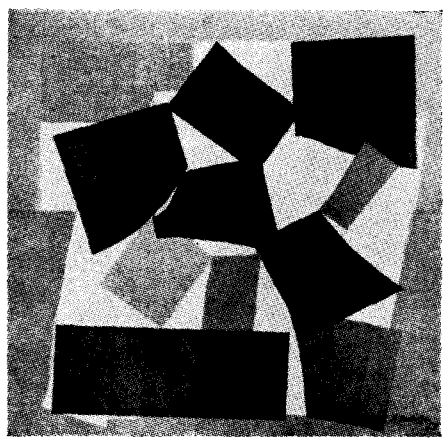
by Arthur Loesser

Music is incorporeal, it has no purpose beyond itself, and it ceases to exist the instant it is made. Nevertheless, it cannot escape the influence of the ethical atmosphere of the age in which it is engendered. Neither music nor the manner of its performance.

From the end of the eighteenth century until the dawn of the twentieth, middle-class people were devoted to the expression of humane sentiment; they got jags on such words as "enlightenment," "liberty," "brotherhood." Extreme ebullitions of personal emotion — weeping, swooning, flying into a "passion," speaking with intense pathos — were all highly esteemed as evidences of a humane disposition, were widely indulged in and pretended to. Dying of a "broken heart," real or fictional, was a favorite object of empathetic contemplation. See *Isolde*. These, together with a number of more or less congruous trends such as an eager misunderstanding interest in medieval times, and a faddish preoccupation with old wives' tales about goblins, giants, witches, Nibelungs, and undines, formed an aesthetic ideology vaguely termed "romanticism."

In music, instruments were built for expanded capacities, for greater ranges of pitch, and especially for greater ranges of intensity. Pianos were extended from five octaves to seven; they were given stouter and more numerous strings, capable of withstanding the impact of heavier hammers, as well as metal frames to support the increased tension involved — all to make use of the full muscular capacity of a pianist's arms. Moreover, an ingenious double-escapement action was perfected to make the hammer strike the string more sensitively, and make it more delicately responsive to the player's fingers. All this to let him make hushed whisperings, tender pettings, and delicious momentary fainting fits in addition to crashing climaxes. Also, pianists indulged in much *rubato* — that is, a loosening of rhythmic pulse with hurryings and retardings and occasional titillating little hesitations, all for the sake of expressive emphasis.

Disenchantment with this frame of mind began early in our present century, and we have now reached an opposite pole. Science and technology are the divinities of our day. We thrill to astronautics and are indulgent toward electric toothbrushes. Discourses on certain vagaries of the inscrutable human nature are peppered with numerals and are given fancy abstract names such as "economics" or "sociology," thus



pretending that they are sciences and therefore worthy of special respect. Science and technology require cold-blooded precision, and it seems that anything, including music, treated with cold-blooded precision is, by the working of a contagious magic, entitled to the approval vouchsafed the reigning idols.

A century ago one praised a pianist's performance by calling it "warm," "full of feeling," "soulful," "free," "imaginative." Nowadays the approving adjective is "cool."

The most obvious limitation of the piano as a musical instrument is the fact that, once he has struck a key, the player has no further control over the tone except to let it fade or to silence it. Thus the tendency is for all successions of tones to sound like detached plunks. The piano makers of the world have, throughout a century, tried hard to mitigate this circumstance, and they have succeeded in prolonging considerably the period of a piano tone's resonant fading. Good pianists have also been able, by clever overlapping of successive tones, by a judicious use of the pedal, and especially by subtle inflections of tonal volume, to create a plausible illusion of melodic continuity. Critics and other listeners have responded appreciatively, and with monotonous persistence have praised pianists for their "singing tone." It is an extravagant flattery since a piano, unlike a violin or clarinet, cannot truly sing, seeing that every successive tone must be produced by a separate impulse. But the term testifies to the potency of the illusion achieved. One hears little these days of "singing tone" on a piano. By contrast, when the piano is being used as an instrument within an orchestra, it is characteristically relegated to the percussion section. Indeed, the piano music of some of the most generally accepted recent composers — for instance, Prokofiev and Bartók — abounds in primarily percussive sonorities.

Furthermore, there has been a widespread characteristic revival of the piano's long-obsolete baroque predecessor, the brisk-toned nuanceless harpsichord — a revival partly due to the recent flourishing of musicology.

All this might be accepted as a normal pattern of cultural change, except for one curious thing: people still like to hear nineteenth-century music. On Sundays they continue to enjoy singing the sweet decorous hymns their great-grandparents enjoyed. Sousa's marches still induce elation among members of our armed services. "Swanee River" and "The Last Rose of Summer" still arouse pleasant feelings among many persons. At concerts, sizable audiences of paying patrons — as distinguished from small fraternal gatherings of avant-gardists — sit with respectful incomprehension and wavering attention during performances of compositions by living composers of the far left, then bring forth sighs of relief when something by Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, or Richard Strauss comes along, feeling that now they will get their money's worth.

So pianists continue to play music by Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt, on an instrument which has not been substantially improved for a century, but some of the younger ones don't quite seem to get with it. They seem to have a fear of "exaggeration" or "distortion." But judicious

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exaggeration and distortion — in the right places, to be sure — are part of the romanticist frame of mind in which this music was thought up. Indeed, I have found that certain expressive distortions are occasionally notated by composers in some of their scores. Not in words, but in note values and rests. I say *some* of the younger pianists, for there are exceptions.

The contrast between the older and the newer style might be observed by comparing the playing of Glenn Gould, for example, with that of Artur Rubinstein. The latter's tones often seem to melt lovingly into one another; the former's mostly seem to achieve a stimulating separateness. It is true, the two pianists prefer different sorts of music. It is doubtful whether Rubinstein would ever care to play Bach's *Goldberg Variations*, which Gould has delivered with such exhilarating distinctness and rhythmic verve; and I cannot imagine Gould immersing himself ecstatically in the scented vapors of a Chopin Nocturne. Again, Earl Wild does a plausibly attractive job with the Chopin Ballades, yet does not, through sophisticated nuances, quite arrive at the exquisite morbidity that one might occasionally wish to savor in these pieces.

One must make ample allowance, of course, for individual temperament. Performers of the past, too, have differed widely from one another. Josef Hofmann devoted most of his performances to the romanticist composers. He was one of the most perfect pianists who ever played, yet he could never achieve the peculiar magic, with the same music, as did Paderewski, who was occasionally heard to commit unintentional inaccuracies. One of the most fascinating pianists was Ferruccio Busoni, who died in 1924. Breathtaking were his performances of Liszt's works, and of his own Bach transcriptions. Yet, at the time, one felt estranged by some of the alien-sounding accents that he imposed on compositions of Beethoven and Chopin.

There are older pianists of today who seem to make the best of both worlds, notably Vladimir Horowitz, who has delivered the Prokofiev Toccata with shattering impact, and on another occasion spun the last page of Schumann's Arabesque into an ethereal opalescent sunset that lingered in the memory for years.

Will the romantic style of piano playing ever come back into vogue? It is conceivable, in view of the cyclic nature of fashions. All long-lasting fashions are grounded in certain fundamentals of the psyche and will return. But few of us will live to see the completion of this particular rotation; and besides, the romanticism of the future will not be quite the same as that of the past. No resurrection without translation.

Short Reviews: Records

by Herbert Kupferberg

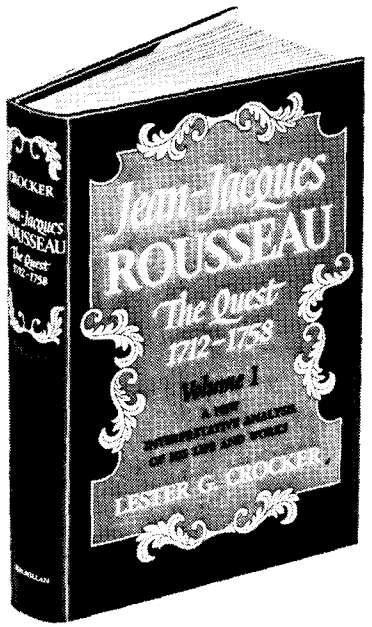
Switched-on Bach (*Performed on the Moog Synthesizer by Walter Carlos with the assistance of Benjamin Folkman; Columbia MS-7194*). Bach makes the electronic scene with weird and wonderful transcriptions of the Brandenburg No. 3, the Air on a G String, the "*Wachet auf*" chorale prelude, and many others. The sound experience of the year. It suggests that all that electronic music has lacked until now was a great composer.

W. C. Fields (*Voice tracks from movies; Decca DL-79164*). The great man at his acerbic best on children, women, liquor, and other important subjects. The introductory comments by one Gary Ownes are inane, but Fields rises imperturbably above such petty annoyances.

Ives: "Concord" Sonata (*John Kirkpatrick, pianist; Columbia MS-7192*). A terror to play, a joy to hear. One of Ives's most remarkable and original works, and Kirkpatrick knows how to bring it alive.

Man of La Mancha (*Keith Michell, Joan Diener, London cast; Decca DXSA-7203*). Pseudo-Spanish and Broadway-banal as much of it is, *Man of La Mancha* nevertheless has plenty of impact and sentiment. This version includes the spoken as well as the sung portions, and creates lots of excitement.

La Marseillaise and other French showpieces (*Jean-Pierre Jacquillat conducting Orchestre de Paris; Angel S-36518*). This is a stupefying arrangement of the French national anthem by Berlioz, no less, for soprano, baritone, children's choir, chorus, and



The New Yorker: "The author is entirely at home in eighteenth-century France and with its personalities; he has placed his striking portrait of Rousseau in a fascinating gallery of patrons, friends, and friends who became enemies." ***Henri Peyre:*** "An admirable book...one of the most important psychological studies of a great writer that has been published in this country."

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massed orchestra. Along with *Danse Macabre*, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, and other pieces played by the new French national orchestra, it makes for a Francophile's delight.

Mozart: The Marriage of Figaro (*Böhm, Prey, Mathis, Janowitz, Fischer-Dieskau; Deutsche Grammophon 139-276/79*). Of estimable musical quality, it lacks the enkindling human touch essential to a truly fine *Figaro*.

Mozart: Quintet in C, K. 515; Mendelssohn: Trio No. 2 in C Minor (*Jascha Heifetz, William Primrose, Leonard Pennario, and others; RCA LSC-3048*). Perhaps no one should shine forth as brilliantly as Heifetz does in chamber music, but the results are irresistible just the same.

Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 3 in D Minor; Haydn: Sonata No. 52 in E-flat (*Vladimir Horowitz, Albert Coates conducting London Symphony; Seraphim 60063*). While Columbia is assiduously releasing new Horowitz recordings, Angel-Seraphim is assiduously reissuing old ones. This 1930 Rachmaninoff is a beauty, despite the faded orchestral sound.

Schubert: Die Schöne Müllerin (*Fritz Wunderlich with Kurt Heinz Stolze at the piano; Nonesuch H-71211*). A fresh-voiced recording made by Wunderlich in 1957 when he was twenty-seven. The piano sound is a bit mushy in the stereo rechanneling.

Sibelius: Four Legends (*Lukas Foss and Buffalo Philharmonic; Nonesuch H-71203*). The Buffalo strings seem a bit light for Sibelius; on the other hand, perhaps they help give a more luminous texture than usual to *The Swan of Tuonela* and Lemminkäinen's other adventures.

Beverly Sills in Bellini and Donizetti Heroines (*Westminster WST-17143*). Beverly Sills is a marvelous soprano and *Linda di Chamounix*, *Roberto Devereux*, *Rosmonda d'Inghilterra*, and the like hold no terrors for her. But they don't offer a listener much change of pace. More records, please, and more variety.

Tippett: Second Symphony (*Colin Davis conducting London Symphony; Argo ZRG-535*). Michael Tippett is generally accounted to be Britain's number-two composer, behind Benjamin Britten. This symphony offers a good example of his solid, concentrated, craftsmanlike style, although its lyricism never quite shakes free from its tight construction.

Verdi: Rigoletto, Act IV (*Toscanini with Warren, Milanov, Peerce, Moscona, NBC Symphony; RCA Victrola VICS-1314e*). Toscanini's *Rigoletto* Act IV, taped at a wartime Red Cross concert in Madison Square Garden, remains a uniquely powerful experience after twenty-five years. With it are *I Lombardi* and *Luisa Miller* excerpts.

Wagner: The Flying Dutchman (*Klemperer with Theo Adam, Anja Silja, Martti Talvela, and others; Angel SCL-3730*). Right from the tremendously stormy overture, this is one of the most magnificent Wagnerian recordings ever made, never slackening in its dramatic surge or its superb vocalism.

Zarzuela Love Duets (*Montserrat Caballé and Bernabé Martí with orchestra conducted by Eugenio Marco; RCA LSC-3039*). Despite these obviously expert performances by Caballé and her tenor-husband, I remain zarzuela-proof. After ten minutes, one duet is undistinguishable from another. One vote for Victor Herbert.

Short Reviews: Books

by Phoebe Adams

Woman Destroyed by Simone de Beauvoir. Putnam, $5.95. Simone de Beauvoir has devoted so much of her writing to complaints of the mistreatment unjustly bestowed upon women by men that the three stories in her latest book come as something of a surprise. True, all the stories are about women and all the women suffer, which is the usual De Beauvoir form. What is unusual is that these ladies have brought disaster on themselves by the exercise of dreary vices like thickheadedness, possessiveness, and ill temper. The style is witty, the onion-peeling technique is immensely adroit, and the three women are believable individuals presented with a wry mixture of sympathy and exasperation. The men involved are hardly more than stage props, chargeable with nothing worse than an instinct for self-preservation.

The Druids by Stuart Piggott. Praeger, $7.50. Since the little that is actually recorded about Druids turns out to be half classical authors paraphrasing each other, a full-sized book on the subject looks like a marvel. It proves to be a comic marvel, for much of Mr. Piggott's text is devoted not to Druids, but to modern fantasies about them — speculations by seventeenth-century ur-archaeologists, ceremonies concocted by dubious Welsh poets, the pious whimsies of William Blake, and the various groups who romp around Stonehenge in bedsheets.

Petishism by Kathleen Szasz. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $5.95. The author has perceived that certain persons make neurotic fools of themselves over pets, and, forgetting Chaucer, reports this non-news, in tones of shrill self-righteousness, as a great discovery.

The Other Side of the Mountain by Michel Bernanos. Houghton Mifflin, $4.95. This short fantasy offers, beyond the author's ingenuity in avoiding anything resembling normality in his setting, the notion that the universe is hostile and human purpose a delusion. What with red skies, carnivorous vines, elastic trees, and animated statuary, the reader can rather easily avoid taking the grim message seriously.

Queen Christina by Georgina Masson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95. Possibly because the book was written at the invitation of Swedish authorities, Miss Masson's biography of the tomboy queen tells more about the times in which she lived than about Christina herself. There has been a certain discretion about awkward details.

Journey Into the Mind's Eye by Lesley Blanch. Atheneum, $6.95. At an early age, Miss Blanch fell in love with ikons, samovars, troikas, wolves, cossacks, snow, gypsies, boyars, and jeweled Easter eggs, all of them preferably trundling to Vladivostok aboard the Trans-Siberian Railroad. The whole show, plus the Tartar gentleman whose tales established the infatuation, vanished before she could get at it, leaving Miss Blanch, at twenty, a nostalgic exile

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from a country that had never existed. The situation is odd but by no means unique, and in Miss Blanch's case became the basis for study, for travel, and ultimately for the writing of books. In this selective memoir, she describes the process with subtlety and also with a candidly romantic enthusiasm.

The Battle of Silence by Vercors. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $5.95. Under the name of Vercors, Jean Bruller wrote *The Silence of the Sea*, one of the first of the series of uncensored books published in France during World War II. He was also one of the principal organizers of the enterprise which printed and distributed virtually in the lap of the Nazi occupation force. His memories of those hazardous times are devoid of suspense and derring-do; for Vercors, the great adventures were ethical and intellectual. They are, therefore, still pertinent, for the questions of law, treason, patriotism, and pacifism which worried the editors of the Midnight Press are still with us.

The Family Carnovsky by I. J. Singer. Vanguard. $6.95. The Carnovskys, Polish Jews, migrate to Berlin around 1890, flourish for forty years, and end up as bewildered refugees in New York. The meaning of this briskly moving novel is entirely in what happens, and no time is wasted on psychological dissection or lectures to the reader. The characters are simplified, easily recognizable types, who nevertheless serve well for Mr. Singer's purpose, which is to show how Polish Jews betrayed their heritage and were in turn betrayed by the German society to which they transferred their loyalty.

Ghana Folk Tales by Peter Eric Adotey Addo. Exposition, $3.00. The hero of these engaging traditional tales from Africa is the spider, a sly scamp who frequently outsmarts himself with his own chicanery. He has a dim kinship with Br'er Rabbit, which may or may not mean anything, and one story (nonspider) is purely, and bafflingly, Aesop.

Police Power by Paul Chevigny. Pantheon, $6.95. As a lawyer for the New York Civil Liberties Union, Mr. Chevigny concentrates on police abuses in that city. His examples are infuriating, although on the whole less horrendous than one might expect. His suggestions for improvement are lawyer-like — that is to say, conservative and directed more toward minor changes in regulations than toward consideration of the police system as a whole. And it must be admitted that amelioration frequently gets more immediate results than attempts at sweeping reform.

Window to the Past by Hans Holzer. Doubleday, $5.95. ESP, mediums, and all that have been applied to historical sites by Mr. Holzer with superbly useless results. If underwater archaeologists actually find that Viking galley in the Cape Cod pond, I will apologize for my suspicion that he is writing tongue-in-cheek comedy.

Flames Over Persepolis by Mortimer Wheeler. Reynal, $8.95. Mr. Wheeler, although immensely learned, writes with terse, impish charm. His text suggests enthusiastic conversation rather than formal history, but history, in fact, it is — a study of the lingering impact, largely artistic, of Alexander's Eastern campaign on the regions subjected to that astonishing incursion. Recent archaeological discoveries provide what is called, in more frivolous fields, a surprise ending. The illustrations are most artfully chosen and conveniently placed.

Skyblue the Badass by Dallas Wiebe. Doubleday, $4.95. The author, a professor of English, has read everything from old hymnbooks to John Barth, and employs fragments of it in the style so recently invented by T. S. Eliot. The novel Mr. Wiebe intended to write is presumably buried somewhere under the pile of paraphrased quotations.

Daily Life in the Kingdom of the Kongo by Georges Balandier. Pantheon, $6.95. Modern scholarship makes a fine thing of the records (sixteenth–eighteenth century) of Portuguese missionaries, traders, and slavers.

Illustrations for this issue are from *The Last Works of Henri Matisse* (Museum of Modern Art, 1961). Credits: page 122, Pierre Matisse; page 124, Mme. George duThuit; page 126, Nelson Rockefeller; page 129, Galerie Beyler, Basel; page 130, the Tate Gallery.

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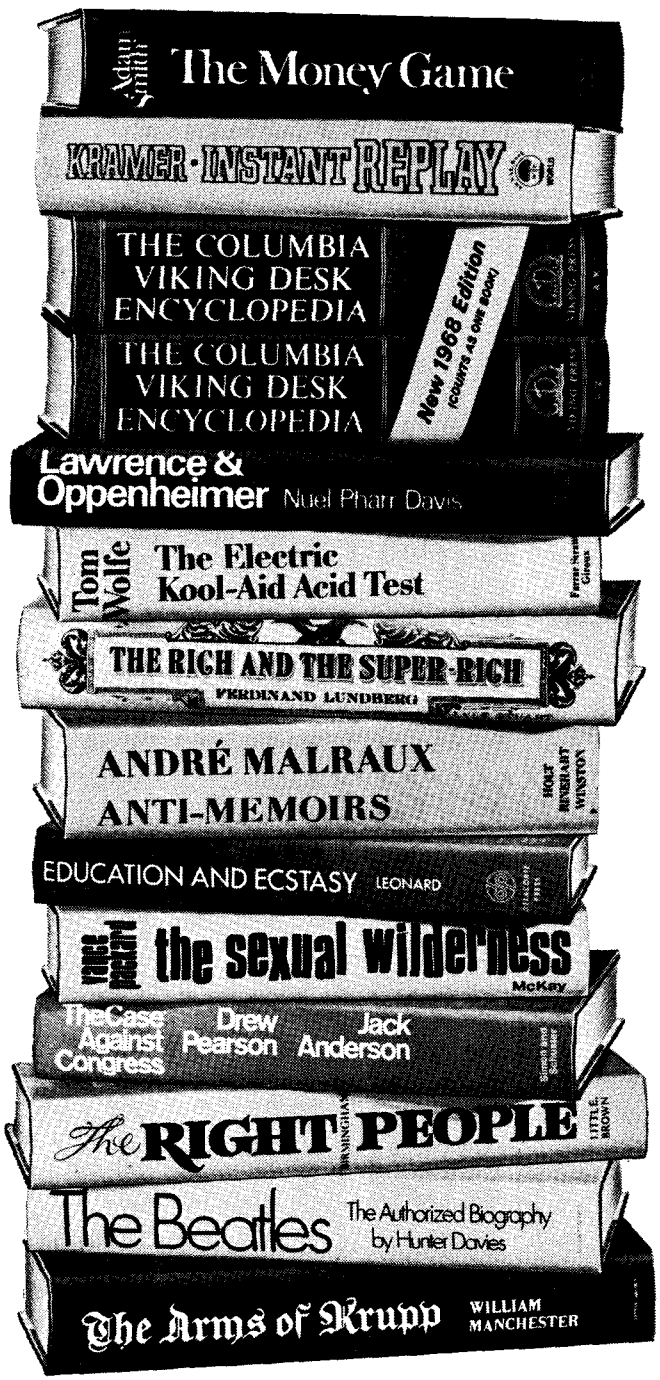

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